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The Burger Court

ARE THE SUPREMES
OUT OF TUNE WITH
THE TIMES?

Music Awards Special

25 Years of
ROCK & ROLL

Malcolm Forbes

INTERVIEW WITH
THE "HAPPIEST
MILLIONAIRE"

Debra Jo Fondren

UNFORGETTABLE
PHOTOS OF
A DREAM GIRL

Sex in Chicago

GETTING IT ON
IN THE SECOND CITY



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PLAYBILL

WE HAVE A CERTAIN amount of control over two of our three branches of Government. The President and our legislators are elected by us. But the Supreme Court, the final arbiter of right and wrong in this country, is appointed by the President, and approved by the Senate. The system works when the Court has the interests of the people in mind. Unfortunately, the current Court was largely hand-picked by Richard Nixon at the height of his "law and order" frenzy and still reflects a lot of his thinking in its judgments. Just what effect this is having on American justice is surveyed by **Robert Sherrill** in his article, *Injustices of the Burger Court*. There's not much you can do about it, but you should know what you're up against.

You can, however, improve your sex life. And, sometimes, all it takes is a move to a different city. To help you decide what city might be best for you, we continue our series on the sexual climate between the coasts. This month, it's *Sex in America: Chicago*, and our weatherman is Assistant Editor **Walter L. Lowe**. By the way, this series was suggested to *PLAYBOY* by **Gay Talese**. He also gave us permission to borrow the working title from his forthcoming book, a journalistic tour de force on sexual behavior during the past decade or more.

There's no business for meteoric rises and precipitous falls like show business. Last year, one Las Vegas comedian found that out the hard way. **George Kirby**, on his way to being a superstar, was busted and convicted of trafficking in heroin and found himself not a superstar but a statistic. **Joel Dreyfuss** chronicles his descent into oblivion in *When You Play with Fire*. . . **Alan Magee** provided the illustration.

Our man just about everywhere, **Reg Potterton**, showed up in the Caribbean just in time for Antigua Race Week, an event thought by its officials to be a week of sailboat racing. But the participants know better. To them, it's a weeklong party. Potterton captures the local color in *Captains Outrageous!* **Ignacio Gomez** illustrated the festivities.

Just across the Caribbean, we rejoin the hero of **Joseph Heller's** new novel, *Good as Gold*, in a Mexican tryst with a twist. In our second excerpt from the book (which will be published by Simon & Schuster in the U. S. and by Jonathan Cape in England), Gold finds himself on vacation with his wife and three mistresses. The results, for us at least, prove to be hilarious.

The publisher of *Forbes* magazine, **Malcolm Forbes**, is a balloonist, a motorcycle fanatic and filthy rich. He's also the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*. We sent writer **Larry DuBois** behind the gold curtain to gain an insight into Forbes's gilded lifestyle and whaddaya know, he ain't your run-of-the-mill multimillionaire. By the way, DuBois's first book, *Father and Son*, has just been bought by Summit Books.

The proletariat, meanwhile, is developing a style of its own, or so **Dan Gerber** reveals in *Aesthetic Truckin'*. Like, if it's worth doing, it's worth doing with panache.

Our annual salute to Tin-Pan Boulevard is ready and in your hands. Contributing Editor **David Standish**, Assistant Editor **Kate Nolan**, Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson** and music writer **Carl Philip Snyder** collected the results of our Annual Music Poll as well as the fallout from last year's vinyl explosion and it's all here under *Playboy Music '79*.

In addition, **Wayne McLaughlin** illustrated **Emanuel Greenberg's** mouth-watering essay on *Sausages*; ageless photographer **J. Frederick Smith** shot Playmate of the Year **Debra Jo Fondren**; and **Brock Yates** takes us to *Lotus Land*, where they put together the title auto with Old World care and New World power. Plus, April Playmate **Missy Cleveland**, *Disco Queens* and *Little Annie Fanny* a gogo. Get down with it.



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POTTERTON

PLAYBOY®

vol. 26, no. 4—april, 1979

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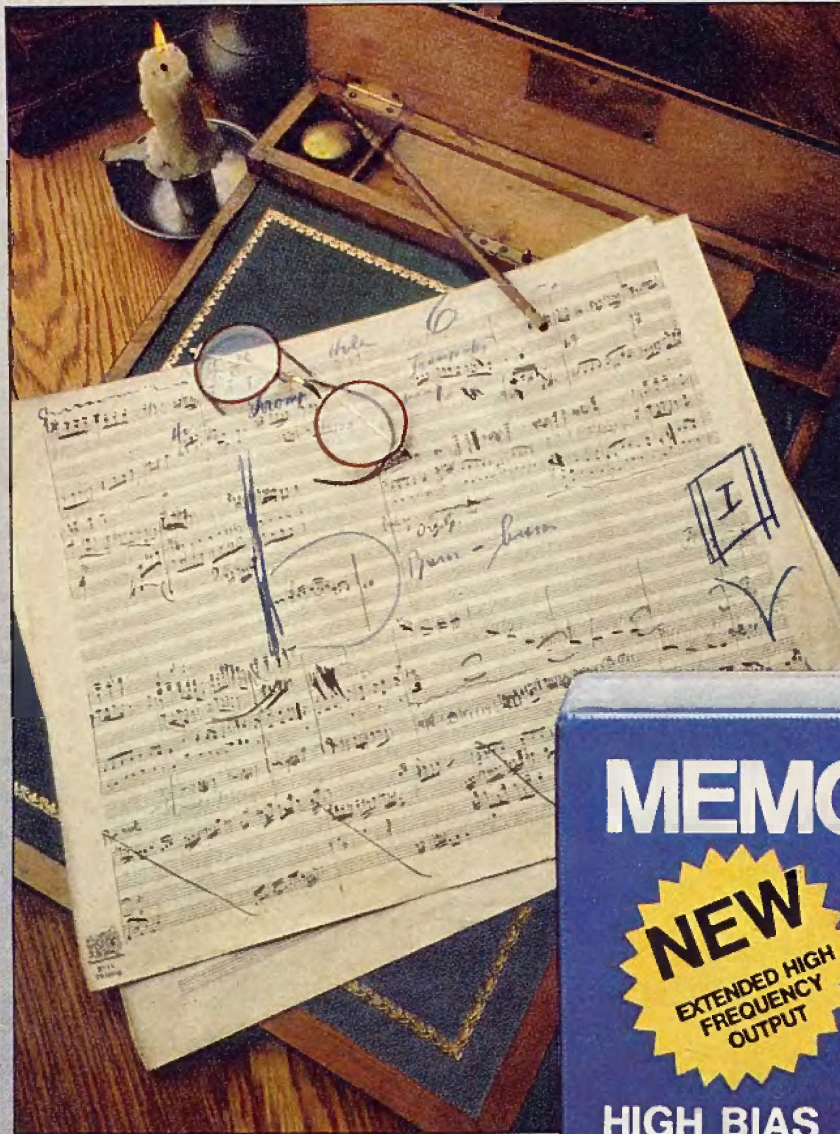
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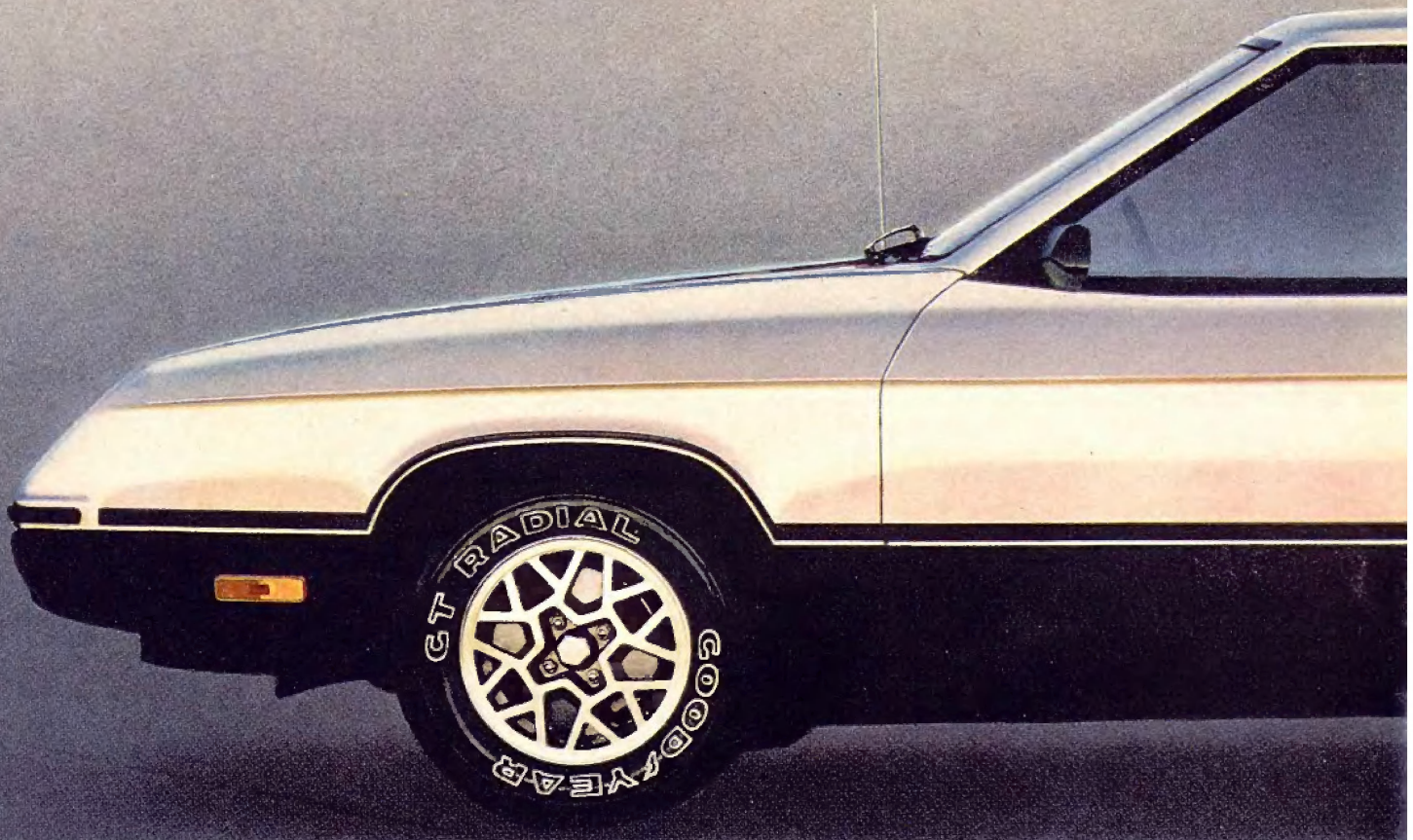
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



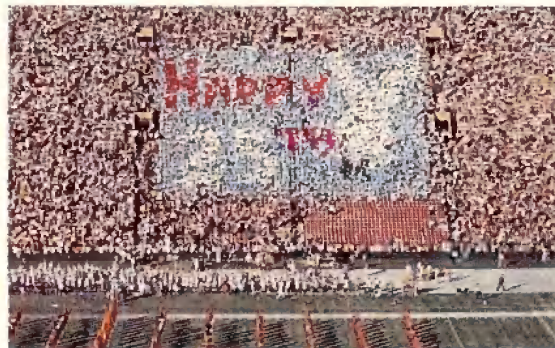
UP WITH HOLLYWOOD'S SIGN

The reconstructed HOLLYWOOD sign is a reality at last, and a party at Griffith Observatory in Los Angeles' Griffith Park observed the occasion along with a celebration of Hollywood's 75th anniversary. Above, sign backers Hugh Hefner and Alice Cooper chat with another guest; below, Chevy Chase entertains at the gala.



AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY MAKES DEBUT

Making its bow down under: PLAYBOY's Australian edition (right), which debuted in February. Its first Playmate, Perth model Karen Pini (below), was a runner-up in the 1976 Miss World contest held in London.



STUDENTS WISH US A HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Momentarily forgetting the traditionally fierce Trojan-Bruin rivalry, students wish PLAYBOY a happy 25th birthday via card stunt during halftime activities at the annual USC-UCLA football game in Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum November 18. That's the USC marching band doing its stuff in the foreground.



ADVENTURES OF A SILVER JUBILEE PLAYMATE

Host Merv Griffin's reaction to 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving's gatefold (above) cracks up TV guests (from left) Virginia Graham, Candy, singer Livingston Taylor, actor Josh Taylor. At right, Candy gets \$25,000 check from Hef.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



CYNDI WOOD STARS IN MOVIE

Above, 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood is all mucked up for her starring role in *Van Nuys Boulevard*, a forthcoming Crown International release. Below, a reminder to fans of how Cyndi looks when she cleans up her act.



FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS MEET HEF

Members of L.A.'s foreign press corps engage in friendly give-and-take with Hefner at a Playboy Mansion West luncheon kicking off PLAYBOY's jubilee (below).



SANDY JOHNSON ON SCREEN

Back in June of 1974, Sandy Johnson was our gatefold girl (right). What's she up to these days? Appearing in a movie, tentatively titled *Super Duper Service Station*, with Joe E. (Car 54, Where Are You?) Ross and Mike Mazurki, that's what (below). It's an American Screen Production and is scheduled for spring release.



TRIPLE PLAY, HOT CUISINE

Rick and Bill Neason, winners of a Gabe Kaplan look-alike contest, pose with Bunny Jane and the real thing at Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort & Country Club (left). Also at Lake Geneva (right), comedian Louis Nye plays chef for a show hosted by Ross Crystal of Milwaukee's channel 12 as Bunny Corey watches. It's part of a series on restaurant highlights, which also featured another Lake Geneva Playboy entertainer, Phyllis Diller.



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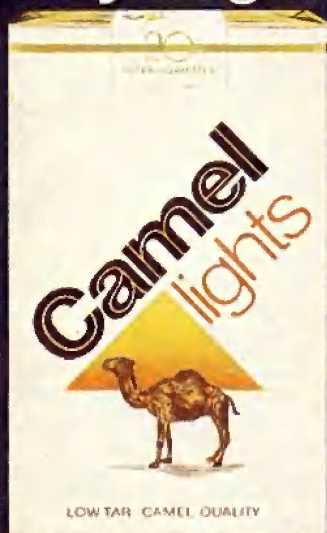
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MARLON BRANDO

Your January issue is complemented by the finest *Playboy Interview* to date. Marlon Brando, unlike most actors and actresses so often aloft on the bubbles of their vanity, strikes through to the core of the meaning of the acting profession. And what a reversal! Instead of self-inflation, he shows concern for our native Americans, backing that concern with action and the wit of his dialog throughout. I found myself underlining passage after passage of his well-aimed prose.

Clarence Junk
Bodega Bay, California

The most that any artist can accomplish is to manipulate surfaces in order to create an image that strikes some resonance with the viewer, suggesting to him the existence of something better, something transcending the bullshit that has always made up the vast bulk of everyday experience, at least as long as people have been around to produce it and to perceive it. If whores succeed at this, and they can, why should they not be called artists? Many painters are not coming close. Great whores are great artists. This includes you, Brando.

Samuel C. Weston III
Murrysville, Pennsylvania

I have difficulty taking seriously a man who takes himself so seriously. I feel sorry for the man; the real pity is that he almost certainly cannot understand why.

David L. Travis
Clovis, New Mexico

My reading interests do not include a foul-mouth has-been actor whose two-track mind includes only the Indians and knocking his peers.

Scott Bland
Chicago, Illinois

That our greatest living actor should have such a low opinion of what he does

for a living really freaks me out. The first movie I ever saw that had a profound effect on me was *The Wild One*. Since then, he has given me more pleasure than anyone else in movies.

Lou Tornillo
San Francisco, California

It was everything I have come to expect from one of this country's most gifted actors. Brando was funny, refined and, best of all, brutally honest. I like his realistic view of the craft he has chosen and, as much as I love the cinema, I have to agree with his views about the pastime we have come to revere. Only Mel Brooks could have said it any better: "We've got to protect our phony baloney jobs!"

Jim Bolinger
Waco, Texas

Lawrence Grobel has once again demonstrated his special knack as an interviewer by presenting an honest account of a person who may be trying to react otherwise.

Charles Pendleton
Dumas, Texas

By the end of his interview, I was convinced that the man not only deserves his legend but also is one of the very few great men living today. An honor to have met you, sir!

Randi C. Ard
Breaux Bridge, Louisiana

I can only hope Lawrence Grobel received "hazardous duty" pay.

Richard Stake
Calumet City, Illinois

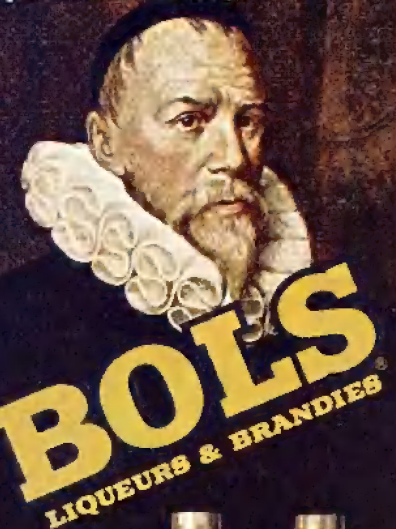
Your magazine deserves great credit for publishing such honest statements about the historic and current realities that Indians face. The problems really never end, as now the Northern Cheyennes (I am a full-blood) are faced with a

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dilemma about coal. Even if the reservation is not completely dug up, the power companies are pushing to build pollution-generating plants nearby that will cover our small reservation with poisonous air.

Deloris Yelloweyes
Billings, Montana

The man is often shrugged off as an arrogant cynic; yet his attacks on the mediocre values of society further convince me of his genuine character. Thank you, Lawrence Grobel, for having taken pains with your work to present him before PLAYBOY's readers.

Eric Beaty
Nacogdoches, Texas

Not only a great actor but, more important, a great humanitarian.

Beverly Greene
Millis, Massachusetts

LOVING TRIBUTES

In their search for the 25th Anniversary Playmate, the photographers of PLAYBOY without a doubt uncovered some of the most beautiful women to ever grace the pages of your magazine. Candy Loving turns out to be a fine choice by your staff. All of the brothers of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Florida State University want to thank you for an outstanding Silver Anniversary issue; your best effort in the past 25 years.

Casey Widell
Timmy Bulfinch
Tallahassee, Florida

You couldn't have chosen a more lovely lady for your January Playmate. Candy Loving enhances the elegance of your magazine.

Andrew Tate
San Rafael, California

I have always had a sweet tooth. How can I become a pen pal?

Pat Hackman
Harrison, Arkansas

As your winner, Candy is everything a Playmate should be, but thank goodness you included a look at the "losers."

Sam Tyree
West Hempstead, Pennsylvania

I think I caught ya on a last-minute pose change for the gatefold in your January issue. Playmate Candy Loving's pose for the gatefold is just a shade different from the pose in your Playmates foldout (page 278). It seems my eyes are always at their sharpest when I view the gatefolds.

R. Bourque
Boston, Massachusetts
Some extra Loving never hurt anyone.

What better way to welcome in 1979 than with Candy Loving in your January Anniversary issue. She epitomizes all the

qualities that go month after month into a Playmate beauty. May there always be a Hugh Hefner and a PLAYBOY.

Robert J. McKenzie
Hampton, Virginia

You probably will not believe me when I say that I saw Candy Loving's picture in the Hunt section of the magazine before I saw her pictorial as Playmate of the Month, and fell in love with her from that one picture. I resolved then and there to write to you and implore you to do a pictorial of her. How happy I was, then, to discover that your taste is as good as mine.

Richard Edison
Colorado Springs, Colorado



OK, time to fall in love all over again.

THE DEVIL AND SHE

The Devil and Billy Markham (PLAYBOY, January) is fantastic. Somebody had better tell Shel Silverstein his genius is showing! Can't you just see it as a movie with Kris Kristofferson featured as Billy? Let me know when it's released and I guarantee I'll be first in line at the box office!

Susan S. Anderson
Shreveport, Louisiana

Shel Silverstein should be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for this work of art.

Mitch Ables
Armuchee, Georgia

THE LAST CLARKE?

I was especially happy to see the first half of Arthur C. Clarke's new novel, *The Fountains of Paradise* (PLAYBOY, January). But as a hardened Clarke addict for more than half of my 22 years, I was also saddened to hear it may be his last. But then again, the man has been writing books for a long time and I

guess he deserves a break. So, if I may, I would like to use your magazine to convey my personal thanks to the master for taking me on a grand tour of the universe and teaching my mind to fly. I hope to some day meet Mr. Clarke, perhaps on the moon? Meanwhile, I will be rereading all my old Arthur C. Clarke books.

Ron Hitchens
North Salt Lake, Utah

I'm right in the middle of Arthur C. Clarke's first segment of *The Fountains of Paradise*. The only thing I have to say to Clarke's claim that this is his last novel is that it better be damn good and damn long or else I'll personally lead his fans in a protest—Clarke is close to being a national literary resource!

Thorn Kimes
Berea, Kentucky

SECRET SIN

I have been following PLAYBOY for some 12 years now. I guess it is like some sort of secret sin: You really want to give it up but are too curious to know what will happen next. I read PLAYBOY simply because you people are distinguished by the over-all excellence of your publication. You consistently have some of the best writing, some of the most provocative viewpoints, some of the most up-to-date insights. I may disagree with you, but I feel challenged by your positions. I applaud the fact that you put your money where your mouth is and support the fight against injustice and hypocrisy in high places. Sometimes I think you are a bit hypocritical when you proclaim you honor women and yet continue to treat them as sex objects. But, in a curious way, I think you really do promote the dignity and honor of women. When our Lord was on earth, He did not promote a joyless, deadly serious attitude toward life. I really think we are not that far apart—*The Playboy Philosophy* and Christian ethics. I find much in your philosophy I can wholeheartedly agree with. Summing up, I don't always agree with you, but I am comfortable with you. We've been friends for a long time (strange bedfellows?) and I thank you for challenging me, informing me, entertaining me, stretching my horizons a bit. You put out one hell of a publication and I extend hearty congratulations on your 25th anniversary and wish you well in the years ahead.

The Rev. W. Ralph Heller, Jr., Pastor
Saint John Lutheran Church
Director of Communications
The New Jersey District
The Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod
Bound Brook, New Jersey

GORE BLIMEY!

Gore Vidal's *Sex Is Politics* in the January PLAYBOY does an adequate, if shrill, job of describing the filthy politics of antisexuality. As a libertarian, I don't

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have it easy. While the conservative sitting next to me at the movies is reaching into my jockey shorts to make sure I don't have an erection offensive to God, the liberal sitting behind me is reaching into my back pocket to make sure I don't have a dividend check offensive to society. Would all of you kindly get your hands out of my pants?

Ralph Blanchette
Clinton Corners, New York

Vidal makes the ridiculous claim that a family man is very docile, ever fearful for the welfare of his loved ones. Of course, a man worries about his family, but far from making him docile, his fears goad him into making greater efforts to insure its well-being. Generally speaking, a man's family makes him stronger.

Daniel P. Duffy
Medina, Ohio

Vidal's article is brilliant. It's nice to know that there still exists a bastion of rationality in this crazy age. An excellent piece of writing.

W. E. Kaluza
Boulder, Colorado

SEX IN AMERICA

Peter Ross Range's *Sex in America: Miami* (PLAYBOY, December) fails to point out that few young people have any love lost for the area and for South Florida as a whole. In fact, many young South Floridians leave the Sunshine State to begin a new life in places such as Houston, which beckons them with a welcome mat of jobs. Unfortunately, many seasonal residents and tourists create the same kind of conditions in South Florida that they intended to leave behind. A metropolitan area should have more to offer than balmy weather, nice beaches, accessible prostitutes and a wide selection of discos, gay and singles bars. Miami and South Florida lack a sense of community—a prerequisite for meaningful relationships.

Ken Hedler
Palm Springs, California

You did more for the city of Miami than the total effort of all the local chambers of commerce could possibly do. Coral Gables, my home town, is also the home of the University of Miami, from which I graduated six years ago. Peter Ross Range depicted the boisterous, unrestrained party atmosphere of Suntan U with a very high percentage of accuracy. The sexual temperature of Miami is to be paralleled with the weather, since we are really laid back here, as compared with several cities up North, where the weather denies many the privilege of a weekend frolic on the beach, wearing whatever is short enough to entice but long enough to cover the basics. The gays are no real problem, since they mind



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their own business and don't push the issue. The Cubans are very Catholic, but that only gives Miami cultural diversification. Some girls have sexual hang-ups as a result of their upbringing, but the majority would be considered very healthy and into healthy sex. In closing, please congratulate Range on an excellent job.

Robert S. Denchfield
Coral Gables, Florida

Some of our colleagues nationwide referred us, with some alarm, to a section in *Sex in America: Miami* (page 148) that lists a sex-shop operator known as Patty Wheat. The name is quite out of the ordinary and, therefore, may be confused with that of our staff writer Patte Wheat, a well-known author in the field of child abuse. We wish to advise all that our Patte is alive and well in California, has had her book *By Sanction of the Victim* (Timely Books) re-released and has no plans to visit Miami in the near future.

Leonard L. Lieber
Parents Anonymous
Torrance, California

CRASH COURSE

As a flight attendant for a major domestic air carrier, I would like to applaud F. Lee Bailey and PLAYBOY for the December article *How to Survive an Air Crash*. The textual inadequacy and the lack of passenger concern for preflight safety demonstrations are all too common. With the advent of deregulation and decreased fares, people are flocking like birds to the skies for transportation, and the "cool-dude traveler" tends to be a model role for first-time fliers. More attention to flight safety and emergency measures on the part of the airline industry, the FAA and the flying public is needed before another major air tragedy occurs. By the way, ticket agents *do* screen window-exit passengers before assigning those seats.

Paul A. Spinelli
New York, New York

ON THE OTHER HAND

I thoroughly enjoyed your pictorial article *The Great Playmate Hunt* (PLAYBOY, January). The girls were outstanding and it's an obvious misfortune that all the girls could not be Playmates. Nonetheless, my vote goes to Liz Glazowski. I think she is the most beautiful girl I've seen in your magazine in the past eight years.

Joe Marion
Laramie, Wyoming

Your choice for the Anniversary fold-out is, of course, beautiful. Her attributes are obvious. However, I am writing on behalf of Michelle Drake of California, one of your featured "Great Beauties." Simply worded, I love and appreciate a fantastic derriere. Miss

Drake's picture was more than impressive. She projects an air of sensuousness surpassed by very, very few women.

Paul S. Tew
Raleigh, North Carolina

I never thought I'd write one of those silly letters to PLAYBOY, but Liz Glazowski has changed my mind. If I were voting, she would have been on all 410 pages.

Sheldon Metz
Santa Monica, California

I've been having a hell of a time trying to figure out who the girls are on the inside cover of your January issue from the pictures in the *Great Playmate Hunt*. How about a little help?

Tom Anderson
New York, New York

How about a lot of help, Tom? Starting at the top, left to right: Michelle Drake, Dorothy Stratten and Sylvie Garant; middle: Suzanne Sheridan, Lisa Kalison and April Playmate Missy Cleveland; bottom: March Playmate Denise



McConnell, Ruth Guerri and January's Candy Loving. By the way, the entire page is a composite made up of five photos. Don't bother guessing, you'll never figure it out.

THE EKBERG MYSTERY

There's something that's bugging me about your 25th Anniversary issue (which, by the way, is fantastic); on page 154, you show a picture of Anita Ekberg dated August 1956 showing pubic hair. Then, on pages 161 and 162, you show Paula Kelly's picture claiming it was the debut of pubic hair, except that it was August 1969. Now I may be going nuts, but not that nuts. What gives?

Tom Mazurie
Lodi, California

The Ekberg shot did appear in the August 1956 issue, but only from the waist up. You had to wait till 1979 to

see it in its full glory. Sorry about your mental problems.

COFFIN CUTIES

For many years now, I have been a closet vampire. After noting my husband's reaction to the pictorial essay *Interlude with the Undead* (PLAYBOY, January), I decided to act out a fantasy of mine. I bought some vampire teeth and a black nightgown. After spending nearly an hour applying clown white and make-up, I entered the bedroom and woke my husband. The results were so fantastic that I had to write and thank you for your most interesting pictorial. By the way, both my husband and I would like to see more of the lovely vampires from the pictorial.

Arual Johnson
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Thank you, PLAYBOY, and a special thanks to Phillip Dixon and Marilyn Grabowski for a job well done on the fine pictorial essay *Interlude with the Undead*.

Mark Moran
Trucksville, Pennsylvania

Anne Rice's continuation of her book *Interview with the Vampire* is a fitting background to the photography of Phillip Dixon.

Allan Jones
Chicago, Illinois

THE EARS HAVE IT

The Purpose of the Moon (PLAYBOY, January) is a masterpiece! I love the way Tom Robbins paints.

M. J. Addobati
Sacramento, California

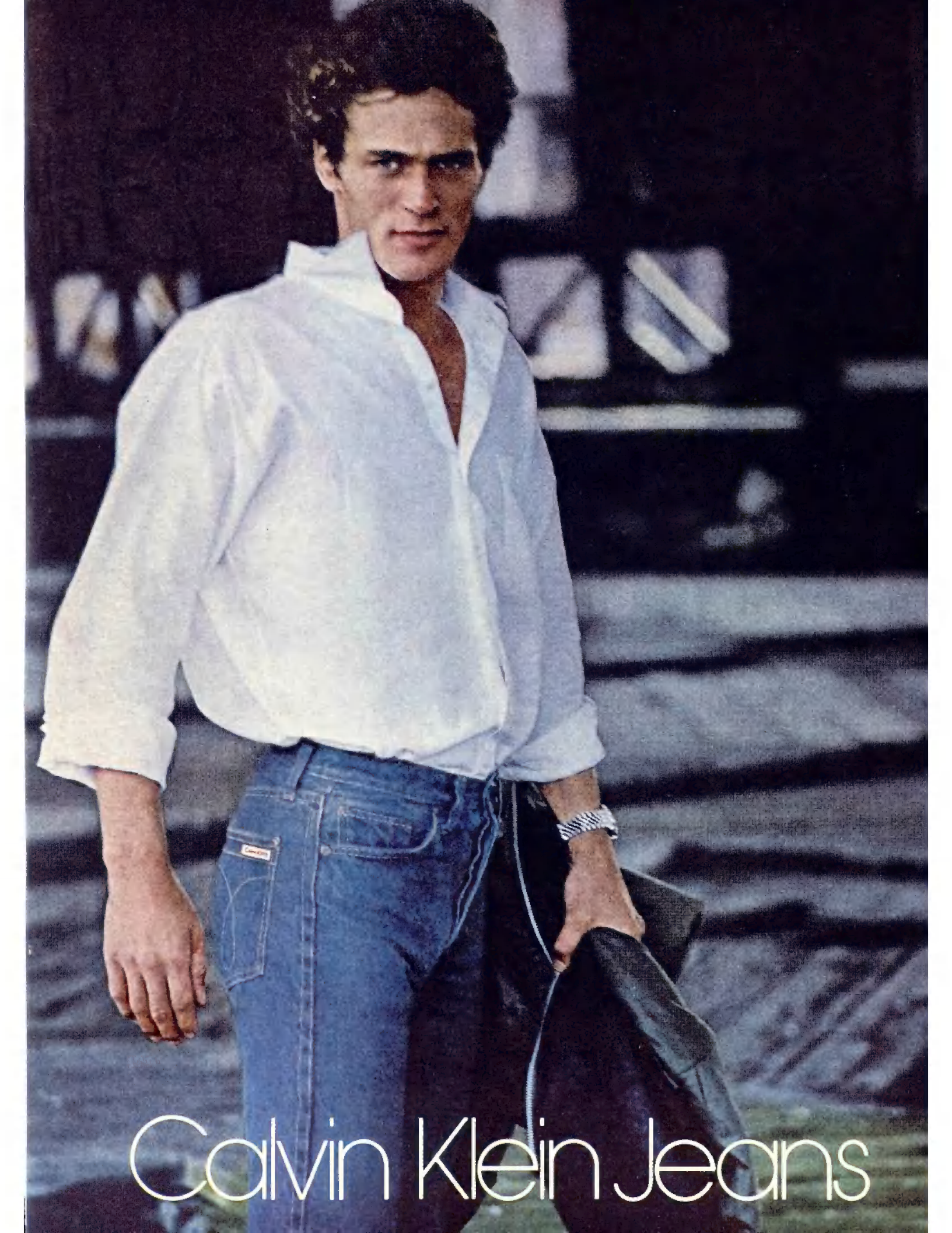
ASSAULT AND FLATTERY

Our thanks to Mother Nature for the welcomed relief after reaching the top of Wheeler Peak (highest point in New Mexico, elevation 13,640 feet). Members



of the Lewis and Payne Assault on Wheeler Peak expedition noticed the Playboy Rabbit nestled in the adjacent mountain range. The view from Wheeler Peak could not be nicer!

Don E. Lewis
Gary Payne
Dallas, Texas



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



UNBEARABLE URGE

A caption from the Friona, Texas, *Star* under a picture of a play rehearsal reads: "Leslie Upton plays the role of Winnie the Pooh, and Matt Osborn is Christopher Robin, in the Summer Drama Workshop production of *Winnie the Pooh*, which will be presented at two P.M. Saturday. In the scene above, Pooh shits on Christopher Robin's lap."

JOYCE KILMER WOULD LOVE IT

Where there's a problem, there's a solution. The U.S. Forest Service was called in to investigate the stripping of birch trees in Ely, Minnesota, by lazy campers looking for kindling to light their fires. The Forest Service arrived, checked out the bare patches and set to work to improve the aesthetics of the wilderness. They sent out workers armed with brushes and white paint to coat denuded trees. When they were finished, they went back to daub in little black lines to give their masterpieces a natural effect.

HE DOES IT HIS WAY

Two years ago, George Deffet was just an ordinary 44-year-old Columbus, Ohio, real-estate developer with a wife, eight children and \$17,000,000. Profiled by *Time* and *Fortune* as a courageous pioneer for open housing, Deffet once testified before the House Ways and Means Committee and served as finance chairman for John Glenn's Senatorial campaign. But unlike most real-estate tycoons, George Deffet had a dream—we like to call it an impossible dream—to ease on down the middle of the road, and in 1977, he got out of real estate, let his hair grow, tore off his shirt buttons and started applying all his energy and resources toward turning himself into the next red-hot, boss, monster, superstar rock/pop/disco singing sensation.

George caught our jaundiced eye with his outrageous press kit. As promotional giveaways go, we've had it all—Alice Cooper paper panties, Martin Mull

socks, Ramones switchblades, Pink Floyd chocolate pigs—but a five-pound black-velour case etched with George's silhouette wearing a removable bronze medallion engraved with the title of George's first album (and personal credo), *No Guts . . . No Glory*, seemed kind of special. Inside, we found the album, two singles, a larger-than-life poster, old clippings extolling Deffet the builder, new ones on George the vocalist, a pile of many-moods-of-George photos and a cassette recording of the disco version of George's *European Nights* (*No One Fits Me like You, Babe*), plus a candid tape of George and his Grammy-winning producer, Al de Lory—Al: "I'm thinking to myself, I'm driving across Hollywood to talk to a singing bricklayer, a landlord who wants to be a performer and a contractor who wants to have a taste of show business." George: "But you came over anyway and it really worked out."

Although his previous musical experience was limited to church choirs, Army

talent contests and occasional night-club and TV appearances, George has a pleasant though somewhat thin voice that makes for easy listenin' to his own compositions and standards, ranging all the way from *Feelings* to *Leroy Brown* to *Alone Again* (*Naturally*). When we called Columbus to find out what kind of fool George Deffet really was, we suggested that at least he's one entertainer above accusations of being in it only for the money. "I don't want you to be misled," corrected George. "My desire is to be an accomplished pro, and in doing so, I am very interested in the compensation. We sent out 2000 press packages, and my 21-year-old daughter Kathy and I just finished visiting 180 radio stations in 35 days. What we found out is that I have the ability to reach audiences record companies don't think buy records."

"In my songwriting, I plan to convey things going on in this country that deal with families, the political scene, inflation, the way business is run. Why not sing about rent or collusion or price gouging? Why not songs about where the American dream went wrong for people who aren't eating too well or young people who want to buy houses?"

"I love rock, jazz, blues, country—all forms of music. I want to be a career performer who records. I want to be myself, I am extremely interested in building an image of honesty and sincerity. I am a Catholic. I have eight kids. I do not intend to imitate punk rock and show how far I can vomit across a stage—not unless it's absolutely necessary."

WAKE UP, LITTLE SNOOZIE

A New Orleans organization called Roosters, Inc., has some alarming news. Spokesman Richard Senac says his company specializes in personalized alarm clocks guaranteed to wake up *anyone* in the morning. Thus far, one woman is now awakened by barking dogs, an ex-soldier by a bugle blaring reveille, a horseplayer by a trumpet calling him to post and a traveling salesman by his wife's screaming voice. One fellow we



know who likes to play around with married women is thinking of asking for a wake-up to the sound of shotgun hammers clicking.

INTER COURSE

Students at Biola College in La Mirada, California, can waive their college's "Christian Service" requirement by getting married. We're not sure who services whom, nor who grants whom the final grade.

LETTER FROM UGANDA

Recently, we asked Bill Quinn, a writer who has done many things for us in the past, to check out the possibility of doing a piece on Uganda's President for Life, Idi Amin Dada. Quinn dutifully wrote a letter to Amin, in which he explained his assignment and asked for an audience. Without further comment, we hereby publish the reply that came from the good dictator's office:

"Thank you for your letter of August 29, 1978 in which you seek an audience with Al-Hajji Field Marshal DR. Idi Amin Dada, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., Conqueror of the British Empire.

"I deeply regret to inform you that His Excellency the Life President is not the type of people who appear in your notorious magazine *PLAYBOY* and therefore like other 'Revolutionary' Black African Leaders will not be able to give you any audience.

"Regarding what has been said about him in recent articles and statements in *PLAYBOY*, this is not important to his personality and, for your information, does nothing to his reputation as most people might think.

"Those who would wish to talk, speak, write, act and do anything about him are free to do so and can continue at their own pleasure and risk. He is devoted to national and international development.

Al-Hajji Edirisa Mayanja Njuki,
Permanent Secretary"

CHECKING IN

Fred Robbins caught up with Bianca Jagger a while back and confronted her with some questions we'd been meaning to ask.

PLAYBOY: Bianca, you have an advanced degree in political science from the Sorbonne. You could certainly be one of history's most beautiful diplomats. Why, after going to all the trouble of getting out of Nicaragua when you were very young and studying in Paris, did you give up politics?

JAGGER: Because I didn't agree with the politics of my country. We have had an oligarchy for the past 45 years. And I don't think I would like to be a diplomat representing that government.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you

could have some influence in Nicaragua? **JAGGER:** Well, I would do what you call an agrarian reform. First of all, I think you should feed people. You cannot teach people anything unless they're fed. Then you have to teach them civics. You can't explain to people what freedom means when those people have been starving and have been oppressed for 45 years. And the other thing, you see, is the difference of classes. The poverty in my country is extreme. And the richest people are extreme as well. And you have a 20 percent mortality rate in children in my country.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel—

JAGGER: Guilty? Of course I feel guilty. I don't have the kind of life people think; I would like to do something more. I don't find excuses for myself, you know?

PLAYBOY: Are you uncomfortable when you go back now?

JAGGER: Yes, I haven't been back since then. That's how uncomfortable I am.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you could be the first woman president of Nicaragua.

JAGGER: Who knows? I think women are



evolving. I don't think women have to be aggressive. I think a woman should be delicate and full of mystery. I don't believe that because of women's liberation a woman should have an affair here and there. That's trying to prove that you're free. But that's not freedom. Freedom is when you are able to say no. I find American women very aggressive. I was very shocked.

PLAYBOY: We've gone through an age of jeans. Are we now going through another fashion era?

JAGGER: Well, actually, I hate fashion, because I don't like somebody telling me I'm supposed to wear this skirt at this length. I want to wear whatever I feel like, whenever I feel like it.

PLAYBOY: How many dresses do you have?

JAGGER: I always keep everything that I have. I never throw away anything. I keep every bit of clothes I ever had.

PLAYBOY: How many dresses are there now?

JAGGER: I don't know; I never count them.

PLAYBOY: How many shoes?

JAGGER: Actually, I am a shoe fetishist. I have a lot of shoes. And I don't wear

them. I just keep them there, just like people have vases or something.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

JAGGER: I admire Mao, but he's dead. I admire Gandhi, but he's dead.

PLAYBOY: No living heroes?

JAGGER: Well, I think Fidel Castro is quite a remarkable man in some ways. Maybe he was brutal in the way he put things together, but when you come from a country like mine, I don't know if you're able to completely change a country unless you take very severe measures.

PLAYBOY: What don't you like about yourself?

JAGGER: I would have liked to have been taller, but that's only because one thinks. *Un homme qui est grand, un homme qui est haut, est plus grand.* Whatever that means.

PLAYBOY: What specific ideas do you have for world peace?

JAGGER: It's a difficult thing because it has to do with a feeling of patriotism. When we have lost the feeling of "This is my country and this is where it ends and this is where it begins and this is what it belongs to, this is what we create." We should do away with nationalism.

PLAYBOY: What do you like to eat?

JAGGER: At the moment, I would love to have a water-cress soup. I like French food; I like Italian food; I like some English food; I like Chinese food; I love Thai food; I love Vietnamese food; I love Japanese food.

PLAYBOY: Do you like panty hose?

JAGGER: No, I hate them. They're very unsexy. I like stockings.

PLAYBOY: How do you hold them up?

JAGGER: Garters.

PLAYBOY: Does nationality have anything to do with how good a lover a guy is?

JAGGER: I don't think so, really. It just all has to do with emotions and passions and feelings.

PLAYBOY: Nowadays, girls sometimes discuss their lovers among themselves. Do you find that very prevalent?

JAGGER: Yes, I've been surprised sometimes to hear discussions that women have; it's quite amazing, really. You'd be shocked, you know.

PLAYBOY: You mean they discuss it in the most clinical terms?

JAGGER: Yeah. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: What kind of music do you like now?

JAGGER: I have a very varied taste in music. I like classical music, like Wagner and Satie and Bach. I like country music. I like rock 'n' roll. I like blues. And I love disco records.

PLAYBOY: Is rock 'n' roll dead?

JAGGER: I hope not.

PLAYBOY: Do you blow-dry your hair?

JAGGER: No.

PLAYBOY: How does it dry?

JAGGER: I have a hairdresser who hand-dries it with his hands. It's a new method. He just does everything with his fingers.

PLAYBOY: How long does it take to dry

2 WAYS TO STIR UP CARIBBEAN MEMORIES

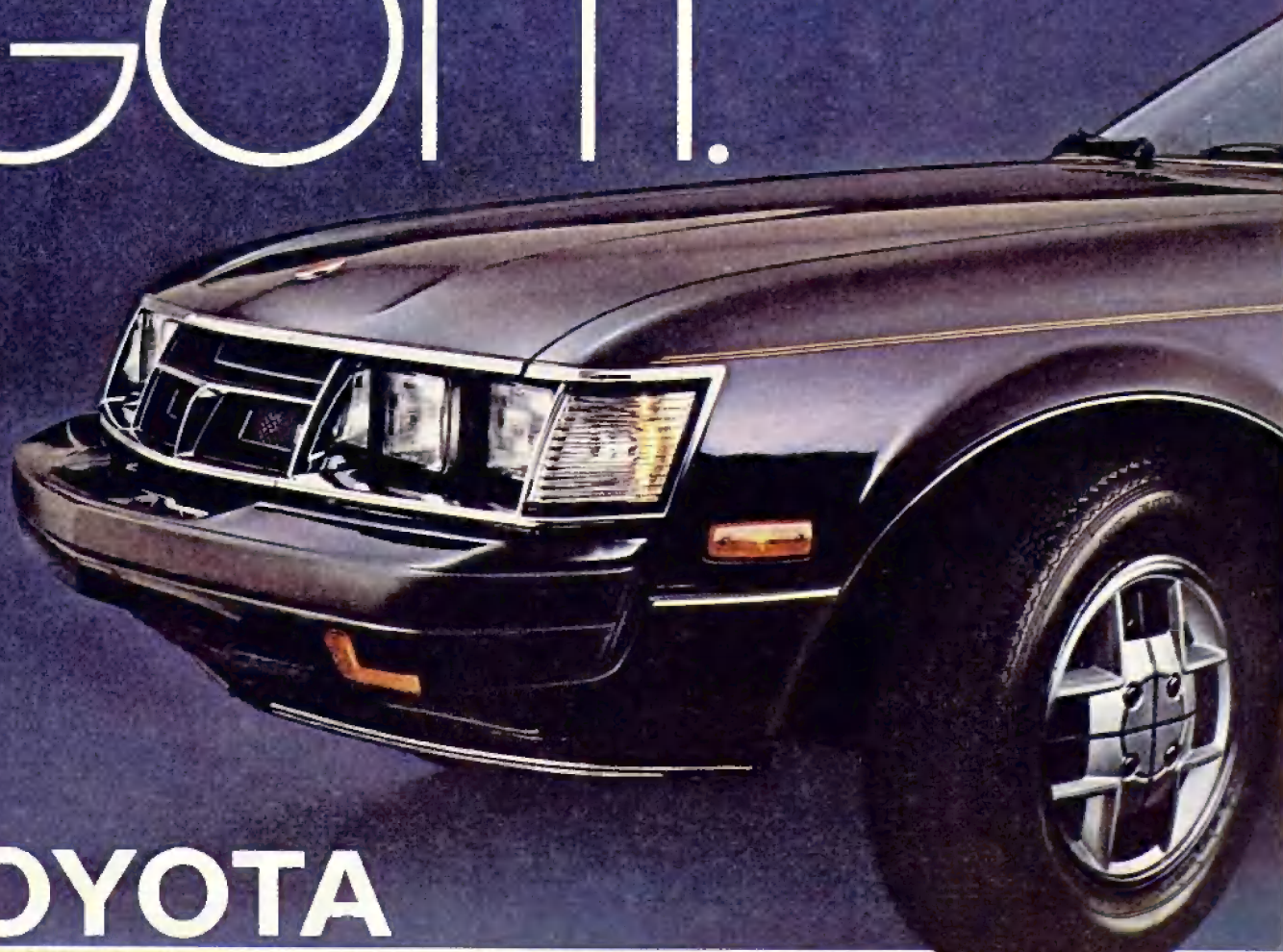
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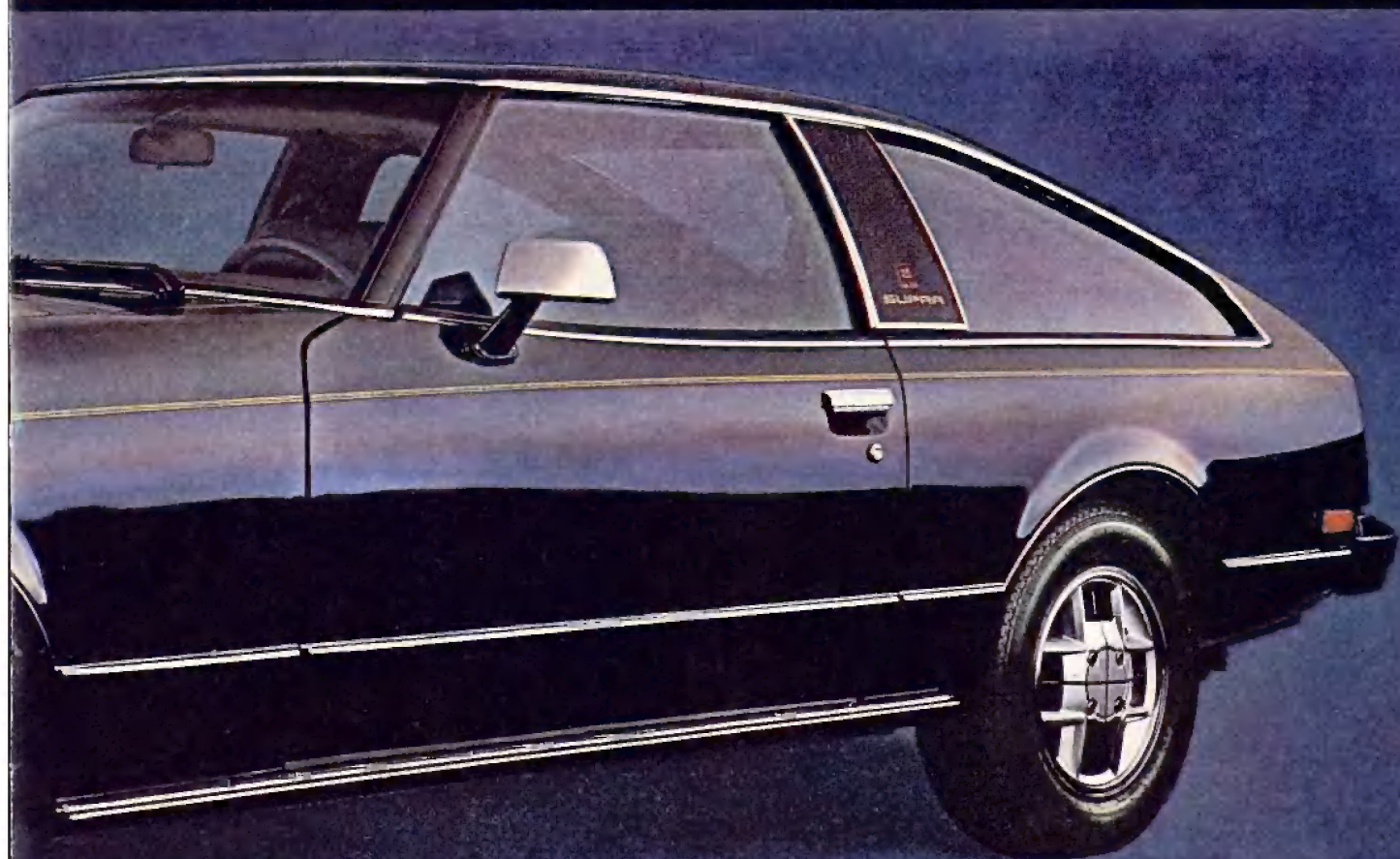


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when he does it with his fingers?

JAGGER: Well, it takes quite a little time; it takes half an hour.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider still too expensive to buy?

JAGGER: A Concorde. Isn't it funny to say such a stupid answer?

PLAYBOY: Could you ever rough it?

JAGGER: What is that?

PLAYBOY: Go out into the woods, live in a tent?

JAGGER: Yes! Yes. You think I couldn't? You know, I was born in Nicaragua. A wild country. Besides, I love nature and the country. I lived in Montauk on Long Island for months and months, on my own, with no one, in the middle of nowhere.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever somebody you fancied who didn't respond to you?

JAGGER: Oh, yes, when I was in school. I fell in love with somebody who was much older than I was, and he wouldn't even look at me. I don't like many men, you know? I mean, I don't fall in love with many people.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever faked an orgasm?

JAGGER: Never.

PLAYBOY: Women want to have as many orgasms as men have these days, you know.

JAGGER: They do? They should!

PLAYBOY: Then why do girls fake orgasms?

JAGGER: They do it just to be nice. Or maybe because they're bored, and that's a way to end it. But normally, women fake orgasms because they feel so much for the guy that they want to make him feel that he *could* have given them an orgasm.

PLAYBOY: How do you tell a girl to leave in the morning?

JAGGER: You should not wait until the morning. You should send her home in the middle of the evening!

PLAYBOY: How do you do that?

JAGGER: You tell her your mother is coming to see you in the morning.

DON'T CALL ME IN THE MORNING

A woman who was suffering from the flu obeyed her doctor's orders to stay in bed until she got better. She stayed in bed for 40 years. The woman, now in her 70s, was the subject of an item in *The Lancet*, the British medical journal, by Dr. Peter Roe. Roe wrote that her condition had no mental or physical cause and that "all of us, no doubt, exhibit minor forms of this at times."

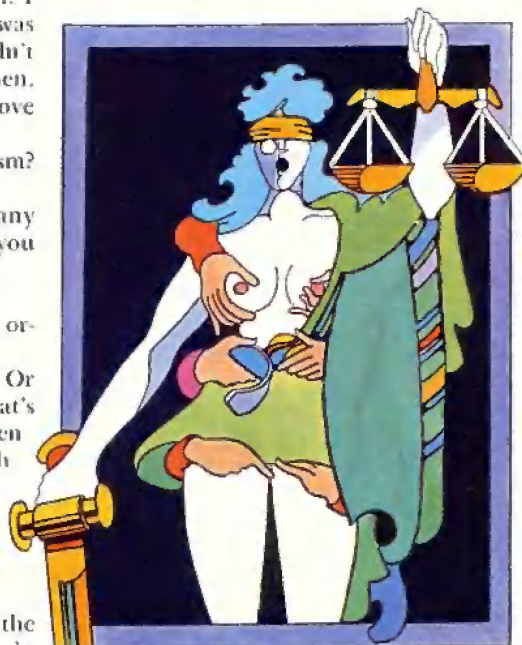
RACK OF AGES

The Reverend William Wendt, president of the nonprofit Washington, D.C.-based St. Francis Burial and Counseling Society, offers an alternative to the high cost and high waste of coffins. His plain wooden models are equipped with wine racks and bookshelves, so that you can put them to use before you really put

them to use. We are reminded that André Simon, the noted wine expert, once remarked that a true wine connoisseur saw to it that he left only a few bottles of wine in his cellar when he died. If the good Reverend has his way, you'd have to follow Simon's advice, otherwise there'd be no room for you.

WOMEN SEEK HUNG JURY

In the past, people have avoided jury duty as passionately as they avoid root-canal work. But in New York, some unattached singles are finding that jury duty is the easiest way to meet other unattached singles. A writer of our acquaintance explains, "Married people have good reasons why they can't serve, singles don't. The duty itself lasts at least two weeks and you basically just sit around



in a big room with nothing to do. After a few days, everybody starts thinking about scoring. Then, too, when two people who have struck up a relationship are assigned to different cases, the guards sometimes can be persuaded to pass notes between them. It's pretty giddy romantic stuff—like being in high school." One lady, who is now engaged to someone she met while on jury duty, cooed, "You can even volunteer!"

BLOOD ON THE TRASH

Feeling down in the dumps one afternoon, we naturally began wondering about A. J. Webberman, the fanatic "Dylanologist" who a few years ago attracted national attention by salvaging cultural relics from the trash cans of Dylan and others. We called A.J. at his Greenwich Village headquarters to find out what America's foremost garbage collector might be into now.

"My book—it's called *My Life in Garbology*—is coming out this June. I do sculptures of famous people exclusively from their garbage. I got John and

Martha Mitchell. They had separate garbage and John Mitchell had a lot of booze bottles in his. I got Judge Sirica's garbage. He happened to be filling out his income tax that day, so I have his total finances. He also threw out these dice made of foam rubber you hang in your car. I have Roy M. Cohn, who is an anally retentive type who hoards his garbage until the end of the month. I had to go back every day! I've got Jackie Kennedy Onassis, which is just beautiful—all different colors, nice packagings, perfume bottles. I'm not worried about getting sued this time, because a recent Supreme Court decision indicated that garbage is in the public domain. They said a safety-deposit box is the place for valuables, not a garbage can.

"My greatest moment in Garbology was the first time I ever went into a can. I opened it up and took out an unfinished letter from Dylan to Johnny Cash. I was like a mouse pressing the bar on a Skinner box and being inundated by food pellets. I knew I would have to keep coming back for more.

"What I'm doing now is writing another book on the Kennedy assassination. The first one, *Coup d'Etat in America*, was about Oswald's involvement with the CIA. This one is about organized crime's connection and might be called *Jack Ruby: All Mobbed Up*.

"I'm exposing the National Caucus of Labor Committees. I'm comparing N.C.L.C.'s organ, *New Solidarity*—I call it *New Slobidarity*—to *Signal*, Hitler's magazine. These people remind me of Hitler and the Nazis. Once I expose them, if Dylan doesn't forgive me for any alleged previous transgressions, then I fuckin' give up.

"I have Freedom of Information Act requests out on Phil Ochs, Woody Guthrie, Jim Morrison, Joplin, Hendrix, Joe McCarthy—they're all dead and you can get whatever documents the FBI has on them by sending a death certificate or other proof of death. The FBI has been incredibly cooperative. Sometimes they complain and say, 'Webberman, you're flooding this place with requests!' I explain that if I didn't, they'd probably have to go out and hunt kids who stole cars.

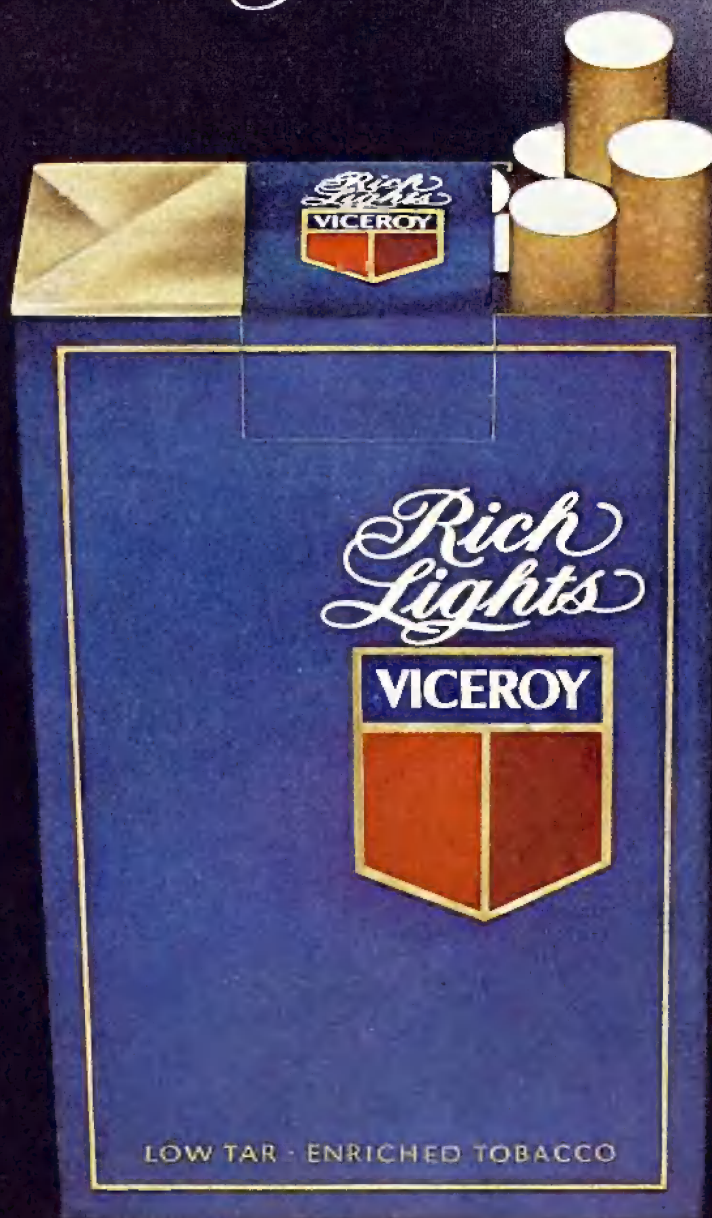
"I threw a tomato at Nixon when he visited New York. I hit a cop and did a day in jail for assaulting an officer and possession of a dangerous weapon because they found another tomato on me. I organized a Free Abbie Hoffman March. We marched from Washington Square to Battery Park, where we had a smoke-in. I gave marijuana cigarettes to everyone and the cops didn't do a fuckin' thing. I've also been doing a lot of pie-ing—throwing pies at people. I work with Aron Kay, the Pie Man.

"I keep busy. It's like Dylan says, 'You can almost think you're seein' double.' OK, man. Nice talkin' to you. Bye."

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*Evenings that memories are made of
so often include Drambuie.*

MUSIC

Terry Garthwaite does something on her second solo album that a lot of other women have tried and failed to do. She makes feminism sound sexy—and to a disco beat, at that. About time, too. *Hand in Glove* (Fantasy) is for all you men who like women who “have a mind, too, you know.”

One of the best pieces, brittle but funny, is a song called *You Don't Know* (with some traditional backup on sax by Jim Rothermel). “Here she comes, dressed to the teeth, lookin’ like a fairy tale, beyond belief. People been tellin’ her all her life, ‘Hey, little girl, you were born to be a wife.’” The chorus, of course, that follows is “You don’t know, you don’t know my mind...”

Actually, only five of the cuts have a disco beat, and those manage to rise above the genre by being just a little funky. There’s also a Fortyish nightclub number called *Some Other Spring*, but most of the music is good old-fashioned rhythm-and-blues. Willow Wray provides close harmony.

Now that jazz is in one of its periodic up phases, almost every city boasts at least one club where jazz buffs can see and hear their heroes up close. New York’s Village Vanguard has been around through all the ups and downs and prevails as this country’s premier jazz oasis. Two LPs recorded on the premises provide indisputable evidence of the superior jazz that flourishes there. *The Great Jazz Trio at the Village Vanguard* (Inner City) features pianist Hank Jones, bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams on four extended tracks and their interplay is a thing of beauty. Jones is a spirited pianist and his ebullience proves infectious as Carter and Williams seem to be having a ball. *Stepping Stones* (Columbia) showcases the Woody Shaw Quintet (Shaw on cornet and Flügelhorn; Carter Jefferson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Onaje Allan Gumbs, piano; Clint Houston, bass; and Victor Lewis, drums). Shaw has finally gotten the recognition he deserves and his work on this album bears out his formidable talents as composer, leader and instrumentalist. No doubt about it; the Village Vanguard is a musical greenhouse in which jazz talent blossoms year after year.

The Blues Brothers, Jake and Elwood, came up the hard way. They’ve suffered, paid their dues. For almost four entire years now, they’ve been doing one-night stands in an obscure, smoky club called *Saturday Night Live*—playing in that time well over 50 gigs. They’ve



Garthwaite's *Hand in Glove*: sexy.

Sexy feminism, superior jazz and a visit with Nick Lowe of Rockpile.



Two from the Vanguard.



Rockpile's Nick Lowe.

been there. And that arduous apprenticeship has paid off in *Briefcase Full of Blues*

(Atlantic), their first album. It is, in fact, considerably better than you might expect from Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi. Part of it is the band: In the best Ricky Nelson school of record producing, they have gathered around them some of the best—mostly large chunks of Booker T & the M.G.s and Tom Scott & the L.A. Express—so the band alone is a treat. The selection of material is solid, if impeccably hip, and that they chose to do *Soul Man* nearly note for original note is a tribute to their good sense, not cowardice. Belushi, who clearly loves this stuff, is more credible on vocal than is Aykroyd on harp, bursting sometimes through to the fevered intensity of the real thing. Blues purists are putting this album down because there are so many great bluesmen starving for work, on Chicago's South Side, among other places. But on the Blues Brothers' side, Belushi shouts at one point, “Buy all the blues records you can”—so maybe these loving cover versions will lead some people back to the source. We hope so.

I'd been to the Palladium in New York for the first time during Christmas vacation, 1961. Still called The Academy of Music—the name was a relic of palmier seasons—it was about as grubby then as it is now. Between showings of some wide-screen John Wayne oat opera, Murray the K was putting on his annual holiday extravaganza. Right there on a single stage in hot succession: Joey Dee and the Starliners with *Shout* and *The Peppermint Twist*, Gary “U.S.” Bonds howling *School Is Out*, tiny Timi Yuro belting *Hurt* above the din of the band without seeming need of a mike, Bobby Lewis, asweat and possessed, in thrashing fetal position on the stage, *I couldn't sleep at all last night, just a-thinkin' of you!* . . . Heaven. A living jukebox of the year's top hits that wouldn't quit. Most of the audience stayed for all three daily shows, sleeping or making out while Wayne won the West.

I was back last fall, chasing *Rockpile*, featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe. That they were opening for Van Morrison at the Palladium, site of one of my first multiple rock-'n'-roll orgasms, was one of those meaningful meaningless accidents that Vonnegut has a funny word for. Rockpile is a semi-demi-supergroup among fans of so-called New Wave rock, but I was there less to ride the Trendy Train than because its music seems to come so directly from the pure sweet fountain of Fifties and early Sixties rock, the source beneath the Murray the K cobwebs somewhere down deep near

"We never had it
so good!"

any 13

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279265 ★ CHUCK MANGIONE FEELS SO GOOD
[A & M]

283739 Engelbert Humperdinck LAST OF THE ROMANTICS
[EPIC]

288713 ★ 10 CC Bloody Tourists
[CAPITOL]

271809 JIM CROCE Time In A Bottle
[LIFETIME]

288431 ★ Johnny Paycheck Armed And Crazy
[EPIC]

288282 ★ MARILYN MCCOO & BILLY DAVIS JR. MARILYN & BILLY
[ATLANTIC]

283689 HEAVY HORSES JETHRO TULL
[DEPUE]

288621 ★ PHOEBE SNOW Against The Grain
[COLUMBIA]

279935 ★ Marshall Tucker Band CAROLINA DREAMS
[CAPRICORN]

274438 ★ CHARLIE DANIELS BAND TE JOHN GREASE, & WOLFMAN
[EPIC]

269050 ★ AL STEWART Year Of The Cat
[JANUS]

288506 ★ JOHNNY PAYCHECK GREATEST HITS "2"
[EPIC MUSIC]

293009 ART GARFUNKEL BREAKAWAY
[CBS SONY]

279331 ★ LOU RAWLS WHEN YOU HEAR A DU YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL
[ATLANTIC]

274811 ★ RITA COOLIDGE Anytime...Anywhere
[A & M]

279067 ★ THE BEST OF JOAN BAEZ
[ABC]

277912 ★ ART GARFUNKEL WATERMARK
[CBS SONY]

267912 ★ MECO The Wizard Of Oz
[MILLERSON]

267763 ★ CHICK COREA FRIENDS
[DEPUE]

257400 GLEN CAMPBELL RHINESTONE COWBOY
[CAPITOL]

285456 ★ ANNE MURRAY KEEP IN TOUCH
[CAPITOL]

270553 ★ KANSAS LEFTOVERTURE
[KANSAS]

272179 ★ HERB ALPERT & THE TULSA BRASS! Greatest Hits Vol. II
[A & M]

263861 ★ ANDY WILLIAMS Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
[ATLANTIC]

171504 SWITCHED ON BACH
[CBS SONY]

267276 ★ GEORGE JONES Bartender's Blues
[EPIC]

263615 ★ RED SPEEDWAGON You Can Tune A Piano, But You Can't Tune Fish
[EPIC]

286039 ★ ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK FOUL PLAY
[ARISTA]

240942 NEIL DIAMOND SERENADE
[COLUMBIA]

265759 ★ JERRY LEE LEWIS KEEPS ROCKIN'
[MCA]

270132 ★ BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND NIGHT MOVES
[CAPITOL]

284584 ★ JOHNNY MATHEWS & DENISE WILLIAMS THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR
[EPIC MUSIC]

275107 Steve Miller Band Book Of Dreams
[CAPITOL]

265332 ★ LYNN ANDERSON From The Inside
[CAPITOL]

274928 ARTHUR FIEDLER BOSTON POPP ORCHESTRA GREAT STRAUSS WALTZES
[MCA]

265381 ★ DAN FOGELBERG & TIM WEISBERG ★ FIVE SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS
[EPIC MUSIC]

279133 ★ MEAT LOAF BAT OUT OF HELL
[EPIC]

265422 ★ ANNE MURRAY LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY
[CAPITOL]

187008 BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS
[EPIC]

254802 ★ FREDDY FENDER BEFORE THE NEXT TEAR DROP FALLS
[ABC DOT]

267771 ★ DON WILLIAMS EXPRESSIONS
[EPIC]

265460 ★ JOE STAMPLEY RED WINE AND BLUE MEMORIES
[EPIC]

274043 ★ ORIGINAL CAST ANNIE
[COLUMBIA]

265443 ★ GRAND FUNK RAILROAD "Good Singin', Good Playin'"
[MCA]

278481 ★ JANE OLIVOR Chasing Rainbows
[EPIC]

265447 ★ BILLY JOEL TURNSTILES
[COLUMBIA]

279042 ★ JOHNNY PAYCHECK LOVE AND SHINE IT
[EPIC]

268383 ★ GEORGE BENSON GOOD KING BAD
[CBS]

277152 ★ DAVID SOUL PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE
[MCA]

265478 ★ JOHNNY DUNCAN THE BEST IS YET TO COME
[EPIC MUSIC]

240382 PAUL SIMON ★ IN CONCERT LIVE RHYTHM
[COLUMBIA]

267730 ★ TAMMY WYNETTE Greatest Hits
[EPIC]

268472 ★ AL STEWART Time Passages
[ARISTA]

265080 ★ NAT KING COLE Love is here to stay
[CAPITOL]

275305 ★ TED NUGENT Cat Scratch Fever
[EPIC]

384257 ★ PABLO CRUISE WORLDS AWAY
[A & M]

214361 ★ THE BEST OF ROGER MILLER Little Green Apples
[Arista]

283762 ★ THE STYLER BROS. Entertainment On And Off The Record
[MCA]

279281 ★ Paul Simon-Greatest Hits, Etc.
[EPIC MUSIC]

249813 BURT BACHARACH'S GREATEST HITS
[EPIC]

244459 ★ SANTANA'S GREATEST HITS
[COLUMBIA]

239630 ★ BOZ SCAGGS SLOW DANCER
[COLUMBIA]

263679 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN DON'T STOP ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
[EPIC MUSIC]

279644 ★ BAY CITY ROLLERS GREATEST HITS
[ARISTA]

267769 ★ Stephen Bishop BISH
[ABC]

288037 ★ BAY CITY ROLLERS Strongers In The Wind
[ARISTA]

279646 ★ Captain & Tennille's Greatest Hits
[A & M]

263788 Bernstein Conducts Brahms Variations on a Theme by Haydn
[COLUMBIA]

269085 ★ The Best Of The Band THE WEIGHT
[Capitol]

280735 ★ OAN HILL LONGER FUSE
[Arista]

265197 ★ OAK RIDGE BOYS ROOM SERVICE
[ABC]

274902 ★ THE BEST OF LAWRENCE WELK 20 GREAT HITS
[RCA]

231084 ★ CHARLIE RICH Behind Closed Doors
[EPIC]

285320 ★ CONWAY TWITTY & LORRY LYNN DYNAMIC DUO
[MCA]

265140 ★ JOHNNY MATHEWS ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU
[EPIC MUSIC]

262558 ★ CRYSTAL GAYLE I'VE CRIED THE BLUE RIGHT OUT OF MY EYES
[MCA]

277914 ★ STEELY DAN AJA
[ABC]

285742 ★ JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART
[NEW LINE]

277903 ★ DIANA ROSS BABY IT'S ME
[MOTOWN]

269209 ★ BOSTON More Than A Feeling
[EPIC]

264844 ★ LARRY GATLIN OH! BROTHER
[Capitol]

271411 ★ GRAND FUNK Grand Funk Hits
[CAPITOL]

275735 ★ MIRACLES BY EXCELLENCE HUMPERDINCK
[EPIC]

264754 ★ BILLY "CRASH" CRADDOCK
[CAPITOL]

268040 ★ STEVE MILLER BAND FLY LIKE AN EAGLE
[CAPITOL]

269183 ★ G. GERSHWIN FIDELIO THOMAS RHAPSODY IN BLUE
[EPIC MUSIC]

268415 ★ JOHNNY CASH GONE GIRL
[EPIC MUSIC]

277921 ★ KANSAS POINT OF NO RETURN
[KANSAS]

263459 ★ JANIE FRICKE Singer Of Songs
[EPIC MUSIC]

246868 ★ JIM CROCE PHOTOGRAPHY & REMEMBERS HIS GREATEST HITS
[LIFETIME]

280669 ★ EDDIE MONEY
[COLUMBIA]

284756 ★ LAURA NYRO NESTED
[EPIC MUSIC]

268638 ★ CHICAGO IX CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS
[COLUMBIA]

275304 ★ BARBARA MANDELL LOVERS, FRIENDS AND STRANGERS
[ABC DOT]

277957 ★ BEST OF LAURENCE CROCE CHIFFONS & MYSTICS
[Laurie]

267492 ★ Everything You Always Wanted To Hear By DEON AND THE BELMONT'S
[Capitol]

267375 ★ LIBERACE MR. SHOWMANSHIP
[ABC]

268753 ★ VARIOUS ARTISTS COLLECTOR'S RECORDS OF THE 50'S AND 60'S
[Laurie]

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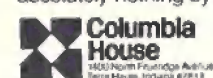
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Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly and the Everly Brothers.

Edmunds, at 35, is among other things the grand old Welshman of record producing in England, with credits including Ducks Deluxe, the Flamin' Groovies, Foghat and Brinsley Schwarz. It was in 1969, as producer of an album for Schwarz, that he met Lowe, then lead singer-songwriter-bass player for the group. They became good friends—something you can see onstage—and Lowe began to absorb everything he could about producing from Edmunds. That was considerable, since Edmunds went through a period of re-creating such rock classics as *Du Doo Ron Ron* and *Let It Rock* down to the last note and muffled grunt.

Lowe, in the last couple of years, has been gaining his own reputation as a production whiz. He's played, written songs for or produced nearly everyone who's anyone in British New Wave, including most of the creatures in the Stills stable, most notably among them Elvis Costello—whose three albums Lowe produced.

He and Edmunds also have separate careers going: Lowe's *Pure Pop for Now People* (Columbia) was released last spring, and a new one is promised shortly. Edmunds' latest, *Tracks on Wax 4* (Swan Song), was the reason for the current

tour, since record-company wisdom demands touring to push what is lovingly referred to as "new product."

During last spring's tour, Lowe, who had the newest album, was billed as leader of the group. This time around, the new one is Edmunds', so he gets top billing. It doesn't appear to matter to them. One reason they're in the band together is the fun of it.

Their Palladium show is a rave-up.

From my balcony seat, Lowe, on bass, in football shirt and Levis, looks like a bean-pole Peter Townshend, while Edmunds, on lead guitar in a black suit and red tie, looks a little like Bonnie Franklin in Eliot Ness drag; and, come to think of it, the rhythm guitarist brings to mind a slightly wasted Beaver Cleaver. Pure pop for now people.

As opening act, they get maybe 40 minutes and no encores. They use it. Like a one-band Murray the K show, they rip out winners rapid-fire, much of it solid as the rock of Chuck Berry and some of it pieces of the actual rock. The set is a three-braid of original tunes from *Tracks on Wax 4* and *Pure Pop* laced with such true grease arcana as Smiley Lewis' 1955 Imperial hit, *I Hear You Knockin'*. As the set progresses, they seem increasingly like kids at play, truly plugged in to the raw atavistic fun that rock 'n' roll is supposed to be.

I liked it so much I saw them again in Chicago ten days later at the Park West, where they were headlining after Van Morrison crashed and burned following his Palladium shows and *Saturday Night Live*.

In Chicago, the survivors had them dancing in the aisles of the Park West as Lowe sang in merry triplet descent:

*And so it goes, so it goes, so it goes, so it goes,
But where it's goin', no one knows...*

Edmunds doing Chuck Berry's *Promised Land* is a killer; I don't think I've ever heard anyone, other than Chuck himself, do better Chuck guitar. They are on, and Lowe hardly takes notice when he sproings a bass string during *Heart of the City*; he jes' plays on.

After the show, I talked with Lowe in his tour bus, parked outside, watching the rain fall on the black shining street as we talked, a gallon jug of cheapo California wine on the table between us. . . . We began with metaphysics.

PLAYBOY: What's the appeal of it?

LOWE: The reason why I started . . . I know it might sound very glib, but it's true . . . I started because I thought I could pull more chicks if I was in a group.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done

When racquetball becomes more than exercise.



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if you hadn't been allowed to be a rock-'n'-roller?

LOWE: God knows. In real estate, or something like that. I don't honestly quite know. I was a journalist for a while. I was a waiter as well. I used to make the tea, basically, and they used to give me the odd story to write up. I've always liked writing.

PLAYBOY: It shows in your lyrics.

LOWE: I always liked Chuck Berry, for instance, because his words were always very clever and very . . . relevant, for want of a better word. Also, they always fitted the beat so well. It's like our song *I Knew the Bride*; the words are very much a part of the beat.

PLAYBOY: When you produce an album, how do you see your function?

LOWE: I'm not interested in sound. I don't know how to work the board or anything like that. My function is to be a bit of a psychologist; what I do is get people to perform. I leave all the sound and everything up to the engineer. And I figure you can only do it two or three times. If I can't get 'em to play in two or three times, then we'll go on to something else. There's a lot of bullshit talked about sound, nowadays. There are gadgets and things on domestic stereo equipment that you'd have to be a *bat* to tell the bloody difference. I think it's a simple case of just turn it up and fiddle around with bass, middle and treble until it sounds good.

PLAYBOY: You don't need 32 tracks. . . .

LOWE: I don't think so, no, because then you start filling them up with all sorts of bullshit. Look at that great stuff on Stax—Otis Redding, Sam and Dave—four-track, all of that. We did our Elvis Costello album, *My Aim Is True*, in an eight-track studio, and it cost about, I don't know, about \$2000 for the whole record.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to get hooked up with Costello?

LOWE: I've known him for years and years. I met him, of all places, at The Cavern Club in Liverpool. He lived there and he was a fan of a group I used to be in, Brinsley Schwarz. He just started talking to me. He was 17, 18 years old. He's not very old now—23 or 24. And he used to turn up to the gigs, and whenever he came to London, he used to sort of sleep on my floor. And he played the guitar. . . .

PLAYBOY: Didn't he have a day job as a computer programmer?

LOWE: Yeah, he worked for Elizabeth Arden. He was telling the boss he was sick, and he was coming out and cutting his first album.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Rockpile, which of you is really the leader?

LOWE: At the moment, Dave is. I was, on the last tour. There's no rivalry in it at all; it's just good fun. We have such

a good time up there, we're real good friends. We fall out with each other, but then, that's what friends are for.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that rather an unusual setup?

LOWE: We're trying to change the rules, really. 'Cos there's no rules in rock 'n' roll. People have been saying, "You can't do this . . .," but we say why not? Honestly, we don't really care if we're bending a few of the rules. I mean, Dave is a motor mechanic, and I can go back to the newspaper. For years, people wouldn't have pissed on us if we were on fire. It ain't that important, really. It's just real good fun.—DAVID R. STANBISH

Once upon a time, a French-Dutch writer named Huysmans wrote a novel called *Against the Grain*. His grain was the ennui at the end of the 19th Century. Phoebe Snow's new album, *Against the Grain* (Columbia), is an ennui of a different platter. One is immediately struck by the incongruity of her sound and lyrics. An upbeat cut like *Mama Don't Break Down*, with a great sax solo by Mike Brecker, seems to belie the personal distress in her words. The pattern follows with *You Have Not Won* and *Random Time*, in which the line, "I am the punch line to my joke," is reminiscent of a revelation one might find at an est-in—but with much less trauma, more élan and at a fraction of the price. *Keep a Watch on the Shoreline* is one of those cuts that blends music, lyric and title into an organic whole. There's poetry in her writing, which gives vitality to her music and meaning to her life. It's the kind of album that you build a collection around.

How to make your jazz commercial without gunking it up—that's the question with which a lot of folks in the music biz are wrestling. Multi-reedman David "Fathead" Newman and arranger/composer William Fischer, who should have gotten together long ago, have turned the trick successfully on Newman's *Keep the Dream Alive* (Prestige). The rhythms are contemporary, even disco-danceable, but there are no sappy strings, out-of-control synthesizers or moronic choruses, only clean band sounds and lots of room for Newman to operate. When a chorus does appear, it doesn't say, "Shake your booty"; it says, "Keep the dream alive." Most of the material—including Stevie Wonder's *I Am Singing*, Fischer's soulful *As Good As You Are* and Kenny and Yvonne Rankin's rubato *Silver Morning*—also sustains a fair degree of harmonic interest. And Newman, always a resourceful soloist, deals with the chord changes, disdaining the solo on vamps so many other saxophone "stars" offer. The back-up work is stellar, with nice solos by George Davis on guitar and Hilton Ruiz

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and George Cables on keyboards (and they do jump around from one ax to another, but without getting near an organ, which is nice for a change).

The strings and voices that Newman and Fischer avoided are all too obtrusive on *Step in to Our Life* (Polydor), by Roy Ayers and Wayne Henderson. Both are topflight jazz players when they want to be, and they are theoretically experts on how to go commercial without sounding stupid; but they sound here as if they were shooting for a ten-year-old audience.

Bill Summers, who used to steal the show when he toured with Herbie Hancock and who contributes some lively percussion to Newman's album, also misses the target on *Straight to the Bank* (Prestige), but it's because he tried to do too much. His group, Summers Heat, is a lively outfit, featuring horns, voices and a piano/percussion sound that's very latino (also very funkadelic); but there's just too much going on, and it prevents the group from defining a style of its own.

Keith Jarrett is a very brave man. Armed with nothing but his ten fingers and a prodigious imagination brim-full of musical ideas, the pianist shows up on a concert stage and proceeds to fill the hall with improvised sound that makes

one sit there slack-jawed in disbelief. The definitive display of Jarrett's unique capabilities is to be found in ECM's monumental ten-LP package titled *Sun Bear Concerts*. Recorded in five Japanese cities during November of 1976, the album is Jarrett's magnum opus. The fact that the music sustains itself through all those sides is enough of a tribute. But, my God, what do you do for an encore?

If you haven't heard of Leif Garrett, don't worry. Garrett's new record *Feel the Need* (Scotti Bros.) starts off badly and gets progressively worse. He uses a monotonously persistent disco beat in every one of the songs. You can barely distinguish his voice from those of the backup singers. It's a lesson on how supporting vocals can carry someone through an entire album. No one song is any worse than any other but none of them is all that good. Variety in both selection and dynamics is a crucial element—but it is conspicuously absent from this album.

Tanya Tucker, Nashville's little Levied Lolita, evanescenced in America's recent hard-on for the Texas Outlaw groove and the subsequent country-rock cross-over onslaught. She swaggered into an ersatz Vegas lounge act, with recent albums about as country as quiche Lorraine. And now, just when her destiny

as the Brenda Lee of the Eighties seemed certain, comes *TNT* (MCA), which should blast her career right out of the deep six.

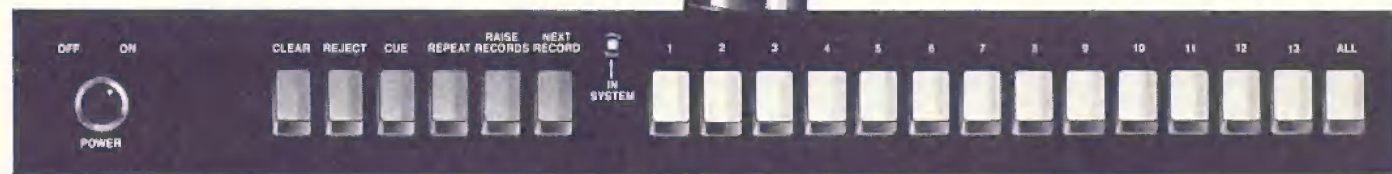
Don't be disturbed by the presence of syn-drums and the counterfeit Linda Ronstadt arrangement on the opening track: soon enough, you'll recover with the realization that, as a rock vocalist, Tucker far outdistances La Linda. Tanya Tucker's voice alone is enough to send a sane man into fantasies of apple butter and self-abuse, and on *Heartbreak Hotel*, *Not Fade Away* and *Brown Eyed Handsome Man* the use of slashing lead guitars and innovative arrangements turns rock standards into standouts. Despite a penchant for occasional overproduction, *TNT* unquestionably establishes Tanya as a rock force to be reckoned with. By the looks of the inside cover photo—our ex-Lolita in a red jumpsuit and Joey Heatherton come-hither veneer—country music's loss is rock 'n' roll's gain.

SHORT CUTS

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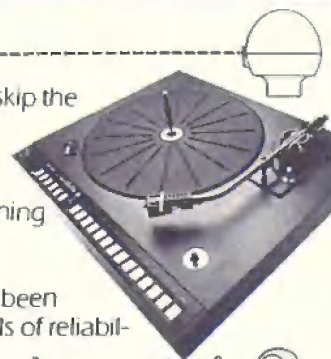
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Richard Gere has arrived. When he went to England early last year to play the male lead in John Schlesinger's "Yanks," also starring Vanessa Redgrave, the 29-year-old actor was merely a bright, promising new face on the movie landscape. By the time he got back to the U.S.A., critics and public alike knew Gere as the violent Tony who terrorized Diane Keaton in "Looking for Mr. Goodbar"; as the itinerant worker in Terrence Malick's eye-filling "Days of Heaven"; as the New York Italian boy who wants to loosen his roots in "Bloodbrothers." Three major movies with name directors in little more than a year is not just promise, it's wham-bam-pow. Only hours after he jetted from London to New York, Gere was tapped to chat with Gene Shalit on the "Today Show." He was invited to host "Saturday Night Live" but said no. Journalists of every persuasion were ready to stand in line for an exclusive hour or so of his company, and the Richard Gere poster was hot off the presses, needing only his final OK to make him a certified male sex symbol—tight jeans, unbuttoned shirt, a let's-dance look, the whole bit. The phone was ringing incessantly, of course, in Gere's suite at the Sherry Netherland, where Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson caught up with him to find out why he officially deplores interviews. It wasn't necessary to ask.

Gere declared himself still in shock after his *Today Show* gig. "I walked into this set and self-destructed. I started giggling, put my hand over my face and smoked a cigarette through my fingers. Looking like a real asshole."

"He looked cute. Shalit liked it," said a bright girl named Peggy, representing a public-relations firm Gere has hired to help him control the media blitz.

"We'll see. When Shalit asked, 'Who is Richard Gere?' all I could say was: 'This is ridiculous.' And it is ridiculous, just absurd. I haven't resolved what television means. The whole thing is lies: Sell yourself. Be charming for ten minutes. Yet it's not dangerous enough. The people in the audience watching you are voyeurs, totally removed from the experience. It's another cold, cold experience, and there are too many cold experiences in this world."

You became a star, in a sense, while your back was turned. Doesn't that warm you?

"Yeah. Well, when I left for England in March, I knew what was going to happen, though it's kind of weird to hear about it over the telephone. The buzz was already in the air in L.A. When I finished *Bloodbrothers*, I became what they call an industry star. People knew about me or heard about me and wanted



Gere, by Gere.

Conversing with Richard Gere, amateur lensman and hot new movie property.

to work with me, even though I was still totally unknown. That's been happening since the first rough cut of *Goodbar*. The bloodsuckers are quick, always looking for the next guy to make a buck on. . . ."

How do you like your posters?

Gere grimaced and gave Peggy permission to drag one out. "Oh, God, look. I didn't like any of them much. This one's in a little better taste, but it's still nothing. They painted in some hair because my hair's shorter now, and I had to lighten it for *Yanks*. It's so weird, man. I got into this whole fucking thing, this *specific* madness, because I wasn't going to do any publicity. My agent freaked. He said, 'You can't do that, you have no career if you don't do publicity.' I said, 'Fuck it, I don't care.' Then we compromised and made a poster deal."

What was your background before you became a pinup?

"Theater. I played Danny Zuko in *Grease* on Broadway, and opened the show in London. Then, back here, I played Shanks the tit salesman, who comes to do fittings, in the Broadway production of *Habes Corpus*." As a University of Massachusetts dropout from a farming family in Syracuse, New York, Gere discovered he could act, played summer stock on Cape Cod and served his apprenticeship in regional theater before *Grease* took him to London, where he stayed by invitation to work with the Young Vic—playing a character part in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Like many an overnight success, he's got ten hard years behind him.

"My first movie was *Report to the Commissioner* . . . I played a Puerto Rican pimp. Then I was the shell-shocked psycho in *Baby Blue Marine*, the guy who meets Jan-Michael Vincent in a bar; he ends up kicking the shit out of me and taking my uniform."

Although his film roles have tended to carry a strong ethnic slant, Gere doesn't quite know why. "Just sort of happened that the best parts offered me the last few years have been dagos or whatever. Actually, I'm English. The real name is Gear . . . they changed the spelling for some reason, maybe because we were horse thieves. My bank-account name is Richard Tiffany Gere. Tiffany's my mother's maiden name. We're very distant relatives to the Breakfast at Tiffanys. Which means we get no money. . . ."

The phone kept ringing. Although wary, Gere's interest was piqued by a series of calls he had received from a girl named Sylvia. In Rio de Janeiro. "This chick I've never met keeps calling me up from Brazil. I don't know how they find you but they do. A lot of fruit-cakes started coming on to me after *Mr. Goodbar*. All kinds. They want to drop over for a drink, or they want you to come over there for a drink. They assure you you'll enjoy yourself."

Are we going to discuss your sex life now?

"Everybody else does. That's been the general drift of the questions so far. A couple of weirdos got in here today, women reporters. The first one started right away by asking, 'How does it feel to be a sex symbol?'"

"Tell him what you did," Peggy prompted.

"I got up, dropped my pants and said, 'Look, this is what it's like.' What else could I do?"

How did she react?

"She just went on taking notes. Maybe she's seen better."

Gere's second such encounter, early in the day, had been with a writer from a European woman's magazine. Her opening shot was: "Are you gay or straight? All my friends at home want to know." Before the interview ended, he was lying on a sofa with his head in the lady's lap.

"I give great interview on the couch," he cracks, "only I'm getting bedsores." Although Gere acknowledges a weakness for women ("beautiful women"), he drops no names and flatly begs off answering questions about his five-year relationship with actress Penelope Milford (who played Jane Fonda's best friend in *Coming Home*). That liaison seems to have entered a painful period of adjustment since he came home from Europe. Another subject on which Gere remains

stubbornly reticent is his music. Although he sang onstage in *Grease* and plays guitar, sitar and piano creditably, he has no musical ambitions. "Music is just me. I enjoy it. It's the only private thing I've got left. I doubt if I would ever do a big media number, making records and all that hype. No way. I don't think I could handle it."

Let's talk more about your movies. "Days of Heaven" was the most highly touted, but didn't the other films actually do more for your career?

"Generally, I've just been very lucky in the people I've worked with. I had a good time making *Mr. Goodbar*. Diane was wonderful, and I like Richard Brooks. He's crazy and can be incredibly violent... but he's also a very talented, sensitive man. *Bloodbrothers* without doubt was the most satisfying film experience I've ever had. I loved every minute I worked on it because Bob Mulligan, who directed, gives an actor confidence....

"When I finally saw *Days of Heaven*, I liked it better than I thought I would. Still, I was having petit mal every time Terry would cut. Shivers went through me. The way scenes are normally constructed, you sort of do elliptical dances until you get into the meat of a scene. What Terry did was, he left in the elliptical dancing and cut out the meat. The way we originally shot it, there were major, dramatic, passionate scenes, because it's a fucking incredible story, like something by Thomas Hardy. I'd like to buy the stuff that was *not* used and put out my own film, that's what I'd like to do."

Interrupted by another phone call, Gere excused himself to talk to the lady who had provoked him into dropping his trousers. "She thinks I'm quite disturbed, but she won't write anything bad about me." He re-entered the room brandishing a 35mm camera and several copies of a publication called *Wet* (The Magazine for Gourmet Bathing). Gere found *Wet* wild and wonderful. He had promised to shoot a self-portrait for the cover of a forthcoming issue, plus a seminude mooning shot to run inside, which he would get by shooting himself over the shoulder, bare-assed, into a mirror. (He missed *Wet's* deadline, as luck would have it.)

Richard Gere is not your average upcoming superstar. He wants to play Shakespeare's Coriolanus on the New York stage. He wants to make a movie based on a story called *Urban Cowboy*, and he has eyes for another script drawn from the Tristan and Isolde legend. He turned down Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni, who wanted him for a film titled *Suffer or Die*. He wishes he had done *The Deer Hunter*, but they chose Robert DeNiro for the part. Meanwhile, *Yanks* is coming, with Gere as a U. S. Army cook who falls in love with an English girl



Reeve is Superfect.

**Superman scores;
Jane Fonda joins
Michael Douglas, Jack
Lemmon in a socko
cerebral cliff-hanger.**



China Syndrome's Douglas, Fonda.

during World War Two. "There's nothing to do with the war," Gere says, "and I don't have any scenes opposite Vanessa. I'm with a new girl named Lisa Eichhorn, in a small town in Yorkshire at the time of the build-up before D day. The story is about people in transit. I don't know what I'll do next. I may never work again. Maybe I'll open up a dry-goods store in New Jersey, my lifelong ambition."

Most of the major movies held over from the late unlamented 1978—hardly a banner year for film bulls—came limping in at year's end like a gaggle of holiday turkeys. High anticipation, low return was the rule, with a hit-flop ratio decidedly on the down side.

One happy exception was the airborne *Superman*, a biggie all but begging to be deflated. When they sink over \$30,000,000 (up to \$70,000,000, depend-

ing on which trade paper you trust, and Warner Bros. won't talk budgets, at least not to me) in a comic-strip spectacular loaded with stars whose salaries are astronomical, value judgments become hard to resist. It's only natural to wonder whether Marlon Brando, say—in a silver wig as Superman's unnatural natural father, droning out space-time deepthink on the doomed planet Krypton—is really worth several million bucks. Of course he isn't. If you're going to be sensible, forget *Superman*. If you want to indulge in some mindless fun, here are vicarious thrills, flashes of wit, droll performances and many incidental pleasures, concocted by director Richard Donner and a task force of writers, including Mario Puzo, David and Leslie (Mr. and Mrs.) Newman, Robert Benton and "creative consultant" Tom Mankiewicz. Donner broke into the big time with *The Omen*, and that's a clue that *Superman* was designed as superschlock tongue-in-cheek entertainment. Medium-high camp.

As our hero, Christopher Reeve is a perfect square-jawed jock, dedicated to "truth and justice and the American way." He's also deadpan funny, especially when he tries to do his first Superman transformation in a modern street-corner phone stall not designed for quick changes. And Margot Kidder, as Lois Lane, is a beguiling damsel in distress who makes *Superman* credible because we believe *she* believes all the remarkable things that happen to her (though few girl reporters ever dwelt in a terraced flat with such splendid skyline views). Gene Hackman, Valerie Perrine and Ned Beatty portray Superman's archfoes, nonchalantly hatching evil plots along with banter so cryptic you can almost see balloons of dialog floating over their heads. Brando, Susannah York, Jackie Cooper, Glenn Ford, Trevor Howard, Terence Stamp and Maria Schell pop up in the constellation of celebrity guests. Superman doesn't really need them once he starts working wonders around Metropolis, nor does the movie itself need quite so much emphasis on *Star Wars* special effects. Lest anyone accuse this spendthrift spectacular of being pound-foolish, there's enough footage still in the can to guarantee a sequel. *Superman II* will be launched in the summer of 1980.

What a pleasure it is these days to watch Jane Fonda. She is as beautiful, vibrant and versatile as any contemporary movie actress, while retaining that old-time Fonda magic she must have inherited from Dad. Best of all, her fire-brand convictions of yesteryear are now mellowed and matured so that any film she agrees to do—from *Julia* and *Coming Home* to *Comes a Horseman* and *California Suite*—carries a virtual Fonda guarantee. She may not hit her full stride every time, yet you know damn well she

is conscientiously refining and redefining the responsibilities of stardom—which means, in effect, that any project she undertakes is unlikely to insult a moviegoer's intelligence or be just another vehicle for superstar exploitation.

Those verbal bouquets are merely a prelude to my praise of *The China Syndrome*, a cerebral cliff-hanger that combines star power with nuclear power to produce exciting topical entertainment of a high order. In fact, *Power* was the original, rather apt working title for this cogent drama directed by James Bridges, from a crisp original screenplay by Mike Gray and T. S. Cook, with Fonda, Michael Douglas and Jack Lemmon as co-stars, subduing their celebrated personas by sheer strength of conviction. Douglas produced *China Syndrome* as well, while Jane's own company joined forces with him to make it happen. Lemmon's contribution is simply a blisteringly honest performance that ought to step up the adrenal flow of his career, particularly after his heady Broadway triumph in *Tribute* last year. Jack plays the prudent supervisor of operations at a nuclear-power plant, a man of conscience whose faith in the work he does is shaken by the discovery that substandard construction and safety measures could wipe out the entire state of California.

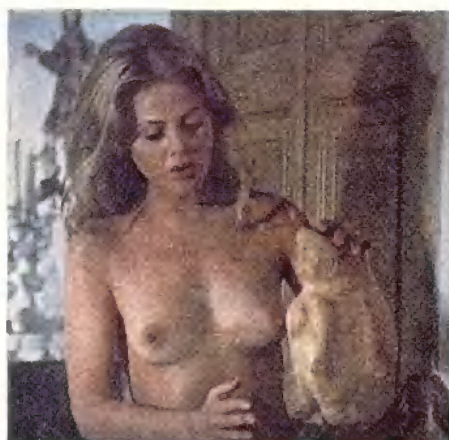
As a TV roving reporter and her cameraman—a former West Coast radical who joins the establishment on occasional free-lance gigs—Jane and Michael happen to be taping a routine plug for the wonderful world of atomic energy when an imminent nuclear accident triggers a red alert. That near catastrophe brings the trio together to buck government, private enterprise and more mysterious powers-that-be, including the network where Jane is employed—and where her latent feminist instincts already fester because she's supposed to lay off hard news and stick to human-interest stories or treks to the zoo "for birthday parties with lions and tigers." Thus, a seemingly innocuous assignment explodes into a potential scoop, which begets a cover-up, which begets high-level conspiracy, reckless endangerment, murder and worse. A nuclear physicist would be needed to judge *China Syndrome* for scientific accuracy. All I can vouch for is a timely harrowing tale, sure to produce sweaty palms and some scary second thoughts. Good show.

Tomlin and Travolta . . . Tomlin and Travolta. That's *Lily Tomlin*, *John Travolta*. The two and only. With such a proven, potent pair mingling chemistries, how could a movie miss? Here's how. Cast Travolta as a sexy but sensitive L.A. street kid who calls himself Strip Sunset. Put him in bikini briefs out at Malibu and let the camera play peekaboo with his crotch, or move in close about every five minutes to catch



Tomlin, Travolta paired.

Tomlin and Travolta make a flick of little *Moment*; see spooky *Wicker Man*, martial *Circle of Iron*, instead.



Ekland in *Wicker Man*.



Circle's Carradine, Cooper.

his eyes brimful of tears—if that doesn't grab 'em out in *Greaseville*, nothing will. The boy is obviously sincere: He's "into sand castles" and says he has "had it with cheap sex." Let Tomlin, completely miscast as a bored Beverly Hills housewife, caught between her unfaithful husband the realtor and her winsome beach boy, play it straight. Boy digs woman. Woman needs boy. Woman knows he's too

young for her, but once he has started splashing around in her Jacuzzi, who cares? Pick an all-purpose title like *Moment by Moment*, and leave the rest to writer-director Jane Wagner. She's a mainstay of Tomlin's professional entourage and ought to know what's best for Lily, right? *Wrong*. They're both such talented people. *Right*. Travolta, Tomlin . . . everyone loves them. Maybe you could still gross millions, even if *Moment by Moment* went wrong. *Maybe*.

Filmed in Scotland in 1973 and subsequently shelved, edited and reshuffled, *The Wicker Man* has been taken out of moth balls just often enough to begin acquiring a reputation as a neglected horror classic. Actually, *Wicker Man* is neither a genuine horror film nor a certifiable classic, though its qualities as a unique, imaginative, thinking-man's shocker are easier to discern now that author Anthony Shaffer (who wrote *Sleuth* and Hitchcock's *Frenzy*) and director Robin Hardy have managed to restore the movie to something like its original form. Shaffer's mesmerizing tale gains momentum right away, when a staid police inspector (Edward Woodward) arrives on a deceptively peaceful Scottish isle to investigate the disappearance of a young girl. The islanders, to a man, claim they have never heard of her. But the inspector persists, begins to note alarming evidence of pagan sex rituals and sun worship and ultimately encounters the worldly laird (Christopher Lee, in one of his subtlest incarnations of evil) whose private domain is a kind of modern Stonehenge, or at least equally unfathomable. Shaffer drew upon ancient Celtic mysteries as his source of inspiration for *Wicker Man*, which abounds in small spooky surprises that would be spoiled by telling. Diane Cilento, Ingrid Pitt and comely Britt Ekland (uninhibited even for a pagan, though her voice is disconcertingly dubbed) blend into the breath-taking island scenery. If you like cliff-hangers, hypnotic spells and edge-of-the-seat stuff, see for yourself.

Dedicated to the late Bruce Lee, *Circle of Iron* is the definitive martial-arts movie. If you're not into Zen or kung fu and don't know a haiku from a hole in the head, some of the film's prattle about Courage, Honor, Chastity, Enlightenment and a holy quest for the Book of Knowledge may sound faintly foolish or superficial. When the movie's message is finally stated, after epic soul searching and a fighting man's odyssey reminiscent of Homer's *Ulysses* or *Lord of the Rings*, all that's said in essence is what Shakespeare, as usual, said better: "This above all, to thine own self be true," etc. It's not my intention to belittle or patronize *Circle of Iron*, just to put it in perspective for other stubborn nonbelievers of my ilk, whose idea of rigorous physical

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discipline begins with an extra-dry martini and is apt to end with staying up all night. Black-belted mystics, however, are bound to embrace the movie. In the Stirling Silliphant-Stanley Mann screenplay, based on a story by Lee, Silliphant and actor James Coburn (who originally intended to co-star with Lee), Jeff Cooper has what was Coburn's role as Cord, a warrior and seeker of truth at an unspecified time "in a land that never was." David Carradine, expertly subbing for Lee on turf he knows from long experience, plays a quadruple role as various characters Cord encounters on his journey. When Cord is not preoccupied with hand-to-hand combat, he wanders into amusingly erotic episodes with Eli Wallach (as a lusty penitent standing in a barrel in the middle of a vast desert, righteously dissolving the lower half of his body) and with Erica Creer (such a comely embodiment of carnal desire that Cord's vow of chastity snaps). There are hints here and there that *Circle of Iron* may be a tongue-in-cheek *El Topo* that does not take its Eastern philosophy too seriously. Taken with a grain of salt, or maybe something a bit stronger, the movie is trippy, entertaining and photographed on location with splendid exotic trappings in Israel and Hollywood.

Every time Sophia Loren appears in *Brass Target*—usually in a trench coat, looking world-weary and used—Sophia's theme music throbs on the sound track. She's obviously a lady who knows the score, and she's been through this number so many times she can play for pathos in her sleep. It's the old story of beauty and the brass, with Loren as a woman who survives on the martial plan by bouncing from bed to bed across war-torn Europe. Meanwhile, John Cassavetes, George Kennedy, Robert Vaughn, Edward Herrmann, Patrick McGeehan, Bruce Davison, Max Von Sydow and a bunch of the boys are whooping up a bogus melodrama about a plot to assassinate General George S. Patton during the frenetic days just after World War Two. Patton died in Germany in a car accident in December 1945: *Brass Target* hypothesizes that he could have been the victim of a conspiracy because he was investigating the theft of \$250,000,000 in German gold. Most of the bad guys are on our side, which makes things sticky. Novelist Frederick Nolan, who wrote the book that evolved into *Brass Target*, allegedly considers it a "Bavariagate" scandal. I'd say it's closer to *The Day of the Jackal* but dehydrated and dullish despite a substantial body count. George Kennedy plays Patton at the top of his lungs, as if he hoped to outshout any echo of George C. Scott. No hope.

There's more political chicanery afoot in *The French Detective*, an adroit Gallic



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thriller starring Lino Ventura, who expresses more by doing less in the understated grand manner of Jean Gabin, Spencer Tracy and few other film stars. Ventura's forceful presence probably accounts for *French Detective's* runaway success in Paris (where it was titled *Adieu Poulet*), yet writer Francis Veber and director Pierre Granier-Deferre spin out a provocative, classically simple portrait of a provincial police inspector who stumbles into heavy trouble while pursuing a cop killer. The trail of clues leads straight to a popular, ruthless young politician (Victor Lanoux), waging a tough election campaign—the city is Rouen—and using all his clout to quash any suspicion that he's had homicidal thugs on his payroll. Despite the traditional chase scenes and shoot-outs and terrorist acts, *French Detective* is actually a morality play with some unexpected fringe benefits. Plenty of casually colorful detail about the ho-hum pace of police work, when the sirens aren't wailing, lends credence to a very testy, warm relationship between the idealistic old cop and his humptious young side-kick (Patrick Dewaere)—a corruptible rookie who's just beginning to assimilate a professional code of honor, while the seasoned veteran is discovering it doesn't work.

Current screen romances run the gamut from tepid to tedious to the whimpering banality of *Oliver's Story*. Does anyone need to be reminded that this is Erich Segal's *Love Story* revisited? The second time around, Ryan O'Neal as Oliver wears a furrowed brow in perpetual mourning for his first wife until he meets a beautiful girl named Marcie Bonwit. Of the department-store Bonwits, she bravely confesses. Candice Bergen plays the smitten heiress. She's sorry he's sad. He's sorry he's not quite ready for a new life. So what can they say, after they have said they're sorry any number of times? In *Oliver's Story*, love means never having to say you're rich, privileged and obviously made for each other. Well, things are tough all over. What do you say about a movie that dies a lingering death, consumed from within by the blues and the blahs? I'm just sorry that John Korty directed this, sorrier in the second place that Segal wrote it, sorrier still that the final reel is littered with menacing little narrative hooks on which to hang another sequel. Brace yourselves.

Crime pays, handsomely, in *The Brink's Job*, director William Friedkin's comic valentine to the bunch of wild and crazy guys who robbed Brink's of Boston in January 1950. The way Friedkin and writer Walon Green tell it (lifting the essential facts from a book by Noel Behn), that heist was a landmark in the history of disorganized crime. A couple



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of survivors of the caper, still alive and well-to-do, served as technical consultants to Friedkin. The number of crooks in on the job has been reduced from 11 to seven, a lucky number when the first four are played, with gusto, by Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Paul Sorvino and Warren Oates, either as creeps or as habitual criminals of such towering ineptitude that I doubted whether they could successfully hijack a pushcart. It's perversely satisfying to learn that Brink's security was so laughable that the joint could have been knocked over by Laurel and Hardy. Morally, the movie sits on soft custard—urging us to cheer for the wrongdoers and pray that no one will squeal before the statute of limitations runs out. After the robbery, *Brink's Job* falls apart, covering so much ground in such a hurry that time, place and plot become a blur. Amid great confusion, one wry historical footnote emerges: J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI spent approximately \$25,000,000 (more than ten times the sum stolen and never recovered) to crack the case, which he thought was Communist-inspired and perhaps "the most dangerous conspiracy that's ever threatened this nation."

FILM CLIPS

The American Game: High school basketball is the sport scrutinized in an elegant, poetic close encounter with two gifted candidates for athletic scholarships—Brian Walker of Lebanon, Indiana, and Stretch Graham of Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. What's different about them is that one boy is white, one black; one, from the well-insulated heartland of Middle America, trying too hard to please his father; the other, from the streets of the ghetto, suffering painful humiliation because he can scarcely read. What's the same is the will to win, the pain of youthful indecision compounded by family and social pressures. Codirectors Jay Freund and David Wolf transform an unlikely subject into a compassionate flesh-and-blood drama about making it the American way.

Ice Castles: Against dewy background music by Marvin Hamlisch, 19-year-old Lynn-Holly Johnson (of *Ice Capades*) loves and loses and regains Robby Benson in a rinky-dink romantic saga that makes those Sonja Henie musicals of yesteryear look relatively cynical.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs: Gerard Depardieu plays a desperately modern husband who offers his bored, beautiful young wife (Carole Laure) to a total stranger (Patrick Dewaere), hoping the change will cure her fainting spells and fits of depression. Nothing really helps until she becomes passionately fixed on a 13-year-old schoolboy. To tell more might spoil what few surprises there are in a weird French comedy by writer-director Bertrand Blier.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TELEVISION

The cutting edge of John Updike's celebrated short stories about Richard and Joan Maple—a suburban married couple who use sex as a deadly weapon—is kept razor sharp in *Too Far to Go*, a two-hour dramatic special tentatively scheduled for airing by NBC-TV on Monday evening, March 12. (Check your listings for possible switching to a later date.) Until now, the only satisfying and successful dramatization of Updike was a segment of PBS's *American Short Story* series last year. Encouraged by that, *Short Story* producer Robert Geller

hired playwright William Hanley to adapt the Maples' miniwars into one more or less continuous tale of marital upheaval, then got Fielder Cook (winner of six Emmy awards) to direct it. Add the inspired casting of Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner as the embattled mates, and *Too Far to Go* begins to look like a *coup de tube* for advocates of adult TV in prime time on a major network.

Fragmentary by definition, this intimate slice of life begins on a day when Richard and Joan are deciding what and how and when to tell their four children that they're about to call it quits after 18 years of marriage. While weathering the current storm, they relive in flashbacks some of the diabolical methods employed by people who constantly test and torture each other, as if the bonds of matrimony are S/M devices guaranteed to draw blood. Needless to say, the games they play become doubly provocative with author Updike's own divorce and remarriage to add a fillip of historical hindsight.

The actors, given dialog that leaps off the page with wounding accuracy, make every syllable sting. Most of the couple's conversations turn to the subject of infidelity, both real and imagined, and Danner's performance is a classic study of a lady driven from virtuous denial to trial runs to defiant, anguished revelations about the other men she's had. Her playing around, it's clear, is adultery in self-defense against a compulsive satyr, whose "usual way," she accuses him, is to dish out "a teaspoon of sugar in a cup



Moriarty, Danner in tender moment.

Updike's tales make the move to prime-time television—with class; obscure Oscar winners get new attention.

of poison." Typically, Richard's response to any act of kindness tends to be wry acknowledgment laced with gratuitous cruelty, on the order of: "You're *such* a nice woman, I can't understand why I'm so unhappy with you." Moriarty's portrait of a chronic seducer is unconventional but memorable. He's detached, immature, almost languid at times in his cocksure imitation of adulthood. Moriarty projects such concentrated sexual ambiguity that his poor Richard could be either a closet queen or a smug, insecure, 40ish teenager, masquerading as the finest swordsman on the block. *Too Far to Go* shows us a man and a woman who are miserable, pathetic, vulnerable, ruthless, mutually destructive and a lot more average than many of us might like to think. An admirably low-key musical score by Elizabeth Swados supplies italics only where italics are appropriate in an unnerving display of Updike's *Scenes from a Marriage*, American style.

Already in progress over Public Broadcasting outlets, with a half-dozen hour-long programs still to come, *Academy Leaders* offers an unusual fringe benefit for film buffs who watch the Oscar awards every spring and wonder about the prize-winning movies they seldom see—not the big feature attractions, which are widely touted and virtually impossible to avoid. *Academy Leaders* concentrates on Oscar nominees or winners in the Short Film category—three or four films each week. Dated 1949 to 1977, these so-called "minimasterpieces" range from Robert Amram's poetic *Sentinel of Silence* (Mexican antiquities in a documentary narrated by Orson Welles, deemed worthy of two Academy Awards) and Norman McLaren's *Neighbors* (a 1952 animation classic about war) to Charles Guggenheim's *Robert Kennedy Remembered* (1968). Author-host-narrator Norman Corwin, a multimedia genius who has spent decades panning for gold in the gutters of mainstream culture, ought to be your best possible guide on this generous, enlightened junket. —B.W.

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This is not a book you read at one sitting; it's the sort of thing that becomes a trusted friend. Unlike Sylvia Porter's famous *Money Book*, it is neither ponderous nor intricate. And unlike Andrew Tobias' *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, it is not glib. *Everyone's Money Book* should go a long way toward solving your money problems. For starters, its price is tax deductible.

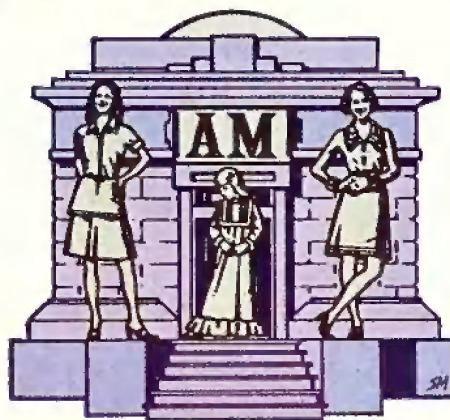
Let's hear it for the Supernatural Seventies. This decade has seen the rebirth of the horror story. Possessed souls, reincarnation, manitous, ESP, Count Dracula and, of course, ghosts. People seem less interested in explaining murder and mayhem in human terms than they do in opting for something darker: "The Devil made me do it." Peter Straub's novel, *Ghost Story* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), is the latest offering: We suspect that it became a main selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club not for its literary qualities but as a supply to meet the demand. The premise is nice: A young novelist visits a small town where a group of old men called The Chowder Society have taken to telling one another ghost stories: "What was the worst thing you've ever done? I won't tell you that, but I'll tell you the worst thing that ever happened to me . . . the most dreadful thing." It seems that the group activity summons an evil power, and the members actually begin to scare one another to death. Like we said: a nice premise. The problem is its execution: *Ghost Story* won't scare you to death—but it may put you to sleep.

Jonathan Fast's *The Inner Circle* (Delacorte) is a new twist on the old allegory of man's selling his soul to the Devil. The Devil in this case is Tezcatlipoca, the Aztec god of evil, and Faust's counterparts are a group of Hollywood writers, actors and producers who, every ten



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Ghost Story: zzzzzzz.

years, sacrifice one of their members to Tezcatlipoca in a bloody ceremony, thereby guaranteeing another ten years of fame and fortune for the survivors. While Fast's writing is nothing special, his sardonic vision of Hollywood makes *The Inner Circle* an easy read.

Did you ever want to quit your job and just go play handball? Then *Killshot* (Pinnacle Books), by Tom Alibrandi, is

the book for you. It tells the story of a guy who does just that. Barry West, a 26-year-old accountant, is good at his job, but what he likes most is to play handball. What he likes next best is to play with his ladyfriend, Susan Burnett. What he likes least is his boring job, but he has a strange sense of company loyalty that he cannot explain.

Then there is this guy named Tate Coldiron, a gimpy 49-year-old ex-professional handball player who drinks a lot of bourbon and scouts talent in local athletic clubs. When Coldiron finds a player with potential, like Barry West, he recruits that player into going on an informal circuit with him, playing local Ys and posh clubs and making side bets on his man. The reader learns a lot about the sport of handball, manhood, coaching and being coached.

This is the year of the body. Sparked by the running craze, publishers have been offering a book or 12 a month on all aspects of physical abuse (or whatever you choose to call training). *Sports Without Pain* (Summit), by Ben E. Benjamin, appealed to the coward in us: We believe in the competitive spirit as long as it does not involve self-destruction. Benjamin believes that the secret to injury-free sports is proper warming up. He points out that Jim Brown managed to complete his career without serious injury—in part because he was so relaxed on field and court. *Sports Without Pain* is a collection of warm-up exercises, tension-release exercises and, for good measure, posture-improvement exercises that will supposedly prepare you for combat. We laid hands on an advance copy of the book last November and thought we'd try some of the exercises for ski season. By the time we finished warm-ups, the ski season was over and we had, indeed, avoided injury. Not bad. In truth, the book is a worthy addition to your gym locker.

Stanley Ellin's *Star Light, Star Bright* (Random House) is one of those mystery stories that goes through the motions of being suspenseful. Ironically, it does have a topical focus: A private investigator is asked to examine certain threats and incidents directed against a religious cult. Holy Jonestown! What exquisite timing! But no, Ellin is not up to any real exploration of that subject. What we get instead is a gimmicky plot without any glitz: a knife without fingerprints, letters typed on one typewriter, a slaughtered dog, questions of who stayed in which cottage, meaningless seductions, all written with a yawn. If you need something to pass the time, you'd be better off reading the Yellow Pages.

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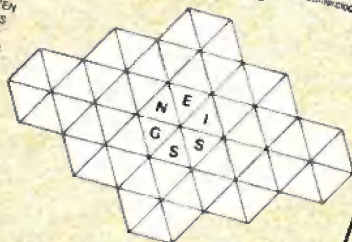
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- 61 Negative answer

Word Hex by Edith Rudy

The Word Hex puzzle diagram consists of 17 interlocking hexagons. Each of the six-letter words below must be found in the hexagons, overlapping wherever necessary. The words can begin in any hexagon and can be written clockwise or counterclockwise. A star word has been provided.

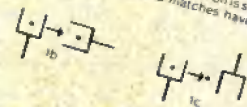


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SHIRTS
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MY FAVORITE BRAINTEASERS by Martin Gardner



OUT WITH THE UNION — Arrange 4 paper matches on the table as shown to represent a glass. A match head goes inside to indicate an union. The puzzle is to move just two matches so that the glass is returned but the union which must stay where it is — words up outside the glass. The glass may be turned to the left, right, or even upside down, but it must be exactly the same shape as before. Fig. 1b isn't a solution because the union is still inside. Fig. 1c doesn't work because 3 matches have been moved.



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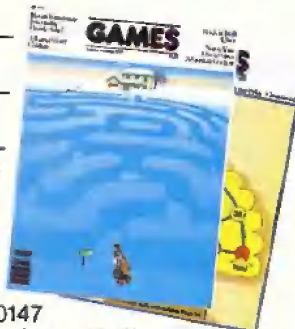
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ANSWER: EYEBALL BENDER. Softball team.

★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Jack Lemmon will star in the screen version of *Tribute*, the **Bernard Slade** play that was on Broadway for months and will tour in May. Slade will also pen the script. . . . Actor **Raymond St. Jacques** has reportedly been interviewing survivors of the Guyana horror for a possible film, the tentative title of which is *Choice? Murder or Suicide (Martyrdom in Guyana)*. Word has it that **Tobe Hooper**, the man who brought us *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, is also developing a film project about Guyana. . . .



Lemmon

Mull

Despite recent career setbacks, **Martin Mull** is busy mulling over new projects. He's presently writing and hopes to star in a film titled *The Martin Mull Story, Part I* for Orion. He's also just signed with Elektra/Asylum and plans to put out a new album soon, to be called, natch, *Martin Becomes Elektra*. Mull was supposed to have had a one-man show on Broadway, but the project was apparently too expensive to produce and thus canceled. Word has it that Martin is also planning a film project with **Norman Lear**, possibly co-starring **Fred Willard**. . . . **Irving Wallace's** new novel, *The Pigeon Project*, ought to be hitting the racks soon. It's a thriller about the discovery, in a remote part of Russia, of a substance that will dramatically extend the life span of every human on earth. The big question is: Who will control it, the forces of good or the forces of evil?

ROMANCE, SEVENTIES STYLE: "It's a movie in which we try to kill off the word relationship from ever being used again," says **David Steinberg**. The movie in question is *Something Short of Paradise* (set



Sarandon

Steinberg

for release this spring), an offbeat love story starring **Susan Sarandon**, **Jean-Pierre Aumont** and **Steinberg**, in his first role as

a leading man. Set in New York, the film involves the owner of an art-movie house (Steinberg) whose hero, **Jean Fidel (Aumont)**, comes to town for an art-film festival. Covering the festival for a small paper is a *femme* reporter (Sarandon) with whom Steinberg's character once had, excuse the expression, "a relationship." Steinberg decides to give it another go, but Sarandon's not quite so keen on the idea. "There's a lot of role reversal going on in the film," David tells us. "I want to live with her, but she says she needs space, which, incidentally, is another phrase that ought to be put to rest. We relate to each other through humor—we managed to get a lot of ourselves into the script."

RUMBLINGS FROM STUDIO 54: My New York celebrity watcher reports: "**Truman Capote** will have a party in the spring in Central Park, if the New York Fire Department lets him pitch the tent he wants. He intended to have the bash last fall but couldn't get permission. He said, above



Capote

the disco din, that he would invite all those people he wrote about in his book *Answered Prayers*, plus all of the regular partygoers in New York. 'Sounds like an apologia to me,' I said. Truman nodded. If the Fire Department doesn't OK the tent, Truman will most likely throw the bash at—where else?—Studio 54. The guest list will include **Liza Minnelli**, **Halston**, **Bianca Jagger** and **Andy Warhol**, among many others. Also encountered recently at the disco was **Gina Lollobrigida**, in the Big Apple to photograph jewels for a European fashion magazine. She says she will not do a film unless it is very special. 'I am in town to discuss the musical version of *Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell*, and the script is unacceptable to me,' said Gina. 'I will go back to Italy and wait for another offer.' Asked if she felt safe these days in Italy, Gina said yes. 'They haven't started kidnaping actors yet,' she said, 'but I hate the terrorists.'

EMMY CONTENDERS? Check your TV listings soon for a CBS telefilm called *No Other Love*—the network has high hopes that this two-hour feature will grab an Emmy for stars **Richard Thomas** and **Julie Kavner** (Brenda on *Rhoda*). "It's a love story between two educably retarded



Thomas

Kavner

young people," says producer **Steve Tisch**. Directed by **Richard Pearce**, a documentary film maker who worked on *Woodstock* and *Hearts and Minds*, the feature was thoroughly researched. "We've been working closely with a number of groups," says Tisch, "to observe how retarded people are able to function in society." CBS hopes to air the movie in May.

MORE MADNESS: *Gong Show* \$1.98 **Beauty Contest** impresario **Chuck Barris** seems to be taking over TV. For starters, *The Gong Show* has been sold to CBS and will be aired twice a week. In the works are three more Barris extravaganzas. First is *The Chuck Barris Talk Show*, which Barris himself will host and which one source describes as "a blend of crazies, offbeat people and genuine interview subjects," which sounds like a hybrid version of Martin Mull's *Fernwood 2-Night*, but we'll just have to wait and see. Then there's *How's Your Mother-in-Law?*, revived from Barris' Sixties show of the same name, which will be hosted by comic **Pat McCormick** and each week will feature three sets of mothers-in-law and their sons-in-law. Each son-in-law will tell a panel why he thinks his



Barris

mother-in-law is the worst there is, and each mother-in-law will defend herself. Barris got five L.A. Dodgers for one panel and five Rams cheerleaders for another. Third on the agenda is *Three's a Crowd*, a game show that, in the words of one source, "will decide who knows a man better—his secretary or his wife." If all of these projects get past the pilot stage, they'll probably air in September. Guess **H. L. Mencken** was right.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For the past few years, my hair has been thinning out. I suffer what doctors call male-pattern baldness. They say that one out of every three men loses some of his hair in this fashion, but that is small comfort. I have become very self-conscious. My social life and my sex life are in ruins. I feel that I am no longer attractive to women. Do you have any recommendations?—A. A., New Orleans, Louisiana.

We say that if a woman judges a man by the top of his head, he's probably doing something she enjoys very much. We are not terrifically enamored of any of the substitute hair creations (remember how you felt when you encountered falsies?). Get hold of yourself. It's all in your mind. Not on top of it.

On a recent trip to St. Louis on business, I decided to check my attaché case along with my baggage. That turned out to be one of the biggest mistakes I ever made. The attaché case and my luggage ended up in Florida. I had to cancel a meeting with a potential client the next morning in St. Louis, which cost my company the account and myself at least the raise I would have gotten for landing it. The airline said it was sorry. To whom do I complain?—M. C., Los Angeles, California.

Tell it to the judge. A two-year-old Civil Aeronautics Board ruling has come to your rescue. Whereas, airlines were previously liable for lost, damaged or delayed baggage up to only \$500, they are now liable up to \$750; this includes "consequential damages" resulting from their inefficiency. In other words, you can file a claim and, if you can prove monetary damage from the loss of your attaché case, they'll have to pay. It may not get you that raise, but it might give you a lift. In the future, always carry your business (and minimum daily requirements in dress and toilet articles) on board.

Two years ago, I had an absolutely fantastic sexual relationship with a man who was in the process of breaking up with his girlfriend. When they finally split (reasons unknown), I proceeded full speed ahead to fulfill my wildest hopes, however, he soon became distant and mysterious. Although we dated (movies, discos, etc.) on numerous occasions during this time, there was no sex. A few weeks ago, I had had it. I threw it up in his face and, after a painfully long silence, he confessed that he was gay, and had been all his life. He apologized for ever getting involved with me and said that if society had not dictated the "correct" be-



havior, he probably would never have had a relationship with any female. He insisted he just got tired of trying to be something he was not. I became hysterical, said a lot of things I regret and stormed from his car in a tumultuous outburst of tears and confusion. How can this be? What can I do to get him back or at least "straighten" him out? Would psychiatric treatment help? I have feelings for him I've never felt for any other man in my life. I have not heard from him in weeks. Help!—Miss R. E. G., Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Have you considered a sex-change operation? Homosexuality is not a disease—mental or physical. It can't be cured. Your would-be boyfriend has finally made his choice: You can try to accept his preference. Many men have dated, married and fathered children before coming to grips with their true feelings. At least he was honest with you.

Recently, I came into possession of some old leather-bound books. These are quality goods. The paper is very heavy and is gilt-edged. The bindings have been tooled and stamped with gold. How do I care for these books to preserve them? I'm certainly not interested in losing my investment through neglect or ignorance.—V. M., Raleigh, North Carolina.

There's little you can do to prevent the deterioration of your books. When wood pulp is made into paper, acid is added to speed up the process and lower costs. The more acid in the paper, the cheaper the

paper is to manufacture—and the faster it will yellow. More expensive books use paper with a lower acid content. There are some books printed on acid-free paper, but they are rare and exceedingly expensive. Since the acid is inherent in the paper itself, special handling or storage will only slow the aging process. Keep the books cool and dry, preferably in an enclosed bookcase with 50 percent humidity at room temperature (68 degrees).

Ordinarily, my girlfriend is quiet and stable. But once in a while, when one of our arguments escalates, she becomes a real terror. She focuses her wrath on anything breakable—chairs, plates, glasses, pictures on the wall and, last, but certainly not least, me. That's not as funny as it sounds, since she's just as tall as I am and, when she's wound up, about twice as strong. I've never considered myself a violent man, but the old rope-a-dope routine leaves both my ego and my body badly bruised. One of these days, I'm going to haul off and slam her right in the chops. Got any ideas?—B. F., Chicago, Illinois.

A couple. First, punching out your girlfriend will not only be ineffective, it will be assault and battery. That leads to a sparsely furnished room at state expense. Of course, what she's doing to you is also assault and battery, but only if you're willing to press charges, which will no doubt leave what's left of your ego in tatters. Next, you've got to decide whether or not she's certifiably bonkers or just an excitable girl. If your girlfriend is just letting off steam, you've got a problem, but a manageable one. Women seldom blow up for no reason. Strange as it may seem, her violent episodes may be her way of asking for affection: If she can't get your attention one way, she gets it another way. Avoid letting her make the choice by making sure she understands you love her, even in the midst of the blowup. There's no need to give in to her demands if they seem unreasonable to you, but you should be ready to compromise or offer substitutes to the bone of contention. You also needn't become a human punching bag or a target for U.F.O.'s. You can protect yourself by doing the following: (1) Remain calm while removing missiles from her hands as best you can. (2) Approach her from behind, grab her arms and cross them in front of her chest (forming a human strait jacket), then pull her down so both of you are on your knees. (3) Hold on tight and talk it out until she calms down enough to let her go. Of course, all this is contingent on whether or not you really want to continue seeing this girl. A

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constant state of war is usually an indication that the chemistry isn't quite right. Better give the whole thing a lot of thought.

In the past couple of years, I've seen cassette recorders reach a state of the art that outstrips even reel-to-reel recorders. I've also noticed a meteoric rise in prices. My question is, if I buy one of those extremely dear machines and start a tape library with it, how soon before it becomes obsolete?—A. C., San Clemente, California.

Thanks for the easy question. The fact is that state of the art in electronics means a marketable product—not the latest in technology. Any cassette recorder you buy today uses metal-oxide tape. That's the state of the art. But current technology indicates that soon we will have pure metal tapes, with greater fidelity, higher signal-to-noise ratios and more music per running inch. Indeed, such tapes have already been developed. The biggest obstacle to their production has been the increased heat and friction to which the tape heads will be subjected. New alloys will solve that problem. Unfortunately, manufacturers work independently (competition, free enterprise and all that) and no company wants to be the odd man out when the rest of the industry moves in a different direction. Industry standards in compatibility, for instance, are difficult to agree upon (remember the great quad-sound debacle?). Your best bet is to buy the best that is currently available, build your library with it and maintain your equipment for that library. You can always start a new library with any new equipment that comes along.

You have heard the slogan "Coke adds life"? Well, it did to me. A few weeks ago, when my husband and I were making love, he got very thirsty. After our lovemaking, he went and got a cold Coke from the refrigerator. I was lying on my tummy, still feeling very hot and tingly, when I kind of drifted off . . . then, all of a sudden, something very cold entered me from behind and thrust smoothly up into my vagina. The pleasure from this cold neck of the Coke bottle was fantastic. The ridge at the top of the bottle going in and out of me was like nothing I have ever felt before. My husband got great pleasure watching me as I came several times. I am very curious to find out if anyone else has ever tried this and, if not, why don't you add a Coke to your life?—Mrs. B. M., El Paso, Texas.

We prefer Pepsi, ourselves, but we'll publish your letter, anyway. Maybe it will improve relations with China.

My car pool has been in operation for about a year and I keep pretty accurate mileage records, because that's the way

the riders are assessed. There are now four of us and we are thinking of adding a fifth. Will the extra weight affect our miles per gallon significantly?—T. C., Kansas City, Kansas.

Any weight added on your car will reduce your gas mileage rate. The amount of reduction depends on the size of your car; smaller cars with smaller engines suffer the most. You can figure on a drop of from one to six percent for every 100 pounds of extra weight. Of course, in the mileage game, every little bit hurts. For instance, a ski rack or a luggage rack on your car will cause aerodynamic drag that may reduce your mileage by up to ten percent. (So will having a dirty car or mud flaps behind the wheel wells.) The big problem, though, in car pools is not aerodynamics but group dynamics. The real question is whether or not your new passenger can carry his weight in the conversation.

Does anyone else's penis fall asleep out there? When I sit or lie a certain way at times, I have found that my penis becomes numb with a very delightful tingling sensation, just like a foot or arm would but much nicer. I'm not into S/M, but let me assure you, if yours doesn't, you're missing something great. I wouldn't want to cure it if I could, so come on and tell me exactly where the pressure point is. You guys in research are going to love this one.—R. M., San Antonio, Texas.

Your problem is not uncommon. Men who ride ten-speed bikes have described similar feelings after long rides. Doctors call the phenomenon the penile-anesthesia syndrome or, simply, the celibacy of the saddle. It's caused by unrelieved pressure on the area under the scrotum. Unconfirmed reports suggest that listening to disco music, watching "The Gong Show" or prolonged reading of "The Hite Report" can cause the same condition.

During the past few months, I have been staying very active by playing racquetball and lifting weights in a body-building form. Prior to my workout sessions, I indulge in a few bongloads of pot. By doing this, I can get psyched up and have perfect concentration on perfecting my physical activity. However, I am afraid that it would be a strenuous shock to my vitals to exert myself physically after being in a state of relaxation from smoking pot. If it is harmful to my body to smoke my usual four bongloads of pot a day before exercising, please let me know so I can discontinue my daily routine.—O. K., Los Angeles, California.

A stoned mind in a stoned body, eh? Try as they might, scientists have yet to discover any physically harmful side effects of marijuana use. Certainly, the



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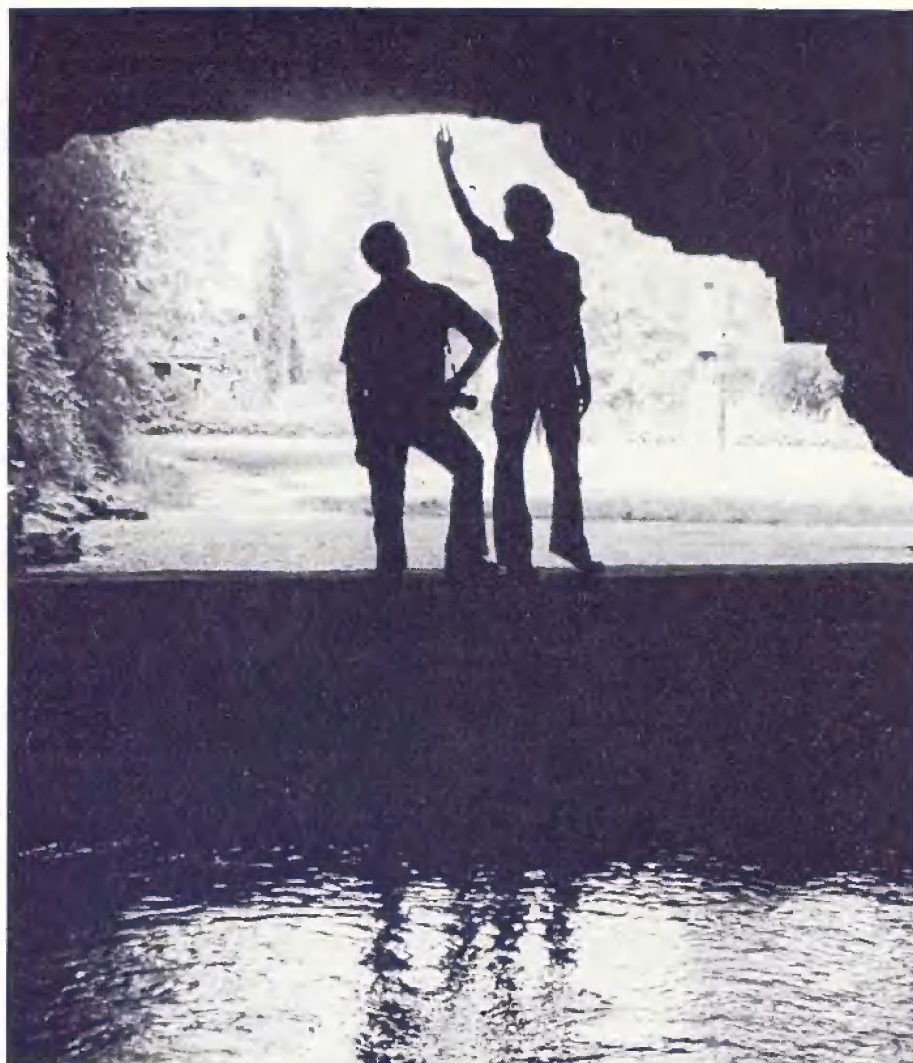
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amount you smoke is not dangerous. However, we feel that the combination of any drug with athletics is ill-advised. Your body gets confused signals. The point of exercise is to increase your aerobic capacity—i.e., breathing and circulation. Pot artificially increases the heartbeat and acts as a bronchodilator, making it easier to breathe. That should be the end of your workout, not the means.

My boyfriend thinks that all kissing, cuddling and fondling in bed must culminate in intercourse. He says it's bad for his body to get aroused without achieving release. I say bullshit. I think cuddling and touching can be fun and satisfying in themselves. It's not necessary for a man to have intercourse every time he gets an erection from seeing a good-looking chick or from thinking about last night's bedroom activities. So what do you think about my boyfriend's attitude that sex means copulation only?—Miss K. G., Portland, Oregon.

We don't feel that every form of kissing, cuddling and fondling must culminate in intercourse—only the kissing, fondling and cuddling that occurs between members of the opposite sex who qualify as consenting adults and who know each other on a first-name basis. Actually, sex counselors have discovered that the level of affection between two partners increases in direct proportion to the amount of nonsexual touching that goes on between them—the occasional hug, the unexpected kiss, the copped feel. Of course, as affection increases, so does the frequency of sexual intercourse. It's a vicious circle. Unfortunately, from the sound of your letter, the circle has been broken. Your boyfriend's attitude is a bit one-sided. It is a sign of insensitivity when one person assumes that his or her partner will be ready for sex at the same moment he or she is. You can't light a fire without kindling. An unrelieved erection can cause a temporary physical condition known as blueballs. The blood congests in the genitals and causes discomfort. It is rarely fatal. Women who have been aroused but not satisfied can suffer a similar condition. Next time your partner asks you to relieve his symptoms, tell him that you would have more sympathy if the disease were contagious.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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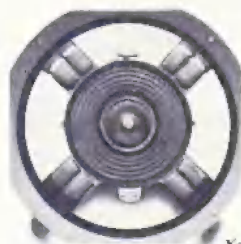
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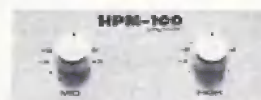
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SCHOLARLY INQUIRY

University of Illinois professor Nancy Hirschberg (*Forum Newsfront*, August 1978) is obviously correct in her research conclusions that men who like leggy women are socially active, willing to help other people and have the nicest personalities. I always knew that my tastes were reflective of the strength of my character.

But what is most intriguing is her finding that women usually have personalities similar to those of the men who are attracted to them. As an observer of the current social scene, I would be surprised if Professor Hirschberg's study has not also confirmed the strength of her own character. That's why I'm willing to bet a year's subscription to *PLAYBOY* for ward 6-W at the Minneapolis VA hospital that the professor comes equipped with a pretty nice pair of legs herself. How about it? Is your research staff up to the task to see whether you pay or I pay?

David K. Hackley

Attorney at Law

Minneapolis, Minnesota

We contacted the good professor upon her return from London. She graciously responded: "In answer to Hackley's inquiry, I enclose a recent snapshot of myself. My legs are not my best feature, but they aren't all that bad." The snapshot is a bit underexposed and will not reproduce. Also, it doesn't show her legs. But from what it does show, Professor Hirschberg is most adequately endowed with both features and a figure that probably constitute a distraction to her male students. This moots the wager, but we'd have to pass on it, anyway, for fear of setting a terrible precedent.

B.M.O.C.

I would like to share a few things with your readers that I have learned during my first year at Villanova University. The most valuable information that I have learned is not about my major, mechanical engineering, but about girls. When I was in high school, I used to look at girls and wish I could frolic around in their panties during our coed gym classes, but the girls never gave any indication of sexual desires. They just got mad and considered you a pervert. Now, in college, I still look at girls the same way, but their reactions are different. Some practically run after you with a ruler to see if you are a "big man on campus." I have had very little trouble finding girls who

have the same needs as I, and admit to them, too. In about a week, I should have enough independent study to get credits in biology.

(Name withheld by request)

Villanova, Pennsylvania

ARBOREAL RECREATION

In our semisuburban back yard, we have a great old oak tree in which we built a rather elaborate tree house for our two youngsters last summer. Naturally, they lost interest in it after

*"While we were humping,
the damn tree house
turned upside down and
fell about seven feet."*

about a month and now it's usually empty; but it's still equipped with a piece of carpet, old sofa cushions, candles, etc. A couple of weeks ago, while the kids were weekendending with some of their friends, my wife and I were going through one of our periodic down periods and quarreling. Actually, I was depressed about life in general and holed up in front of the television and she was bitching at me for everything

from insensitivity to mess making to watching too much television.

Now, I do *not* like fighting and arguing when it's perfectly obvious that the only problem is one of mood—and my usual response is to withdraw, which really pisses her off. That particular night, instead of trying to talk, I calmly said, "I suddenly have a tremendous craving for solitude and I am going to read a book—in the goddamn tree house by candlelight, since I sure as hell won't find any peace and quiet here!" She said something equally calm and reasonable, like "Well, fuck you!" and stomped into her sewing room, which is her equivalent of watching television (if somewhat more productive, I admit).

Just to prove I was serious, I took Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War*, my favorite unfinished paperback, and a blanket, and did, in fact, squirrel myself away in the tree house, reading by candlelight. By ten p.m., I'd decided that was really an excellent way to end arguments and also to recapture my lost youth (tree houses are fun!), when I heard my presumably still-pissed-off spouse clambering up to give me more trouble. But by then, I was feeling good, and when she poked her head through the canvas-door opening, ostensibly to find out if I had stupidly fallen asleep, I told her no, that it was very nice, kind of fun, etc., and to please come in.

She did so, rather tentatively, commented on how pissy I was earlier, but so was she (our usual make-up scene, I perceive), and soon we were smiling, then chuckling over that particular reunion in the kids' tree house. Next we were touching, then kissing gently, and damned if within ten minutes, we weren't going at it like two adolescents in the back seat of a car—which is how we often settle arguments and sort things out.

That would be the end of the story but for a previously undetected structural fault in the tree house. While we were humping on the cushions like sex fiends, two supporting two-by-fours on one side worked loose and the damn tree house simply turned upside down on its limb and fell about seven feet. The cushions and some thick bushes saved us from anything worse than bruises, but the noise brought our neighbor out of his house on the run, armed with a flashlight, a BB gun and his own worried wife. Fortunately, he's a good neighbor and a close friend. I won't even try to



re-create the dialog, but he wanted to know what the hell we were doing naked in the wreckage of a tree house and I asked him what sort of emergency he expected to handle with a damned BB gun. We soon were laughing so hard the other neighbors were turning on their back-porch lights. The four of us ended up in our kitchen for beers and explanations and more laughter, and then my wife and I nearly screwed each other to death for the rest of the night.

I'm not quite sure the kids bought my story about the wind and the tree house, so please. . . .

(Name and address withheld by request)

Presumably, the candle went out before or during that little adventure, or some other loyal reader would have sent us the sensational headline "COPULATING COUPLE DIE IN FLAMING TREE-HOUSE CRASH." And if the kids buy your story about the sudden windstorm, we urge you to one day tell them the whole story.

POST-MORTEM PRANKSTERS

This is supposedly a true story, so I won't mention the name of the Southwestern city where it is said to have occurred. I got it from a fellow police officer who used to work there and he swears it actually happened.

It seems that the county sheriff, who was considered rather dim-witted by other law officers in the area, was stuck with a murder case that defied his best investigative efforts: A local citizen was found dead in a field behind his house, shot in the forehead at close range. No clues, no motive, no suspects. So the sheriff came up with a particularly bright idea. Somewhere he had heard that the last thing seen by a person who dies violently remains imprinted on the retinas of his eyes; and, as a long shot, he ordered the doctor performing the autopsy to remove the victim's eyeballs and send them to the state crime lab to see if the photo technicians could figure out a way to develop the latent image of the killer.

This request caused quite an uproar with the state boys, who decided to have a little fun. They sent the sheriff an 8 x 10 glossy photo that was a close-up, head-on picture of a .38-caliber bullet.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

SEX AND SUBVERSION

We have all been assured that the U. S. Army's recent moves to integrate increasing numbers of women into its ranks, both as officers and enlisted personnel, will not be permitted to materially lessen the combat efficiency of that force. But a report, issued in May 1978 and phrased in the usual gobbledygook of the U. S. military, notes that there has

(A guest editorial follows on page 65.
Letters continued on page 66.)

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BLADDER BLUNDER

BEDFORD, OHIO—A convicted shoplifter, temporarily locked in a toiletless holding cell, found himself fined for urinating through a hole in the wall. The stream happened to splatter onto the shoes of a detective in the next room, who complained that "it took the shine right off." The urinator was



charged with criminal mischief for "using a device to release a substance which is harmful or offensive to persons exposed."

POT PROBLEM

NEW YORK—A New York City optometrist says pot smoking can cause problems for wearers of contact lenses. Dr. Harry Hollander of the Sight Improvement Center found that many of his patients were experiencing discomfort with their contact lenses while smoking marijuana, which he attributes to pot's tendency to inhibit the normal tearing process that maintains lubrication between the contact lens and the eyeball.

OFF THE HOOK

NEW ORLEANS—A Federal appeals court has reversed the convictions of two men involved in the 1976 commando-style raid that freed 14 American pot prisoners from the jail in Piedras Negras, Mexico. Two Dallas men, Sterling Lake Davis, Sr., and William McCoy Hill, had been sentenced to five and six years, respectively, for violating U. S. gunrunning laws, but San Antonio attorney Gerald H. Goldstein successfully argued that the law had been violated unknowingly and that the

trial court had failed to properly instruct the jury or to adequately determine the effect on the jurors of the extensive publicity surrounding the episode. Goldstein commented afterward, "You don't often find a case where 'ignorance of the law' can be cited as a defense, but this particular statute requires an individual to have specific intent to violate a 'known legal duty.'"

CHOPPING BLOCK

PARIS—The French National Assembly has voted 271 to 210 to appropriate the equivalent of \$44,000 to the Justice Ministry for the upkeep of a guillotine and the salary of an executioner. Elimination of the funds effectively would have ended the death penalty in France, where no prisoners are currently awaiting execution.

EAGER BEAVER

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS—A woman Customs agent, formerly stationed at the Texas border town of Rio Grande City, has been convicted of planting marijuana in cars crossing into the U. S. from Mexico. According to the testimony of witnesses, the inspector wanted to have the best record for seizures in the U. S. and wanted to become the first woman port director in the Customs Service. The planted evidence resulted in fines for the drivers and confiscation of their cars. One of the cars happened to belong to the district attorney for the Mexican state of Tamaulipas.

PECULIAR PUNISHMENT

LANSING—Seventeen men who propositioned an undercover policewoman posing as a hooker have been sentenced to write essays or go to jail for 30 to 60 days. A district judge gave the defendants, ranging in age from 17 to 52, ten days to write about the effects their convictions had on their personal lives. He also assessed them a total of \$3515 in fines and court costs.

MACHINERY MALFUNCTION

VICTORIA, B.C.—The British Columbia Court of Appeal has upheld a lower court's acquittal of a Victoria man originally convicted of driving with a blood-alcohol level of .1 percent. The appeal judges agreed that the breath-analysis equipment must not have been working properly or the driver, instead of behaving as soberly as he did, should have been unconscious or dead. Under

British Columbia law, a driver registering .06 percent receives a 24-hour license suspension, and a reading of .08 percent can bring a criminal charge of drunk driving.

ROBBING THE COPS

NEW YORK—A Government-leased, bonded warehouse in Brooklyn has been looted of 1300 pounds of confiscated marijuana, Federal agents report. Thieves broke in through an upper level of the building at night and made off with 25 bales of marijuana weighing 50 pounds each and worth a total street value of some \$400,000.

UNFIT FOR DUTY

BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON—The Bellevue Police Department has announced the retirement, or perhaps the discharge, of its trained attack dog Kahuna. Despite his other virtues, Kahuna couldn't hack patrol-car work: every time the lights and the siren went on, he threw up.

UNUSUAL SNAKE ACT

HURLEY, WISCONSIN—A night-club dancer was picked up by police and held for psychiatric examination after she started flailing at patrons with the six-foot boa constrictor she used in her act. A local paper reporting the incident



said the snake died of injuries but that "there was no substance to the rumor the woman would be charged with assault with a deadly reptile."

POWER TO THE POLICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In yet another decision that narrows the rights of individuals, the U. S. Supreme Court has ruled, five to four, that passengers in an automobile have no expectation of privacy—meaning that police can illegally search a car, seize evidence and

still use it against the passengers but not the owner of the car. In dissent, Justice Byron White charged that "the Court's opinion declares 'open season' on automobiles. . . . However unlawful stopping and searching a car may be, absent a possessory or ownership interest, no 'mere' passenger may object."

In another action, the High Court refused to consider appeals by a janitor and a librarian in Pennsylvania who were fired from their jobs for living together in "open adultery."

"WRONGFUL LIFE" SUIT

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA—Holding that "there is no legal right not to be born," the Alabama Supreme Court has rejected a \$500,000 damage suit filed in behalf of a deformed child conceived despite her father's supposed vasectomy. The court noted that the suit did not allege that preconception negligence on the part of the physician had caused the deformity but attempted to raise the novel issue of "wrongful life"—a variation on the right to collect civil damages in cases of wrongful death.

PARAQUAT POISONING?

AUSTIN—A nephrologist at the Austin Diagnostic Clinic says he suspects paraquat poisoning as the cause of temporary kidney failures in two youths, one in high school and one in college, who were hospitalized after smoking marijuana. Dr. Jack Moncrief cautioned that his diagnosis could not be confirmed because no samples of the possibly contaminated pot could be found for analysis, but he said that the kidney damage was consistent with the suspected effects of the herbicide and that no other causes could be found.

FREE RIDE

ST. LOUIS—A Federal prisoner serving time in Illinois for bank robbery enjoyed a short holiday trip courtesy of the Internal Revenue Service, which had charged him with failure to pay taxes on his ill-gotten gains. At a U. S. Tax Court hearing in St. Louis, he surprised the court by calmly stating, "I have no defense," and then explained, "I'm in a United States penitentiary doing 25 years. When I finish that, I go to Nevada to do a life sentence. All I wanted to do was come up here for a ride. What that man says is exactly true. Now, it's back to you, friend." For the bank robber, it was back to prison in Illinois.

SURFER IN A SOCK

MARGATE CITY, NEW JERSEY—A local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has filed an appeal in behalf of a New Jersey photographer who was

fined \$50 in a municipal court for wearing nothing but a sock over his genitals while surfing. An A.C.L.U. attorney expressed the hope that a superior court would provide a more specific interpretation of the beach regulations, adding that he was "confident that [the defendant's] attire will be found to be outside the reach of a properly restricted ordinance."

WEIRDNESS AFOOT

From around the country come these reports of strange sexual activities:

- In Seattle, several women have reported being knocked down by a man who then snatches one of their high-heeled shoes and splits. Police have what they consider a good suspect—a



man whose closet was found to contain more than 60 women's high-heeled shoes, none of which matched.

- In several Chicago suburbs, police are looking for a fleet-footed rapist who has assaulted at least five women in parks and other wooded areas while wearing full jogger regalia, which has facilitated his escape.

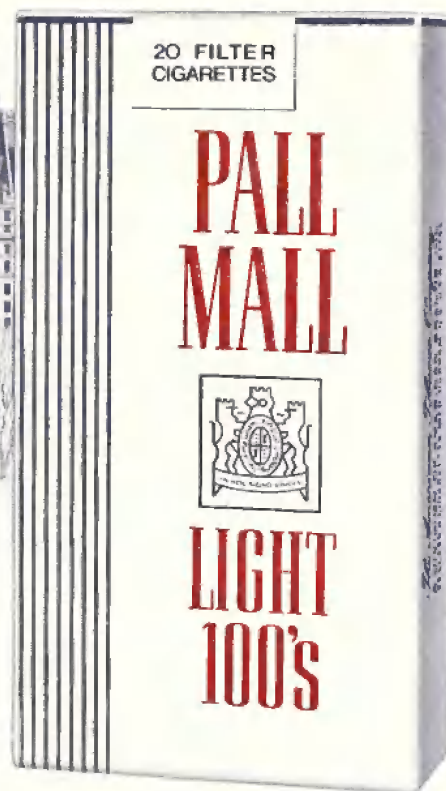
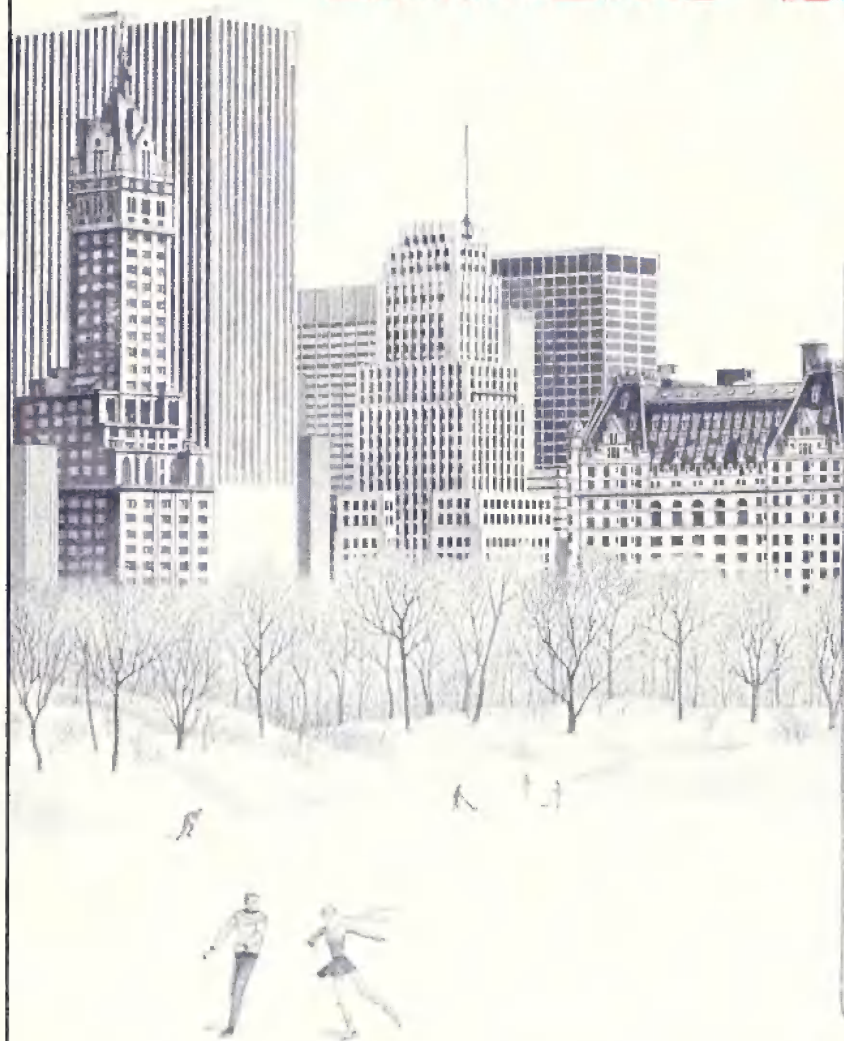
- In Austin, a child molester has come up with a new, if relatively harmless, ploy: Identifying himself as a scientist conducting a foot survey, he accosts young girls and pays them five dollars to remove their shoes so he can sniff their feet.

- In Reno, a 30-year-old man has been indicted on charges of abducting a 19-year-old hotel maid and forcing her to perform fellatio, as well as to engage in unusual sexual acts with ice cubes and a cucumber.

- In Champaign, Illinois, campus police at the University of Illinois report that a bearded man has been sneaking into men's dormitory rooms and attempting to cut the underwear off sleeping students.

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KILLING WITH KINDNESS

the genteel notion of using drugs could give the death penalty a real shot in the arm

opinion By SCOTT CHRISTIANSON



The adoption by at least three states and the serious study by several more of a new method of execution could signal the start of a "death march" in this country the likes of which Americans have never seen.

In 1977, Oklahoma became the first state to institute lethal injection as the prescribed form of official killing. Texas enacted a similar statute the next day, followed by Idaho in 1978. So-called needle bills have been introduced in Florida, South Carolina, Washington and Nevada.

Oklahoma's measure provides for a dual administration of drugs—one to render the prisoner unconscious, the second to kill him when (theoretically) he is unable to feel any pain. The Texas version simply calls for a condemned person to be injected with a lethal dose of an "ultrashort-acting barbiturate," for which prison officials have selected sodium thiopental, the so-called truth serum. Proponents hail it as the quickest, most cost-effective means of destruction yet devised. "I hesitate to use the word pleasant," explains one supporter, "but it would be just like going in, lying down and going to sleep." Witnesses no longer would have to endure the grisly spectacle of roasting flesh, bulging eyeballs or squirting blood. The executioner can wear a white coat.

This gimmick comes at a time when the polls show public support for capital punishment to be about as strong as Nixon's margin was in 1972, and Nixon's Supreme Court has held that, on second thought, "the punishment of death does not invariably violate the Constitution." Although only one court-ordered execution has been conducted in the U.S. since 1967, the prospective customers are lining up on death rows around the country—464 at last count.

Like its predecessors—the guillotine, firing squad, electric chair and gas chamber—the latest innovation is being promoted on "humanitarian" grounds as the best that modern science can offer for the rapid extinguishment of human life. The chilling prospect is that this supposed humaneness may make executions easier to pronounce, administer and rationalize, while failing to quench the underlying thirst for bloody revenge that the High Court itself conceded is "an expression of society's moral outrage at particularly offensive conduct." Meanwhile, criminologists warn that society, like a child with a new toy, often tends to use a new execution method with extraordinary frequency until the novelty wears off. Now that drugs are involved, official killing might, indeed, prove addictive.

The legal and physiological and psychological details of lethal injection remain shrouded in mystery. Once the exclusive tool of hit men, Nazis, spies and hospitals, court-ordered needle killings were not publicly suggested here until 1973, when Ronald Reagan remarked:

"Being a former farmer and horse raiser, I know what it's like to try to eliminate an injured horse by shooting him. Now you call the veterinarian and the vet gives it a shot and the horse goes to sleep—that's it. I myself have wondered if maybe this isn't part of our problem [with capital punishment] and if maybe we should review and see if there aren't even more humane methods now—the simple

shot or tranquilizer. I think there should be more study on this to find out, is there a more humane way, can we still improve our humanity?"

Intravenous injection of various drugs in fatal dosage was studied during the Forties and Fifties by the British Royal Commission on Capital Punishment and rejected after the British Medical Association concluded:

"No medical practitioner should be asked to take part in bringing about the death of a convicted murderer. The association would be most strongly opposed to any proposal to introduce . . . a method of execution that would require the services of a medical practitioner, either in carrying out the actual process of killing or in instructing others in the technique of the process."

Lacking such a stand by the American Medical Association, U.S. critics nevertheless insist that successful (nonexcruciating, to use the British term) intravenous injection of a poisonous substance would require the services of medically trained personnel, all of whom are barred from complicity by codes of professional conduct. But so far, the courts remain unconvinced.

Most opponents are against any method of execution; they simply reject the idea of killing people who killed people to show that killing people is wrong. But the sudden introduction of a "mercy quotient" into the debate has thrown some liberals into a quandary: Should they base their arguments upon their opposition to the death penalty per se, or should they tailor their suits to fit the peculiar form of its latest manifestation?

By now it should be clear that mere moral assertions can no longer decide the debate over capital punishment. Rather, lethal injection and the rest must be combated not only because they are wrong but also because they perpetuate the very evils they're professed to correct. Every time an "improved" mode of execution is introduced, somebody invariably swears that it will kill faster and with less pain than its predecessor. Killing the old way is considered barbaric.

But to say that lethal injection would kill criminals quickly is all the more incredible, given the fact that government would do it. Governments rarely do anything quickly. Executions take months, usually years, to accomplish. Those light-years in prison make a death sentence the most protracted and hideous torture ever conceived, as well as the most irreversible and final.

It is also the most expensive. All the trials, appeals, stays, petitions, special housing requirements and elaborate ceremonies that would necessarily precede a lethal injection would cost more than a lifetime in Attica or Acapulco.

In the end, lethal injection is no different from boiling in oil or burning at the stake. It is no less immune from informed contempt, no less wasteful. No cheaper. No more humane. And no more just. It is poison.

Scott Christianson is a veteran writer on crime and law, a contributing editor to the "Criminal Law Bulletin" and presently a doctoral candidate in the School of Criminal Justice at the State University of New York.

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been "an increasing number of incidents of inappropriate relationships." These relationships, we are informed, comprise a "creeping advance of sex fraternization throughout the Army," and the man-woman relationships between officers, or between noncommissioned officers and enlisted women, are causing serious morale and discipline problems as the role of women in the Army grows. It appears the gentler gender is not the prime instigator of these problems, however, for the report indicates that some of the exploitive supervisors (officers) have been known to "threaten women with nonpromotion for failure to yield to their social desires."

Such problems might have been predicted, but if the Army feels that it is possible to scare off *this* problem with great gusts of hot air, then it has learned absolutely nothing since our recent 'Nam defeat. Let's face it: A soft, rounded, compliant lady can make short work of the strongest army ever raised . . . and the "combat" is ever so pleasant.

Fred Conrad
Racine, Wisconsin

WORK-RELATED INJURIES

Wear and tear notwithstanding, I've just obtained a copy of the July 1978 PLAYBOY and found most interesting the *Forum* Newsfront item about the Memphis cop whose emotional problems were determined to be work-related—i.e., after blowing away two armed robbers in the line of duty, he couldn't handle the guilt and fell apart. The pension board's decision was truly unprecedented and I only wish other government agencies would do the same.

I learned a long time ago that some of us are faces and the rest only numbers, and myself being one of the numbered majority, I was never offered the relief that was given that civil servant. When I was employed by the Government as a hired killer and sent to a place called Vietnam to exterminate as many residents as possible, I was given a year to do it, and, while hardly proud of it, I managed to kill more than two people, plus twice getting shot myself and receiving over 400 stitches to close up the wounds caused by grenade fragments.

To relieve the pain and nightmares, I also turned to alcohol and especially to morphine and codeine, which the VA readily dispensed. Over the years, the Government saw nothing wrong with my physical or psychological condition. As my problems increased, it prescribed another form of treatment: a prison term in a Federal institution, where I presumably will become a better person.

Conrad C. Cain
Petersburg, Virginia

THE POWER TO TAX. . .

Absurd is the only word that adequately evaluates the letter from John M. Wolfe, Jr. (*The Playboy Forum*,



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November). It would seem that he has read, superficially, *Das Kapital* but little or no American history. In denouncing Proposition 13, he attempts sarcasm: "Like the lower classes of 1776, California's black and poor were economically pre-empted by 'revolutionaries' in the Monticello-Mount Vernon mold." Wolfe should note the observations of Lord Dunmore, Royal Governor of Virginia, that in this odd rebellion "men of fortune and pre-eminence joined equally with the lowest and meanest." Dunmore was writing to Lord Dartmouth, British Secretary of State, in 1774, proposing harsh measures for control of the rebellious colonists.

Wolfe's villains are simply middle-class Americans. The same middle class that has borne the bulk of the tax burden for God only knows how many years. The same middle class that has provided the majority of the work force in this country. And they are not trying to deprive or "economically pre-empt" anyone of anything. Their cry is not "Give me!"; rather, it is "Let me keep!" The only thing these "revolutionaries" want is their fair share of what they've earned, whereas for years they have been contributing (via taxation) inequitable amounts to others' fair share (irony). Furthermore, I do not think that the impoverished of California are any worse off now than they were

before Proposition 13 became law. The necessary social services (as I understand it) are still being administered. It is (further irony) the middle class that is bearing the brunt of the cutback in services.

H. Gregory Mitchell
Springfield, Virginia

We doubt that Wolfe ever read "Das Kapital"; maybe a few early Weatherman tracts. But we thought his jargon was a nostalgic trip back to the late Sixties.

SPARING THE ROD

I would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its grant to The National Center for the Study of Corporal Punishment and Alternatives in the Schools. The center is a nonprofit university-based organization devoted to research, legal defense and dissemination of information in regard to corporal punishment and alternatives. It is devoted to the elimination of this publicly sanctioned method of abusing children in schools.

We are especially appreciative because the center operates on an extremely small budget provided by a diversity of funding sources. Corporal punishment is a long-held and cherished practice based on a perverted interpretation of the Judaeo-Christian ethic that children's behavior may be made more positive by "beating the Devil out of them."

Irwin A. Hyman, Director
The National Center for the
Study of Corporal Punishment and
Alternatives in the Schools
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"BAD PAPER" VET

After two years in the Army, in 1952, and after some youthful mistakes, I was kicked out with an undesirable discharge. Is there anything I can do about it at this late date? It still bugs me to have this bad discharge for a few minor screw-ups after two years of good service.

(Name withheld by request)
Goshen, Indiana

The A.C.L.U.'s National Military Discharge Review Project advises us that some 3,000,000 vets since 1940 have received "bad paper" and there is something that can be done about it. Congress recently passed a law that permits all vets with undesirable discharges to apply to the Discharge Review Boards for a review of their cases under new standards. And all veterans with general and undesirable or bad-conduct discharges from special courts-martial who have already applied to the D.R.B.s can apply again. If a vet was discharged more than 15 years ago, he or she must apply to a D.R.B. before January 1, 1980. If a vet does not fit into one of these categories, he or she can apply to the Board for Correction of Military Records.

Don't be afraid to apply. The hearings are private; the D.R.B.s even travel

THE NUT LOBBY

No one capable of reading newspapers can have any doubt that, in addition to the Oil Lobby, the Gun Lobby, the Farm Lobby, and so on, there must also be a Nut Lobby vigorously and often effectively representing that heretofore undefined special-interest group. Of course, the N.L. isn't registered under that name, but we can infer its existence from the kinds of men who get elected to public office and from the kinds of legislation they propose. A good example of this lobby's work is contained in the following report by Dan Sheridan, a writer and former New Jersey newspaper editor now working in Chicago.

New Jersey became one of the more enlightened states last summer when its legislature overhauled the criminal code—effective next September—and in the process did away with most social crimes. Under the new law, adultery, friendly card games and sex between consenting adults no longer are criminal offenses. In 1977, the state supreme court declared the New Jersey fornication law unconstitutional.

Now, state senator Joseph Maressa, a Camden County Democrat, says he wants to "drive homosexuals back into the closet." He has proposed legislation that would make sexual relations between men punishable by up to five years in prison and a \$7500 fine.

"All that we seek is a stigma," Maressa said. "I don't want anyone to go to jail. I don't want anyone to be blackmailed. But I want our young people to understand that homosexuality is an undesirable lifestyle. I don't see one single prosecution under this bill." He added, "I'm afraid of society's drifting in the wrong direction. I'm going to do whatever I can to get it back on the track."

Many legislators see the proposal as Neanderthal, but the antigays and the Bible thumpers have a lot of votes. And what politician wants to be labeled a sodomite?

At last report, the proposal still had to make it out of the senate judiciary committee and through both houses of the legislature. Assembly speaker Christopher J. Jackman, a Hudson County Democrat, said he would put the measure "on a back burner" if it gets to the assembly. State attorney general John J. Degnan said at committee hearings that he would advise Governor Brendan Byrne not to sign such legislation because it would be unconstitutional and unenforceable. However, Senator James Cafiero, a Cape May Republican and cosponsor of the bill, said during the same hearings, "I don't want to go around peeking through keyholes. But by taking the stigma out of it, we'd be giving it the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval."

Cafiero had noted that lesbians would not be included. Maressa hadn't intended to leave out female gays, but the attorney general said the bill's wording, which proscribes "oral or anal intercourse" between members of the same sex, refers to penetration. And that, Degnan said, excludes women. Maressa, by the way, voted to revise the state's criminal code last summer. During the voting, a mostly elderly crowd in the galleries raved and shouted, calling the senators sodomites and perverts.

Recently, Maressa said that even if the bill failed, it likely would be re-introduced in one form or another, and added that he might propose an amendment making oral or anal intercourse a disorderly-persons offense punishable by a \$500 fine. Asked if he thought that would improve the bill's chance of passage, he said, "I don't know. They [members of the judiciary committee] might not agree with that. There are some hard-nosed rednecks on the committee who feel that the old values should stand, that sodomy is no small thing and that whether practiced heterosexually or homosexually, it should carry a rather severe penalty."

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around the country now. Lawyers familiar with the process estimate that 50 percent of the eligible veterans could get relief due to the application of the current, more relaxed standards to traditional reasons for bad paper.

If you want a referral to someone who can help you, or want more details, you can contact a foundation-supported, non-governmental group: Veterans Education Project, Room 606, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone number: 202-466-2244.

INNOCENT LIVES

Now, wait a minute. The abortion issue should have nothing to do with whether or not a child is going to be raised by dumb parents or smart parents or no parents (*The Playboy Forum*, September). No amount of rationalization can subordinate the right to life. We can't start fucking with it to save the unwanted child from his irresponsible parents.

What miserable and self-serving people we have become to arrogantly declare that someone should not be born because he "doesn't stand a good chance." We're talking about *life*, damn it! It's the *only* sacred thing there is.

Leave God, religion, the Bible and holy wars out of it. I've always said I believe only in art, love and life. I've borne babies and all baby-related hassles. I've survived, they've survived and we've been graced by the very simple fact that we're *alive with one another* in all our ups and downs. And I even share that with the baby I gave up for adoption 18 years ago. If institutionalized children can't share it with parents, chances are they will share it with children of their own, ad infinitum. What a trip, what a high, what a goddamn miracle!

(Name withheld by request)
Wichita, Kansas

With the heavy-handed hyperbole typical of those who boast that their arguments are based on reason, not passion, **PLAYBOY** accuses anti-abortionists of "waging a modern-day holy war."

But surely the shoe is on the other foot. In a holy war, e.g., a Moslem jihad, innocent lives are taken. It is the pro-abortionists, not their opponents, who take innocent lives, and so it is they who wage a "holy war" (to use your cliché).

If **PLAYBOY** must indulge in pigeonholing, compare the anti-abortionists to abolitionists. And guess what? Many of us are atheists.

Mark Hanson
Richmond, British Columbia

"*The Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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Taste a little elegance tonight. Have a Rose's Gimlet.



Why you should plan to sell your new car before you buy it.

Some cars have a way of going out of style more quickly than others. So getting a good deal on a new car doesn't necessarily mean you're getting a good deal. You also have to consider what the car will be worth when the time comes to sell it. Of course, you can expect less money if you trade it in to a dealer.



Naturally, we can't promise what the 1979 Honda Civic® will be worth next year or the year after. But the car's past record shows that its resale value ranks among the best in the country.

For instance, in 1976 the Honda Civic CVCC® 4-speed Hatchback had a suggested retail price of \$3189. According to the N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guide (average of nine regional editions), its resale price in November 1978 was \$2950. That's a depreciation of only 7%*.

Actually, you don't have to study the past record of the Civic CVCC Hatchback to understand its excellent resale value. All you have to do is study the Civic CVCC Hatchback. The standard features that make it a good buy as a new car are calculated to make it attractive as a used car.

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*Price comparison is based on the following. Suggested price of 1976 Civic CVCC Hatchback does not include freight or dealer prep charges. Resale price is that of basic car; prices vary according to mileage, equipment, and condition. Trade-in prices are substantially lower. Depreciation percentage assumes buyer purchased car at 1976 sticker price. Depreciation of other 1976 Civic models ranges from 12.5% to 4.1%.

We're talking about such things as our famous CVCC Advanced Stratified Charge Engine, front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent MacPherson strut suspension, power front disc brakes, opening rear-quarter windows, tinted glass, and fully reclining bucket seats.

Another reason why the Honda Civic retains its market value so well is that our older cars don't look old. The styling changes the Civic has undergone over the years are relatively minor. And its simple basic design hasn't changed at all.

We're fond of pointing out that a Honda is simple to drive, simple to own, and simple to enjoy. But the next time you buy a new car, we'd also like you to remember how simple the Honda Civic is to sell.

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Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MALCOLM FORBES

a candid conversation with "the happiest millionaire" about publishing, wealth, ballooning, motorcycle riding and the many virtues of capitalism

MONEY IS A BURDEN

Some of us are willing to shoulder some burdens.

MONEY'S FUN

When you have some.
Having none, ain't none.

THERE ARE MORE FAKERS

in business than in jail.

Samples from the little green book called "The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm." Dedicated, in all 13 pages of small type, to 2200 or so of his good friends, it will be a success even by Forbes's standards, he deadpans, if it sells as well as the other Chairman's sayings. The ones in the little red book.

That's typical of Malcolm Forbes, poking as much fun at himself as he does at others, and laughing all the way to the bank, but most of all refusing to feel guilty about his inherited fortune, which he used as the foundation to create a many-times-larger fortune. Malcolm Forbes is undoubtedly one of the wealthiest men in America. Asked how he did it, he replies: "Through sheer ability (spelled i-n-h-e-r-i-t-a-n-c-e.)"

Forbes's father began the business magazine that bears the family name in 1917, and Malcolm now serves as both

editor in chief of Forbes magazine and president of Forbes, Inc. The magazine, with its circulation of 670,000—slightly ahead of Time, Inc.'s Fortune—is not a mass publication, but its audience of high-level business executives gives it an influence far beyond its sales figures. According to Forbes's statistics, the magazine's readers have an average net worth of over \$550,000; one out of 13 is a millionaire; and altogether they own approximately 140 billion dollars' worth of corporate stocks. A reporter estimated two years ago that the magazine's profit may run in excess of \$10,000,000 a year, and Forbes is the sole owner, as he is of all the other properties in the Forbes, Inc., empire. As he says, "Our annual stockholders' meeting tends to be brief."

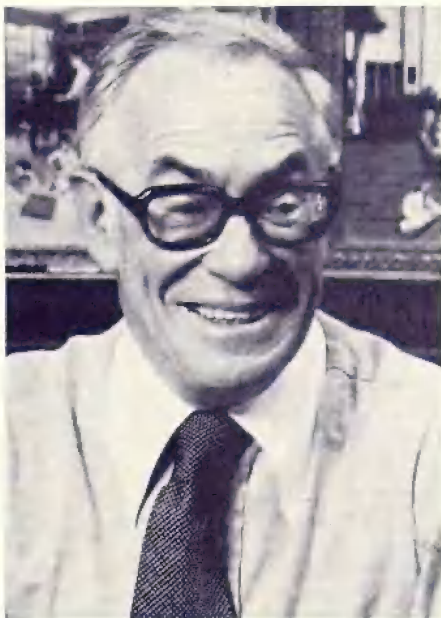
In the inner circles of big business and Big Government, Forbes is well-known as one of America's most influential businessmen, and probably the most outspoken advocate and defender of the capitalist system. "Malcolm knows more corporation presidents than anybody else," says one of his aides. "Malcolm doesn't talk to vice-presidents."

That may be, but nobody has ever accused Forbes of being stuffy and taking

himself too seriously. He has a reputation as an eccentric and flamboyant sportsman who loves fun even more than money. In 1973, only 15 months after he took his first ride in a balloon at the age of 52, Forbes sailed alone across the U.S., from Oregon to Chesapeake Bay. It took him 34 days and he was black-and-blue from head to toe from dozens of rough landings at about 25 m.p.h., but he set six world records for ballooning, won the Harmon Trophy and drew major press attention to ballooning for the first time.

Never satisfied with doing anything on a less-than-grand scale, he then began preparing for what he called "the ultimate trip." He spent more than \$1,000,000 on space-age technology and created a spectacular 60-story-high cluster of 13 balloons designed to carry Forbes and a copilot, riding in an Apollolike capsule at a stratospheric altitude, nonstop across the United States and the Atlantic Ocean. But a near-fatal accident caused by a failure in the ground equipment just a few minutes before launch aborted Forbes's attempt to become the Charles Lindbergh of ballooning.

Forbes's other favorite hobby is equally



"Average income is higher than it ever was. The number of jobs is greater than it ever was. The number of millionaires is greater. What is it? It's free enterprise. It's incentive. It's reward. It's fun."



"Money may be an immense facilitator, but it still comes down to your capacity to enjoy: to eat, to love, to read, to see, to feel. All those things are no greater for a rich man than for a poor man."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"I love motorcycles. . . . On my bike trip through North Africa, I had a big nifty black Harley—without saddlebags—running 1200 c.c.s, a real hog. But cool. Mag wheels, all the latest."

unlikely for an establishment rich man: motorcycling. But a few years ago, when he took his first ride and fell in love with biking, he responded in characteristic fashion. He bought a small motorcycle shop so he could acquire his machines wholesale, then aggressively turned it into one of the largest distributorships on the East Coast. Every year, he manages to crowd into his schedule bike trips through different continents, and his friends shake their heads in bewilderment at the notion that Forbes will lunch in his private dining room at his office—surrounded by Van Gogh and Rubens—with someone such as David Rockefeller, then dash off to ride the hottest new bikes with his young motorcyclist friends.

Forbes sees no paradox in that. Whether it's business or pleasure, all he wants is the best of everything, and he gets it. He claims he's not "Rockefeller rich," but a quick list of just his most publicly visible holdings adds up to a sizable fortune by anybody's standards: Forbes magazine, his motorcycle distributorship, a 40-acre estate in New Jersey, 250 square miles of land in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of Colorado, a 20,000-acre cattle ranch in Montana (managed by his wife, Roberta), a 117-foot yacht, a Christopher Wren mansion in London, a palace in Tangier, a 3000-acre island in the Fijis ("Why did I want an island in the South Pacific? Doesn't everybody?"), Zane Grey's old home in Tahiti, a multimillion-dollar collection of Victorian paintings and possibly the world's largest privately owned collections of Fabergé jewelry from czarist Russia. Asked once if he were a defender of the capitalist system, Forbes smiled and replied: "No. I'm a beneficiary."

To find out what the world looks like to such a jaunty centimillionaire, and to get his views on money and capitalism and ballooning and motorcycling, **PLAYBOY** sent writer **Larry DuBois** to interview Forbes. His report:

"I rendezvoused with Forbes at the Hyatt Regency in Los Angeles, where he'd rented a ballroom for the evening and invited a couple of hundred of L.A.'s business leaders for dinner and a showing of a documentary film written and produced by two of Forbes's sons. The title of the film is 'Some Call It Greed,' and it turned out to be a slick, sophisticated paean to the capitalist history of America—primarily its triumphs, but acknowledging its failures. Not even Forbes can finesse the Great Depression.

"It was the 13th time in the past few months that Forbes had held this evening for the cream of the cream in big cities across the U.S., plugging, as he always does, Forbes magazine and the capitalist system at the same time. Almost immediately, I saw an example of

his versatile personality. During dinner, he sat next to Roy Ash, cofounder of Litton Industries and Director of the Office of Management Budget during parts of the Nixon and Ford Administrations; but as soon as Forbes was free, he jumped up and found his friend, the young editor of Cycle magazine, and spent several minutes talking excitedly about motorcycles.

"He's a friendly, unpretentious man with an engaging sense of humor, especially about himself, and I began learning the next morning how he's been able to build his fortune and still have so much spare time for his hobbies: energy. The man is 59 and he's still hard to keep up with. After 18-hour days in Vancouver, San Francisco and Los Angeles, we were racing off to the airport at 6:30 A.M., and the moment he got settled in his seat, he pulled out his Wall Street Journal and began circling and clipping articles, leaning over his shoulder to discuss his reaction to the news with Jim Dunn, the publisher of Forbes magazine.

"As soon as he finished reading the paper, he said he wanted to start the

*"We are of use to people
who want to succeed in a
free-enterprise system.*

*We praise success. We blow
the whistle on failure."*

interview. I turned on the tape recorder as the plane was taxiing and Forbes answered my questions nonstop until the plane touched down five-and-a-half hours later. I didn't even have time to notice my lunch. Reluctant, Malcolm Forbes is not. Based on his principle of cramming everything he can into the time available to him, he wanted to do the whole interview in one sitting, get it over with and go on to the next project. It was an impressive performance, even though follow-up questions at a later date were required.

"The next morning, at 8:30, I arrived at the 79th Street Basin in Manhattan and boarded the Forbes yacht for a trip up the Hudson to the West Point football game, and there was Forbes, already lined up with his wife and two of his sons and a daughter-in-law, in a receiving line to greet their guests: the heads of 22 large corporations, their wives—and me. I had been asked to keep the yacht trip off the record, not because it involved anything sinister—I didn't hear a capitalist conspiracy all day—but out of respect for his guests' privacy.

"But I will say that it was a hell of a

lot of fun being catered to in such high style—an exquisite luncheon on the way up, an exquisite dinner on the way back. Forbes had told me that he loved using his yacht for these football trips, because after spending 14 hours in such a relaxed environment with such a small group, you have a real feeling about almost everybody by the end of the day. And it was true. It was the perfect way for Forbes president Malcolm to sell the virtues of his magazine as an advertising medium, and at least one way for editor in chief Forbes to size up the corporate leaders he reports on.

"Tired but still buoyant at 10:30 that night, Forbes loaded his family and me into a big station wagon and we drove off to his estate in New Jersey. By now, I was ready to sleep in, but early the next morning Forbes woke me up to show me around the place. I could barely get out of bed.

"The landscape around his home is casually littered with balloon gondolas and one large garage is filled with the most beautiful motorcycles I'd ever seen. After the tour, we had a high-spirited family brunch, with some of the grandchildren over to visit, and then Forbes was off again. Along with a 28-year-old friend who pilots his balloons and doubles as a security guard, we drove Forbes's little Honda Accord into Manhattan, where he dropped me off at a friend's apartment and then went straight to Kennedy Airport to take a flight to Casablanca. He was going to spend the next two weeks riding bikes through North Africa and Europe. Like his friends, when we said goodbye, I sort of had to shake my head in bewilderment, too, at this astonishing capitalist tool."

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about capitalism.

FORBES: Great idea. One of my favorite subjects.

PLAYBOY: We thought so, since you like to call your magazine a "Capitalist Tool."

FORBES: That's our slogan. Karl Marx probably wouldn't appreciate my sense of humor, but he captured nicely the essence of my function and the function of the magazine. We are a capitalist tool. We are of use to people who want to succeed in a free-enterprise system. We praise success. We blow the whistle on failure. We are constantly needling. It sometimes makes us unpopular even with our own capitalist readers, particularly those who get poor report cards, but it's all based on the premise that if you're going to serve the system, you'd better be successful, and if you're not, somebody better tell on you before you lose your stockholders' money.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you probably know more chief executive officers—CEOs in Forbes terminology—of corporations than any other man in America. What's your impression of the quality



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of top management of American corporations today?

FORBES: You'd expect that the president of a big company should be pretty outstanding, and overall, the caliber of CEOs is top-rate, but there are more mediocrities in top positions than you'd expect. True, they tend not to last long, but how they get there always amazes me.

PLAYBOY: How do they get there?

FORBES: There's always factionalism and politics in corporations, and very often, you see a CEO who's retiring pick a replacement who's been satisfactory to *him* and for *him*, but being a good second man is different from being a good top man. It's funny; sometimes the biggest failure of a CEO is in his choice of his successor. My father used to say that he never bought the stock of a company based on its balance sheet. He always bought management, based on his personal impression of the top man, the guy at the steering wheel. That's the reason I make it a point to know all these guys. If they're capable and have the qualities that fit the company and the era and the industry's needs at the moment, that's of far greater value to a potential investor than whatever reserves a company may have or how long it's been in business. It's easy to forget that the benefit or harm of decisions made today in corporations, particularly large corporations, may not be reaped for four or five years, so what you'd better know is the caliber of the man making those decisions now. Those are enormous chips they're playing with, and if they don't have the ability to make the right decisions now, the company is going to eventually get into trouble. You've seen that happen time and time again.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, how successful is the system as a whole these days?

FORBES: The number of jobs is at an all-time high. The average income is the highest it's ever been. A greater percentage of Americans have an equity in this country than ever before—they have a piece of the action. There are more millionaires than ever before. For all its shortcomings, it's providing more freedom and well-being than any other system in history. It sure beats the hell out of the alternative, which is having an economy managed by the Government, producing things to meet the needs of the state, not the people. In short, I'd say that business is doing much better than its general image.

PLAYBOY: And its general image isn't good, according to most public-opinion polls. Why?

FORBES: I wish more top executives would stop hiding behind their PR departments and speak out publicly. We need more respected spokesmen for the free-enterprise system. The public and business suffer from chief executives' timidity.

I mean, there are guys who'll knock in heads in board rooms, but they're afraid to make public statements that might become controversial.

In any case, profits shouldn't be the sole measure of success. It's also making sure that not too many people are getting screwed by the system, and that people understand that the system as a whole is working for the benefit of the most people. I'm not suggesting they do that just to be nice to everybody but to be damned sure the system survives, and it doesn't help if everybody thinks he's getting the short end of the stick.

PLAYBOY: Surely it's not just a matter of better public relations. Corruption in business also plays a part in the bad image corporations have. How do you react to the broad picture of overseas bribery by American corporations that has come out in the past few years?

FORBES: I think one of the stupidest things we did was to attempt to legislate our morality about bribery abroad. All it's done is cost thousands of Americans jobs and add to the further imbalance of

"There are top executives who'll knock in heads in board rooms, but they're afraid to make public statements that might become controversial."

trade. In this country, we're used to paying salesmen's commissions. That's the way it's done. In the Arab countries and in Europe and in much of Asia particularly, you're not dealing with a sales organization. There's no middleman. You pay a commission to the fellow who orders your planes. The salesman is the buyer. He may happen to be the Minister of Aviation and he wants his commission on the sale. But for us to say that if you want to sell planes overseas you can't pay a dollar to a salesman there—who also happens to be the buyer—all we do is lose the order to the French, the Germans or the British, who can pay it. Of course, we don't want to encourage bribery, but for God's sake, when that is the way that countries do business—well, they have to buy their systems from somebody and it's stupid to say we can't pay the same commission that everybody else does. It takes us out of competition.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be advocating an everybody-does-it approach. And so, based on the example of bribery in Congress by South Korea—Koreagate—wouldn't you guess that other countries are doing the same thing to *our* officials?

FORBES: I think not. For a simple reason.

They expect to get money *from* our Government, not contribute *to* the men who run it. They expect it to be handed to them. They don't have to bribe. All they have to do is have a stable government and they get handouts from us. Also, they're too small and too greedy.

It was a damnfool thing for those Congressmen to take money from the Koreans, but Congressmen have to raise campaign money since we don't allot them election funds, which is foolish. Usually, they get money from construction companies and other direct beneficiaries. But at least here, bribery is a serious crime; in those other countries, it may or may not be, but that's the way business is done. When we say no to that, they'll take second best, and all we've done is cut our own throats.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the most serious problem facing American business today?

FORBES: Inflation. No doubt about it.

PLAYBOY: That's certainly what's on people's minds. Why are we suffering this inflation?

FORBES: The cause of inflation is not some complicated piece of gobbledygook that nobody but an economist can understand. Very simply put: You have a Federal Government that for too many decades has spent more than it has taken in in taxes. So what does it do? It prints more dollars. If you print more dollars than you've earned, they become worth less, and that's what we've been doing. When Franklin D. Roosevelt started this Keynesian economic philosophy, Government debt and spending had a genuine and important purpose in bringing us out of the Depression. But here we are, with the economy for the past few years healthier than it's ever been, and the Government is *still* running record deficits. I don't think Carter understood for a long time the ramifications of that for the economy, and I was nearly ready to give up on him altogether. Fortunately, I think Carter has finally realized the importance of working toward a balanced Federal budget.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect the devalued dollar to make a comeback?

FORBES: To where it was, no. It will get to the point where it is no longer declining vis-à-vis other currencies, and in effect that will be coming back. But we will no longer lead the toboggan.

PLAYBOY: What sort of report card would you give Carter at this point?

FORBES: He hasn't failed yet. In the beginning, I was very supportive. We have only one President, and even though I'm a Republican, I couldn't have been happier than to see him successful. But he wasn't. He couldn't get any legislation passed. He couldn't get *anything* done. After a while, it looked as though he didn't understand who he was and what the Presidency was. I mean, a closed

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on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may also be obtained by requesting some from: Labels, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelope, no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2". Mail to Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest, P.O. Box 8660, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by May 5, 1979 and received by May 12, 1979. 3. Winners will be determined in random drawings, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. 4. First Prize: \$25,000 in cash. Second Prize: \$10,000 in cash. Third Prize: \$5,000 in cash. 200 Fourth Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. 5. Prizes are non-transferable, only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes as offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 203 prizes (valued at \$51,990) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. 6. Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. 7. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. 8. A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 204, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. 9. The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

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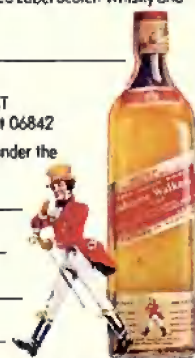
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mind belongs in the pulpit, not the White House, and he had to open his mind. He found that hard to do because his values were absolute, as born-again Christians are apt to be. Well, a conviction of righteousness may sustain you as a person, but it won't do much for your Presidency if you carry it too far. He had to learn to settle for part of the loaf, rather than all or none, because there are a lot of guys a President needs, like House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who wants part of that loaf, too.

By the time of the Camp David Summit, I'd become quite critical of Carter. But Camp David was his resurrection. He won't get all he wants—and his mediation efforts with Begin and Sadat may have been a near miss—but from his own new confidence, he's going to be more Presidential, and that will carry over into his efforts to fight inflation. They're going to have more teeth as a result of his new prestige. It's funny, just before Camp David I was ready to grade Carter as a failure. I wrote an editorial predicting that Teddy Kennedy would beat Carter for the Democratic nomination in 1980, but I decided in a hurry after the Summit not to publish *that*. I thought Kennedy would beat the hell out of Ronald Reagan on Election Day, and then everybody in business, including myself, who had ridiculed Carter because he couldn't get things done, would suddenly be regretting a President who *could* get things done. They'd be yearning for the good old Carter days, when nothing happened. Kennedy would be a disastrously effective President.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by disastrously effective?

FORBES: I think Teddy Kennedy has a deep conviction that business is greedy, nefarious and undisciplined.

PLAYBOY: All businessmen are sons of bitches?

FORBES: That's what his brother J.F.K. said during his confrontation with the steel companies, and Teddy's the same way: Why, those sons of bitches! It's the kind of attitude that one so often finds in people who inherited a lot of money. They feel guilty about their inheritance, and you've got to remember that Joe Kennedy made much of his money in gambling, in liquor, in areas that kept him from gaining real social acceptance in the WASP world. The boys were *of* it, at Harvard and Palm Beach, but not yet *in* it, and there was always a Kennedy chip on the shoulder toward business, particularly big business. If he were in the White House, Teddy would probably succeed where Jack failed in passing punitive measures and taxes, and putting so many restrictions and regulations on the conduct of business that it would jeopardize the whole economy. I think he's a dangerous man. Not by intention; he's a warm human being and his sympathy for

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the have-nots is real. But I don't think you accomplish their betterment by hamstringing business, and I do think Teddy Kennedy is motivated partly by some malice in his heart. Look at Hubert Humphrey, by contrast. A liberal, Hubert was popular with businessmen even though he wasn't espousing their cause. I had a good friendship with him, thought the world of him. He would have been a fabulous President. Sometimes he went overboard, but his knowledge, his enthusiasm, his genuineness were refreshing in somebody who aspired to the White House.

PLAYBOY: Go on with your assessment of Carter.

FORBES: Well, as I said earlier, I think in the aftermath of Camp David his efforts to fight inflation, for instance, are going to have more teeth.

His veto of the defense bill—I thought that was a really smart move. Nobody's ever done it before. But look at that aircraft carrier—how stupid can you get, tying up two billion dollars in a carrier in the age of missiles? One missile could blow the whole damn thing out of the water. They say it's reasonably invulnerable. Sure it's invulnerable—against the Vietnamese. And carriers can be valuable in bringing our power into play in peripheral situations. But against the Russians, it's just a sitting duck, meaningless, a hostage to fortune. About as capable of withstanding a Russian attack as the Seventh Army in Europe. What that represents is a hostage—to overrun it means atomic war with the U.S. So Carter's vetoing of that bill was a good thing.

It was the first glimmer of a gut-felt reaction, whereas before, he didn't know how to compromise. Either he gave in on everything or he tried to sweet-talk or cajole Congressmen. That works to a degree, but only when they realize you'll give them a left hook sometimes. There's a lot of power that he's beginning to learn how to use.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about his recognition of China?

FORBES: I was most enthusiastic. It would have happened under Nixon if he hadn't been Watergated. For us to pretend that Taiwan was China is the kind of absurdity we kept up longer with China than with Red Russia after the 1917 Revolution. Pretending that they weren't there wasn't going to make their government go away.

PLAYBOY: What's your personal relationship with Carter like?

FORBES: Well, he's the only President who ever came to call on us at the office. Obviously, it was long before he was President. Because I'm an old friend of Paul Austin's, the head of Coca-Cola, I was asked if I'd see this ex-governor of Georgia who was running for President. My

son Steve and I follow politics closely. He'll inherit 51 percent of the stock and he'll be running the business. Well, he loves politics. He can tell you what I lost each county by in every election. He's a historian of some merit and one of the best economists on our staff. Carter came to see us in November, a few months before New Hampshire. He came with Jody Powell, whose name meant nothing to me then, and a fellow from Wall Street. We agreed to see him, but can you imagine? An ex-governor of Georgia taking himself seriously as a Presidential candidate? It was absurd. I had no editors in to meet him. We didn't take his picture sitting in my office. Everybody and his brother signs my guestbook, and I didn't even have him sign the guestbook, for crying out loud, and I have a big collection of Presidential autographs and letters. So now he's the sitting President and I don't have any autographs, any pictures, anything. I can't imagine the IRS questioning whether he's a deductible visitor. Anyway, he gave us his blueprint, and when he left the office, I

"Teddy Kennedy is a dangerous man. Not by intention; he's a warm human being, but he is motivated partly by some malice."

said to my son. "Isn't it amazing how a man can delude himself? That's sad, because the guy is sincere and passionate." I warned my son that that was what can happen to you when you become obsessed by politics. I thought it was the perfect example of sincerity and futility marching hand in hand. So my personal relations with him—well, we didn't even get his picture or his autograph.

PLAYBOY: How about your political ambitions? Having run for the office of governor of New Jersey in 1957 and lost, did you ever aspire to Presidential politics?

FORBES: Let's just say I ran for governor, and if you scratch any governor, you've got a President. Hell, I'm glad I lost. Nothing could get me back into politics. As Carter and every President before him discovered, you can't do what you want to do and you spend 80 percent of your time kissing ass, placating people, listening to opinions, many of which have little value. It's so much more enjoyable to be giving advice than to be taking it.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you advise the Republicans to run for President in 1980?

FORBES: I don't know. Let's put it this way. I'm not now convinced that Carter is a disaster and that any Republican

would be better. In other words, I see hope for Mr. Carter doing the right thing. To me, his Camp David accomplishments cannot be exaggerated and I'm impressed with the way he finally bit the bullet on curbing inflation. If he ends up spending less and brings in a budget that is foreseeably in balance, I think the man may offer far more than some Republican candidates might. Time and again, I've found it hard to swallow a Republican candidate, and in the privacy of the voting booth, I didn't always do it. The majority of people lean to the Democratic Party because it is a party of greater awareness and greater conscience, and the voice of the Republican Party is often the voice of reaction.

PLAYBOY: Do you by any chance have in mind Ronald Reagan?

FORBES: Depending on how Mr. Reagan defines himself, he may not be the best answer for the country. And I'll tell you that I thought Goldwater's nomination was bad. I thought he was out of step with the times and his election would not have been good for the country. The Republican label is endangered, in my judgment, because often the people who call themselves conservatives are merely using a polite description for reactionary.

PLAYBOY: How would you label yourself politically?

FORBES: An intelligent conservative, but in the normal sense of the nomenclature, I suppose that would make me a liberal. On social issues, for instance, I think that not legalizing abortion is an abortion. To outlaw that strikes me as a really arrogant political presumption. I can respect the beliefs of those for whom it's a religious conviction, but it doesn't have a place in law. It has a place in conscience. That's a decision for people to make out of personal conviction, not legal necessity. In terms of the Government and the economy, I simply think that the way you conserve what you value is to anticipate change, and if you're not in the vanguard, at least be flexible and open to the nuances. You don't preserve by dropping roadblocks in the path of change. So that's a long-winded definition of what I mean by liberal, which is really intelligent conservatism.

PLAYBOY: Teddy Kennedy would label himself a liberal, too, yet you fear his approach.

FORBES: A lot of the costly things he advocates are desirable goals. But he would have us do vastly more good things than we can afford to do right now—that's what got us into this inflationary jam we're having right now. His national health-insurance program is an appealing idea until you weigh the costs against the benefits. And the \$20,000-a-year wage earner is realizing that he wants to give the Government less, and get less from



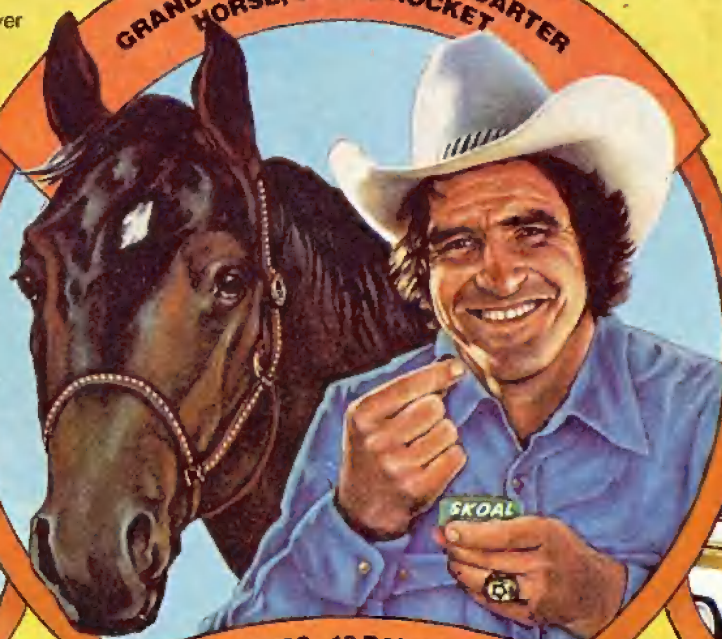
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the Government. Kennedy's health-insurance program, as well as being an administrative mess, would be leading us in exactly the opposite direction.

PLAYBOY: But in theory, the poor would certainly benefit.

FORBES: That's only in theory, to begin with, and I'm not advocating that the poor be ignored. Kennedy wants to help the poor and so do I, but I don't think making them even more dependent on Government largess and inefficiency is the way to go about it. My concern for the poor is as real as anybody's, if not more so, because when you have so much of this world's goodies and have been blessed with so much of the best that this life has to offer, if you're worth a damn, you'll have heightened awareness of those who don't have it so good. But fortunately, those numbers are getting smaller in this country. The percentage isn't anywhere near as large as it was in Franklin Roosevelt's day, when there literally was an ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed one third of the nation. The system *has* responded to that, and even though the problems are still real and crying ones in urban areas and among blacks and *chicanos* and Puerto Ricans, the fact is that today in America, there are more people earning and spending money, and more goods and services available than ever before. The free-enterprise system basically works. And I don't think you accomplish the betterment of those who are not yet sharing in its rewards by crippling the system either by overtaxation or by over-regulation of every move a business makes.

I think the overwhelming majority of people are coming to that same conclusion. They may disdain business, but they recognize that *government* is the problem. The threat is not the corporate guy; the threat is a government that leaves no income, that hamstringing our productive capacity by taxing away the incentive to develop it even more fully. There's a revolt in this country against government spending, symbolized by what happened with Proposition 13 in California. People don't want to pay as much tax, that's all there is to it.

PLAYBOY: Still, while most people may feel they are getting screwed by taxes, they also feel that wealthy people and large corporations can manipulate the tax laws—and benefit by them.

FORBES: It's not a matter of manipulating the tax laws. It isn't evasion of taxes by the rich. It's that the rich can minimize their taxes by doing things they shouldn't be discouraged from doing, even though it results in their paying, on a huge income, proportionately far less tax than what somebody pays on \$20,000 a year. But that isn't a result of machination or iniquity. There are sound social reasons for the deductions available to the wealthy, and let's face it: Who the hell

wants to pay more taxes than he has to? Only an ass. If you have money, you can give it away, for instance, to socially worthwhile causes, instead of having the government take it. You wouldn't want to change the law on that, would you?

PLAYBOY: Charitable contributions weren't what we meant. We were referring to that feeling among the public that Carter captured in his attacks on the deductible "three-martini lunch."

FORBES: There's a social purpose behind any deductible expense. It furthers the purpose of the business. To knock out deductions that help a business grow is just grabbing the short-term buck, and nobody could succeed in business very long grabbing the short-term buck the way the IRS would like to. It's a dumb approach. They say, "Gee, if you couldn't deduct this and that, you'd pay more taxes." Sure, but your business might be half as big next year and everybody's worse off.

Don't *ever* think the IRS is out to make it easy on the rich. It's my experience that those guys are out to get you for every nickel they can. They go over my returns every year with a fine-tooth comb. It's a constant battle in big business, even small business, and it's reached the point where the amount of time spent in figuring out how to best structure your business, given the complexity of the tax laws, is probably greater than that spent in conducting basic business.

When the decisions made in a big company employing tens of thousands of people and involving the investment of huge amounts of capital are all related to the tax laws, then it's almost self-defeating. It warps the whole economy. That's why the reduction in capital-gains taxes was a good thing. Congress understood something that Mr. Carter didn't, which is that this wasn't strictly a rich man's ploy.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree, though, that most of the benefits certainly accrue to the rich, since they're the ones with the capital earnings now being taxed at a lower rate?

FORBES: Substantial benefits will accrue to the rich and to those with the money to invest even if they are not really wealthy. But under the old law, people stopped selling something in which they had a profit coming because the tax was so high. That was warping the economy and knocking out some of our entrepreneurial drive. So it's true that people of means get the most benefits. But the impetus to reduce the capital-gains tax came from middle-class groups—older people with small portfolios, home sellers—discovering their profit was taxed as normal income. A lot of smaller people *wanted* the law changed so that they could receive a return commensurate with the extra risk involved in their investments, rather than leaving their money sitting in banks. In short, the rich



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have very little clout on a popular issue in Congress, and Congress passed this despite the President's flag-waving about the bill benefiting only the rich. And the reason Congress did that is because it discovered that the bulk of its constituents wanted it that way.

PLAYBOY: The IRS statistics say that the majority of wealth in this country is controlled by about two percent of the population. Just as a matter of simple economic efficiency, don't you feel the wealth in this capitalist system is too concentrated?

FORBES: That's totally asinine. It was more concentrated back when you had a few men controlling the big outfits like U. S. Steel. Jesus! Who owns all the stocks in this country? Pension funds are the biggest stock-owning institutions. The concentration is not in the hands of individuals today; it's in the hands of institutions. It's nothing like it was at the turn of the century, when you had a few rich people, and through them interlocking boards of directors and a few key industrial concerns, such as the J. P. Morgan firm.

PLAYBOY: The wealth may be in the hands of institutions, but that doesn't answer the question about undue concentration of wealth.

FORBES: Insurance companies and trustees of pension funds and the like—these people control the bulk of stocks, but they're not allowed to control the *companies* they invest in. They are only allowed to concern themselves with the soundness of the investment itself, and most of these trustees are not rich. They're high-salaried but not wealthy in the old turn-of-the-century sense. It isn't their money involved. It's the money of millions of others.

PLAYBOY: But the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, the Mellons, the Hunts—you take a half-dozen families like that and wouldn't you guess that they own or control many, many billions in assets?

FORBES: That's no longer true. Those very families you've named no longer control a significant or appreciable percentage of the nation's wealth. The foundations and special funds they set up to avoid confiscatory taxes changed all that. For instance, these foundations can no longer hold substantial equity in the stock of the company they were founded with. Under law, they have to decontrol. Take David and Nelson Rockefeller: Their prestige vastly, vastly exceeds any direct control that they or all the Rockefellers have. David may have more control than other wealthy people because he's the head of a major bank. But he doesn't get to go into the trustee department and tell them to buy and sell this and that. Most of the families you mentioned are not interlocked, not interrelated. They are often preying on

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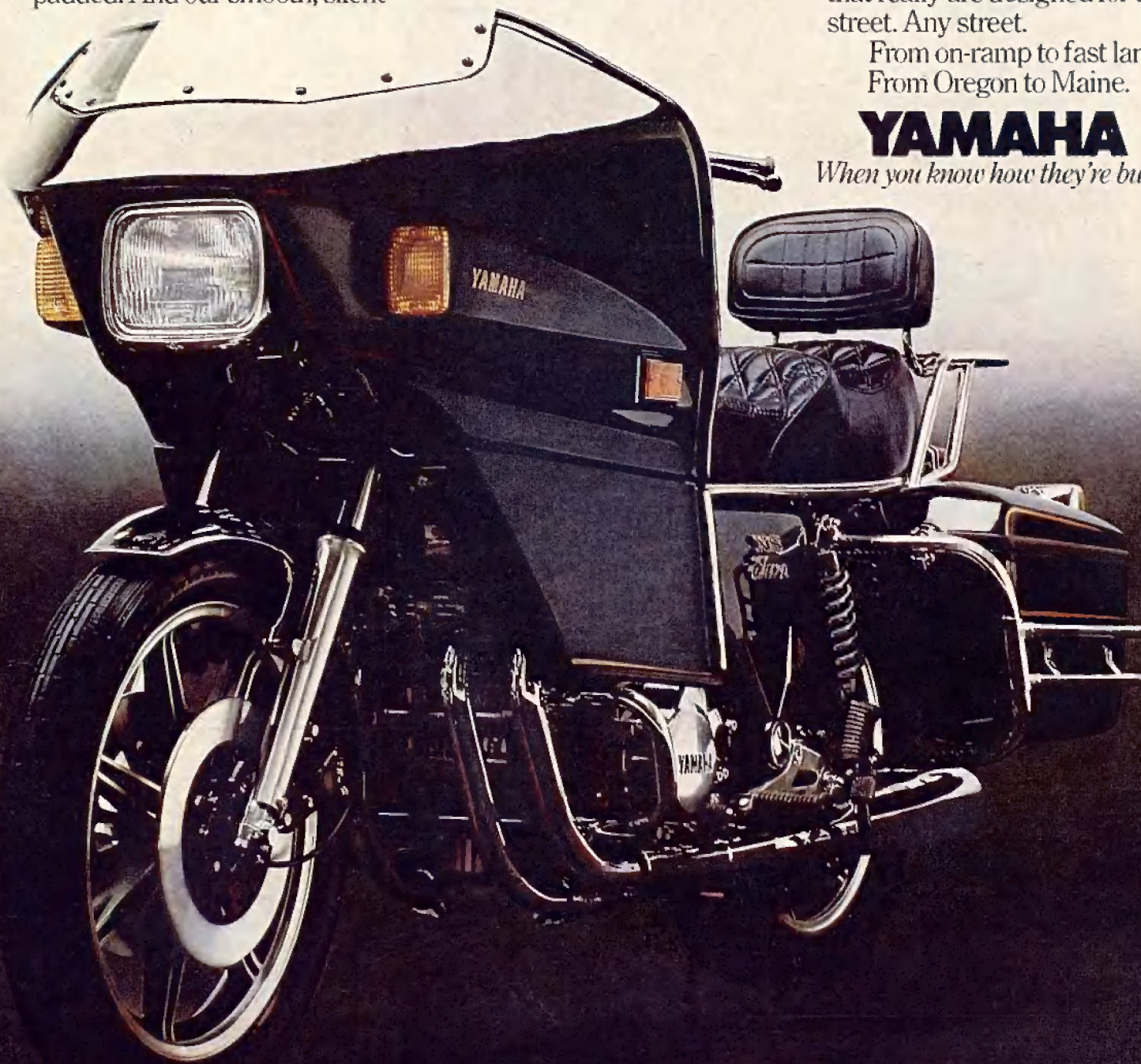
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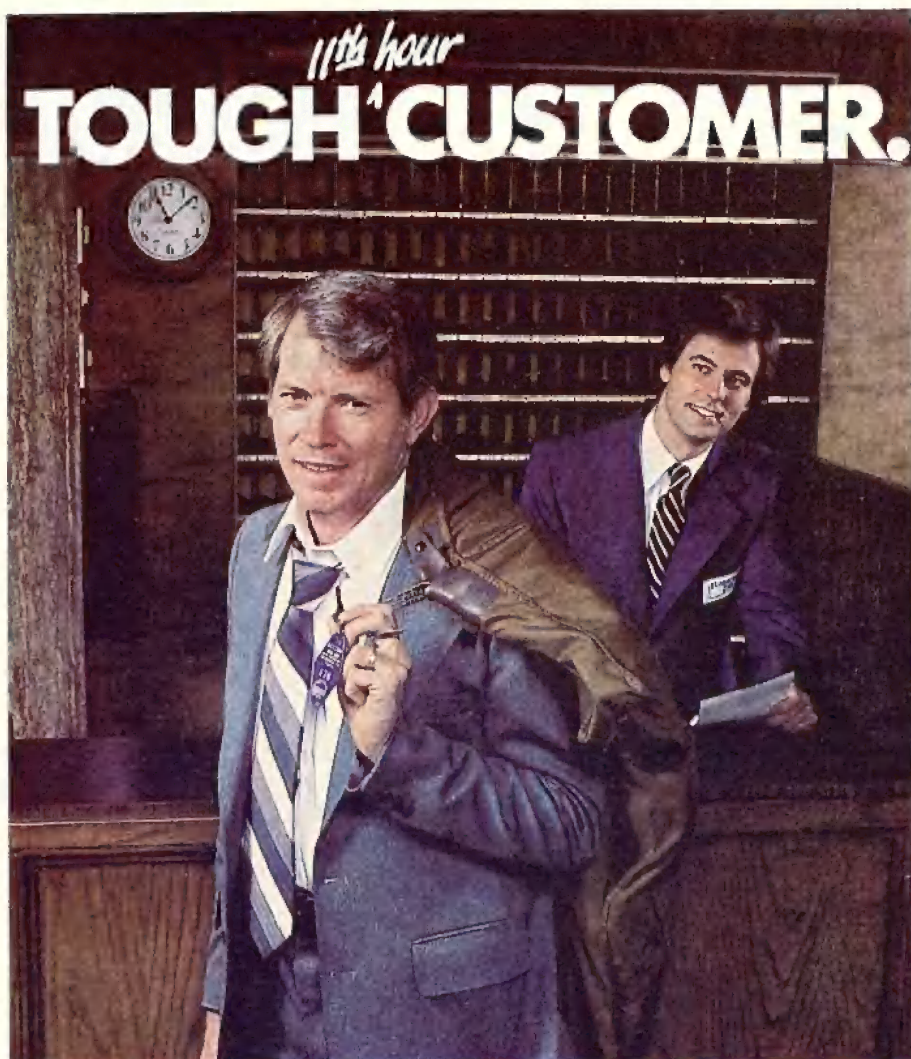
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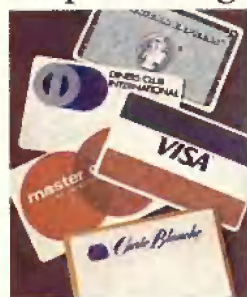
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one another when it comes to investments and control of companies. Remember, those families have now passed through two or three generations of inheritance taxes, and the only way any really big hunks of their money have survived is through trusts and foundations, and those are rigorously controlled by the Federal Government. Henry Ford is a perfect example. He doesn't even *agree* with the direction of the Ford Foundation, but he can't do anything about it. In short, this whole idea is a tribute more to a myth than to the facts.

PLAYBOY: The image of capitalism, as ambivalent as it is today, has at least softened somewhat by comparison with what young people were saying about it in the Sixties. Why?

FORBES: During the Twenties, when everybody, including the shoeshine boys, was making money in the stock market, businessmen were seen as magicians. Before that, when they were "robber barons," everybody was in awe of them. What they accomplished, Senators were elected by legislators in many states, and they could buy seats for their favorites.

PLAYBOY: The best government money could buy.

FORBES: Right. Businessmen had the power. Then in 1929, all that collapsed because businessmen were largely blamed for unemployment, for the factories closing, for the policies—such as economic isolation—that contributed to the Depression. Businessmen never recovered from that plunge. During World War Two, our productive accomplishments gave them a new status, particularly when the production men were the heads of companies because they could organize the line that produced 7000 airplanes a month. So businessmen's reputations were somewhat rehabilitated. But then, during the late Forties and Fifties, there was a lot of sleight of hand that went on in the business world. Instead of the expected recession, there was growth, and the feeling that a businessman was, by definition, an exploiter grew, too. Profit was seen as something wrung from the sweat of workers. This sort of thing has been a prevailing philosophy of many people, especially those who teach. In the academic world, there was a great degree of mutual disrespect. A businessman was a grubby exploiter; the academician was the one who couldn't earn a living, so he taught.

True to some degree in both cases, but what's changed in the past few years is that more people are going to college, and with the growth of Federal education programs that made possible these new colleges, the administrators and professors suddenly discovered what businessmen had been talking about with regard to Government overregulation and interference. Academics suddenly discovered

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the merits of free enterprise, as it pertained to education. With this vast funding, Princeton could have its cyclotrons and Harvard could have a new department and city colleges could have scholarship funds. But it wasn't long before some bureaucrat came along, saying, "Now, do you have equal facilities? Are you discriminating against blacks? What's your minority mix?" All legitimate questions, but putting your subsidy program in danger unless you spend your energy worrying about this and that and every other thing. Strings follow money. And there's nothing like curbing a department head's freedom to make decisions to suddenly turn him into an advocate of free enterprise. Lots of guys moved rightward on the spectrum after that happened.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be suggesting it may almost be chic for young businessmen to quote General Motors president Charles Wilson, who once said, "What's right for General Motors is right for the country."

FORBES: Engine Charley was right: he just should have reversed the sequence. But now people understand better what he was trying to say. This great mass of professors, instead of deploring the obvious shortcomings and injustices of the system—and those are a percent of the whole—discovered the alternative, which has to be Government supervision, redis-

tribution of wealth, socialism. I don't mean socialism as a generic condemnation. It isn't. There are some things that are properly public-owned. The Postal Service is a bad example, but the Government supposedly has to take the mails to the rural areas.

But more education gave people more faculties to dispute a professor's ideas. That helped. And the biggest single thing that happened is that a greater percentage of Americans do have an equity in the country now. They have a piece of the action. The average income in this country is higher than it ever was. The number at the poverty level is smaller than it ever was. The number of jobs is greater than it ever was. The number of millionaires is greater than ever before. And there's been publicity given to new overnight millionaires by such publications as *PLAYBOY*, writing up the successful young guys, even the rock stars who are making more money than the president of Ajax Corporation ever did. What is it? It's free enterprise. It's incentive. It's reward. It's fun. It's exciting. So every kid has a chance. He doesn't have to be interested in business. He doesn't have to want to step on all the feet and climb up the ladder to the top of a corporation. He couldn't care less. But Jesus, he *does* like the idea that the music he's listening to has made guys rich. He's turned on by freedoms as never

before. And he's aware of his power and the importance of his freedom. The threat to him is not the corporate guy he deplores. The threat is a Government that leaves him no income, or says 80 percent of America has to be a public park and nobody can motorcycle in 79 percent of those parks. Jesus, this is *his* lifestyle they're talking about.

PLAYBOY: And *your* lifestyle, too. Although you don't fit most people's image of a devoted biker.

FORBES: I wasn't until I was 50. It happened just by coincidence. One of the guys who worked for me, a chauffeur, a neat guy, wanted to buy a motorcycle and asked if he could borrow the money from me. Well, I told him what most people would have told him, that motorcycling is dangerous and foolish and that he shouldn't do it. Being a sensible man, I tried to talk him out of it. But he went ahead and bought one anyway and he gave me a ride one day, and the next thing I knew, I was buying so many motorcycles for myself and my sons, I decided I'd better find a way to get them wholesale. So I bought a shop in New Jersey and, as well as saving me money on my own bikes, it's become a sizable distributorship. So now I've got the best of both worlds. I sell them and I ride them. I *love* motorcycles.

PLAYBOY: What is it you love about them?

FORBES: Traveling on a bike is invariably



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SU-8099

Continuous Power Per channel into 8 ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power	Phono S/N
115 watts (20 Hz-20 kHz) 100 watts (5 Hz-100 kHz)	0.007% (20 Hz-20 kHz) 0.05% (5 Hz-100 kHz)	96 dB (5mV)

ST-8077

FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz/ 10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
37.2 dBf	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.1%

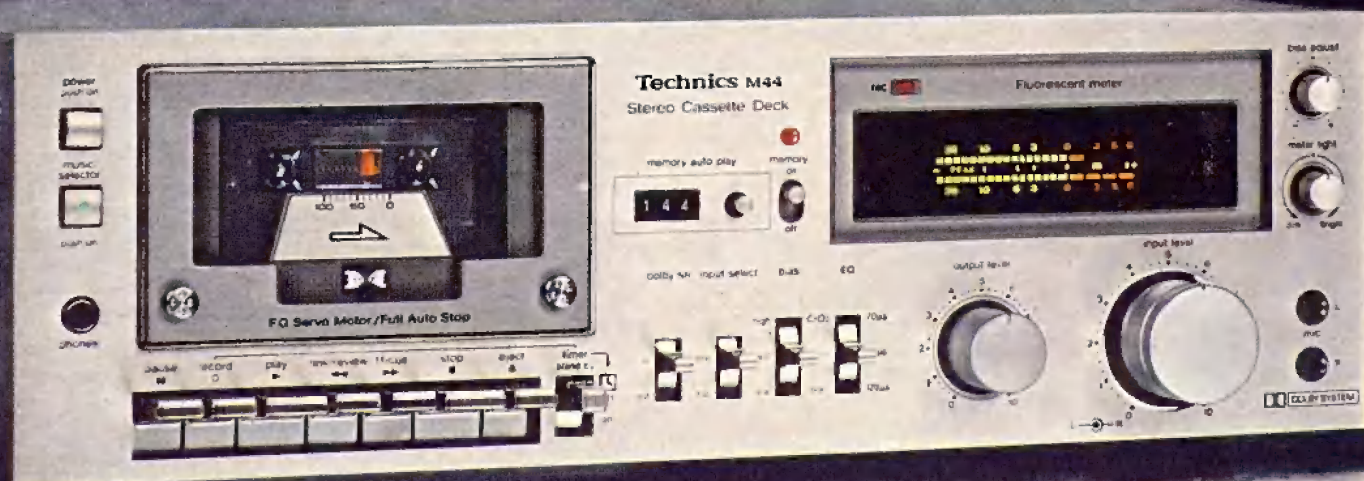
RS-M44

Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
0.05% WRMS	30 Hz-17 kHz (FeCr/CrO ₂)	67 dB Dolby* in

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a delight. I love the exposure to the elements, being part of them instead of boxed off from them, the way you are in a car. It heightens every one of your senses. Your vision is better. Your concentration is better. You're taking more in every moment. It's terrifically invigorating. Your mind is working on a different beam—all your awarenesses are heightened in a way they aren't in an office, at the desk, on the job. You're like somebody skiing down a slope: totally turned on. I've done some of my best thinking on a motorcycle. The one problem, I've discovered, is that it's rather difficult to jot down your thoughts on a note pad at 70 miles an hour, so the terrific new ideas you get are usually gone with the wind by the time you stop, but some of them stay. The people who work for me know they'll be flooded with memos and queries about my brain storms—or brainless storms, as some of them would say—from my bike trips.

PLAYBOY: How many miles did you cover on your last bike trip?

FORBES: Just about a thousand. I had two of my favorite bikes stored at my place in Tangier, and I wanted them moved up to my office in Munich for a trip I'm planning this spring, and I decided I'd just take a friend and move them on up ourselves. So we flew to Casablanca, picked up the bikes in Tangier and rode across Morocco and through Algeria. I especially wanted to drive through Algeria because I'd never been there before, and it's a fascinating country, not connected to the Western world and not friendly with its neighbors. It's like they're suspended in time between what they have been and what they want to become. You get a greater sense of poverty there than in the rest of North Africa, because Algeria, having gone through a long and bloody revolution to get its independence and having a government that is virtually Communist, has less trade with the rest of the world. The shops are threadbare, with little in them other than necessities. There are very little of the luxury items we tend to take for granted. As in the Iron Curtain countries, production isn't things for people; it's things for the state.

PLAYBOY: How did people react to a rich American motorcyclist?

FORBES: There didn't happen to be many *Forbes* magazine subscribers in Algeria, so my name doesn't mean anything. The reaction I got was to being an American, not to which American I am, and their premise was that all Americans are suspect capitalists. Fortunately, most of us are. We're accused of being what we're happy to be. But the people were exceptionally friendly anyway. The bikes were a big turn-on for them because they're big street bikes, and that's a sight they rarely see. What motorcycles they do have there tend to be of low c.c.s.

PLAYBOY: What were you riding?

FORBES: I had a big nifty black Harley—without saddlebags—running 1200 c.c.s., a real hog. But cool. Mag wheels, all the latest.

PLAYBOY: What do those bikes cost?

FORBES: Oh, I've got bikes that run upwards of \$12,000.

PLAYBOY: To most people, that would seem like a lot of money for a motorcycle.

FORBES: It is. But it's not just rich old goats like myself who have those wonderful machines. People who are into bikes are like people who are into rock music. They may not have much else, but they'll have the top-of-the-line speakers, even if it means laying out a month's wages. They'll pay *anything* they can get their hands on for tickets to the best concerts. So the top-of-the-line bikes are bought, just as often as not, by people whose incomes are small, but this is their dream and their determination, and if you're determined to get something, you do. You just pay the price.

PLAYBOY: How fast do you travel?

FORBES: On the Harley, when you get over about 70, the magic fingers start beating you to pieces. It just vibrates

*"Some people say I must
have a death wish, doing
these crazy things, but
I don't. I'll be the saddest
man at my funeral."*

like hell. At the end of the day, you're not about ready to put a quarter in the hotel bed to get some shakes. You've been shaking all day. So as a practical matter, I had the Harley ceiling on me this last trip—just hanging on over 70, the vibes were such that I didn't stay there long. But on the Gold Wing, which was the other bike we had, you can occasionally go in bursts of 110, 115 miles an hour. There's no speed law in Germany and not much of one anywhere else in Europe, so it's legal, it's tempting and you do it from time to time.

PLAYBOY: We heard you hit 130 once.

FORBES: That was on the Van Veen, the new twin rotary bike from Germany. I got it last summer and my son and I took it out on its first run with Cook Neilson, the editor of *Cycle* magazine, and I wanted to see what its limits were. Well, I got to the bottom of *me* before I got to the top of the bike, because when I finally worked up the courage to look down at the speedometer and saw what it said, I started getting nervous. And when that happens, you begin to think of little things like blowouts, and you begin

to think that this is damned foolishness. Which, of course, it is. At that speed, being careful doesn't do any good. If you have a blowout, you've had it. I didn't stay at 130 very long and I'll promise you and my insurance people right here and now that I'll never do it again.

PLAYBOY: Your motorcycling and ballooning have given you something of a reputation of a daredevil who likes to flirt with danger. Why do you do it?

FORBES: For the sense of the challenge and for the enjoyment. I'm not *seeking* danger. Sure, it exists, but you minimize it as much as possible, and that's not hard to do. Some people say I must have a death wish, doing these crazy things, but I don't. I'll be the saddest man at my funeral. The last thing I want to do is die; the next time around I can't possibly have it as good as I do this time, so what the hell would I want to check out for? I've got the best this world has to offer. I have no interest in leaving it. I'd never make a good racing-car driver because high speed per se isn't even a source of great satisfaction to me. I don't get that big a kick out of it, except, I'll admit, that it is fun to say, "Gee, I did once go . . . that fast." But not for any length of time. It's just an occasional temptation. You look down that open road. There's virtually no traffic. You're trying to cover a long distance. You're exhilarated. And you just find that speedometer creeping up and up. Speed grows on you.

PLAYBOY: That's ironic, because your other main hobby is one of the slowest forms of transportation known to man—balloons.

FORBES: The ballooning happened by coincidence, too. I just happened to read in the local newspaper where I live in New Jersey that there was a fellow offering balloon rides for a price. I had never seen a balloon or been in one, but it sounded like fun and it was right on the way to work, so one morning when we were driving in, I asked my chauffeur if he'd like to stop for an hour and go for a balloon ride. He said that sounded like a good idea, so we floated around the countryside for an hour and I was in the office by 8:30.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do it?

FORBES: It was en route, it wasn't going to interfere with the day's activities and it sounded intriguing. I just wanted the experience. I wanted to see if I liked it. Vaguely, I thought it sounded like something I might be interested in pursuing, but only vaguely.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to your first balloon ride?

FORBES: It was such a novel experience, a kind of Peter Pan thing. It's so different from flying; it's not flying. You're right in the wind and the air and the clouds—all those forces in nature that come

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together and have an impact on you and the balloon. You're floating and you're never sure where you're going. In a plane, you gun the engine and flip your flippers and you go up or down and right or left, and it's an immediate response. In a balloon, your sole source of power is a blast of heat, and there's a 15-second interval between the blast and when the heat reaches the top of the balloon and you float up. If you stop to think about it, it's like driving a car that doesn't accelerate until 15 seconds after you hit the gas. Try that sometime. Getting the feeling of the timing in a balloon is one of the extraordinary challenges, and one that captivated me that first day.

You have absolutely no control over your direction. As the wind goes, so go you. It's a unique feeling, combined with the fact that you're seeing a view of the landscape floating slowly beneath you that is different from any view you've ever seen. The whole thing is such a huge turn-on that I have not, with rare exceptions, found *anybody* who's done it who doesn't love it. You can float just above the treetops, everybody waves at you and yells up, wanting to know where you're going. Well, you don't know where you're going, and even that's an unusual sensation in itself.

On a motorcycle, you sense that not everybody is happy to see you and your

mode of transportation going by, but a balloon turns everybody on, with no exceptions. It's a happy thing. People on the ground enjoy seeing this beautiful, unusual thing floating by. What is it? The fact is, it makes no sense. It isn't something to go anywhere in. You get in it and go no place in particular. With a balloon, getting there isn't half the fun; it's *all* the fun. The trip is the whole trip. The vehicle itself is the thing, the end in itself, not the means of getting somewhere. And all those sensations happen to you the first time you're in one.

PLAYBOY: Less than a year and a half after your first balloon ride, you set six world records in your cross-country flight. Obviously, you plunged into it.

FORBES: Sure. Once I got into it, I wanted to do the things that hadn't been done. It wasn't just competitive zest. I thought that if you're going to do it at all, you might as well mobilize your resources and have more fun doing what nobody else has done. To keep flying day in and day out you have to have a lot of ground support. You don't know where you're going to land. You fly until you're out of fuel, then you have to have trucks that can get to you. I was dropping tanks to reduce weight—they weigh 20 pounds even empty—and somebody had to retrieve those with a helicopter. Amazing lot of logistics. People can do it on a less expensive scale, but it's harder and

takes longer. And what we were doing was taking off from where we landed. That hadn't been done before. You can say you're going to go from West to East, but you can't say you're going from Milwaukee to St. Louis. You can't pick your towns.

PLAYBOY: How did your family react to what you were doing?

FORBES: Enthusiastically. It was an exciting adventure and everybody was in on putting the logistics together. Two of my boys filmed it. A guy named Tracy Barnes had gone cross-country over the period of a year, but it really hadn't been done as a consecutive trip. It was pioneering. I decided it would be fun to try doing it and had the balloon built. The thing got a lot of press coverage because it excited people, and it was the kind of thing where day by day you could follow the progress, or the lack of it, and it did a whole lot to make people aware of the sport.

Wherever we were, large crowds would come out of the bushes and watch us land, or watch us launch. The most dramatic moment just happened to be when Jack Perkins from NBC News was there and they put it on TV. He was interviewing me at the midway point in some little town in Nebraska. My God, the kids came in their school buses, the whole town came out to watch us launch. We were behind some trees in a field and

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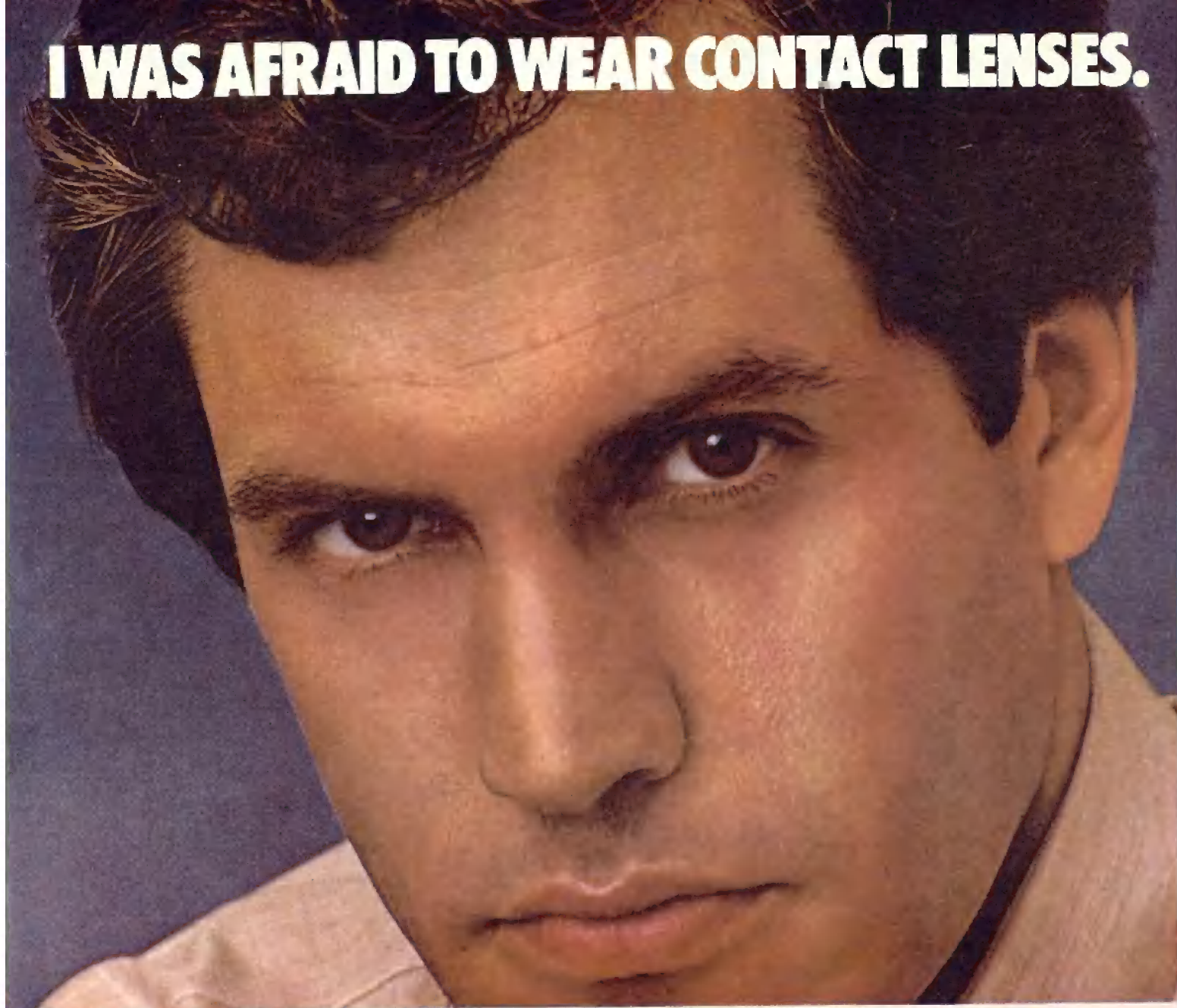
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heating to take off. I'd forgotten a very simple thing: When the wind is rushing over a barrier—such as trees—it creates a false lift, so the balloon would lift before it's hot enough to go, and you're supposed to know that. I passed the question on the exam, but not in the field. I was launching from behind some trees, so we had this lift, saying goodbye to everybody as we rose up so gracefully; then we got up in the cold wind and we weren't hot enough and it began coming down. And all this was recorded by NBC. We smashed into one car, bounced, smashed into another car and destroyed five automobiles before we finally lifted off. So Perkins ended up the commentary by saying, "And here are five people who are going to have to tell their insurance companies their cars were smashed by a hit-and-run balloon." God, it was funny and it happened to be captured on film. All this sort of stuff brought a lot of publicity to ballooning. It created a lot of awareness and increased interest in the sport and the drama of it. I got the Harmon Trophy and all these awards that were not in any sense deserved on the merits or the significance; it's just that balloons are such a turn-on.

PLAYBOY: Your next big adventure was your project to float across the Atlantic. You put \$1,200,000 into your equipment, didn't you?

FORBES: Yeah. The key to making it across the Atlantic, as far as I was concerned, was to get above the weather, which was what aborted all the earlier attempts. We built a cluster of 13 balloons, sealed and pressurized, and a space capsule not unlike what the astronauts had, and we were going to climb straight to 40,000 feet and get into the jet stream, which at certain times of the year is narrow, swift and intensely reliable. It blows. And it blows where you want it to go. The jet stream really moves. I mean, it would have been a trip to end all trips. And it was all going to be up there in the stratosphere. We could have made it from California to the East Coast in two days and across the Atlantic in another two or three days, and I'll tell you something I haven't said before. I didn't even tell my copilot, Tom Heinsheimer, because I thought he might have different thoughts on the subject, but once we got over France, if all the systems were functioning properly, I was ready to just keep on going, all the way around the world, if possible. What the hell's the point of coming down if you don't have to? I had this great fantasy of the meetings in the Kremlin when we got over Russia. There would be this capitalist-tool balloon floating over, and they'd have to decide whether or not to shoot us down. Then I ended up making the shortest voyage of all the attempted ocean crossings: about 20 feet. I should have known I was in trouble when I read my horoscope that

morning. It said, "Find cheaper and faster forms of transportation."

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you can laugh about it now, but the accident at your launch that aborted the flight almost killed you. What happened?

FORBES: It's the old thing about for want of a shoe nail. The whole launch scene was spectacular. It was the middle of the night at El Toro Marine Corps Air Station in California and the 13 balloons filled this immense hangar. The hangar was ringed with powerful searchlights, and the doors slid open and a crew of volunteers, including two of my sons, began rolling out the balloons in clusters of three. Each cluster was attached to a separate launching platform and had its own release mechanism holding the balloons down and preventing the balloons that had already been launched from jerking everything else up at once. Seven balloons were already in the air and the ring that held down the third cluster couldn't take the pressure and it broke, and that cluster suddenly jumped up with this incredible premature lift, and the jerk ripped our gondola off its

"Ballooning is such a novel experience, a kind of Peter Pan thing. It's so different from flying. You're right in the wind and the air and the clouds."

launching platform and started dragging it across the tarmac. Another few moments and the liquid-oxygen tanks would have ruptured and we'd have gone up in flames. We'd have made a trip, but it wouldn't have been in a balloon. Thank God, our launch director had the presence of mind to act immediately, and he jumped on the side of the gondola and pulled the emergency release switch, and we rolled a few feet and stopped and the balloons shot off into the sky. They came down sometime later in the desert. Without the weight of the capsule, when they hit 40,000 feet they just kept on climbing until they burst and fell. The whole thing was fantastic, and to have the denouement to be dragged 20 feet across some cement was a heartbreaker. Unparalleled. It happened ten minutes before launch time. Another ten minutes and we'd have been on our way to one of the most totally spectacular trips in history. I really did think we might go around the world. That was one of the biggest disappointments of my life.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever try it again?

FORBES: What's the point now? It's already been done. The guys from New Mexico made the trip and who wants to be second? Besides, I can't try it again. I had hoped to make a second attempt once I was out of owning and running my business, but now, my life-insurance policies all have a clause in them saying they are inoperable if I die ballooning across any large bodies of water, and the company carries many millions of dollars of insurance on my life so they can pay the inheritance taxes on my estate. The insurance people decided that the risks of ballooning across the Atlantic contradict the longevity tables they use for insuring such high amounts.

PLAYBOY: That brings us to the obvious question. With your magazine, and all your land, and your fishing camp, and your Moroccan palace, and your English mansion, and your French château, and your American estate, and your Fabergé collection, and your art, and your motorcycles, and your balloons, and your stock portfolio, and your money, and everything else, what does it all add up to? How much are you worth?

FORBES: Plenty! And happily, more so almost every day. I assume, of course, that you're asking about money, not intrinsic value as a person.

PLAYBOY: Yes.

FORBES: Good. Because that's a whole different thing and I suspect that the definitive reaction to the latter is: very little. [Laughs] But I really don't want to be on the record saying that I'm worth some far-out amount because I assure you that the people who collect death taxes will read this article and stick it into their dossiers. So if I claim that I'm worth some-odd hundreds of millions of dollars, then they'll come around later and want to know why my estate lawyers claim that I died practically penniless. [Laughs] It would leave me with what you might call a credibility gap. Up until the day Howard Hughes died, he was worth billions of dollars, and then everybody was astonished when Merrill Lynch and the executors came in and said his estate was worth less than \$200,000,000. You could say the executors and the estate-tax people were approaching their estimates from two different points of view.

PLAYBOY: Let's try that question another way. If there were no such thing as estate taxes, how much would you be worth?

FORBES: I can honestly say I don't know. How do you place a value on *Forbes* magazine? There are so many different ways you could measure just that one asset. Ten times earnings? One or two times gross sales? At best, those are crude yardsticks. As for my land: We sold 30 percent of the land we own in Colorado and that's \$50,000,000 worth as it turned out. But from that you can't say that the

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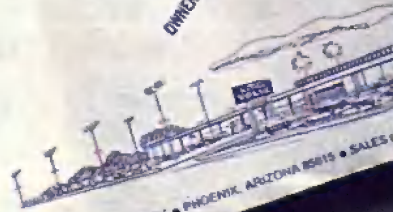


August 15, 1978

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rest of it, therefore, must be worth a quarter of a billion, or that all the other land I own must be worth that much an acre. There's no way to place a value on all these things. All I can say is: Thank the Lord, I'm solvent!

PLAYBOY: You sure are. But it sounds as if you *could* reasonably say that the rest of the land in Colorado must be worth about a quarter of a billion.

FORBES: But so often it depends on what you do with what you have as to what you're worth. At least as far as money is concerned. When we bought that land in Colorado, I planned to turn it into a game preserve that would have been the greatest game preserve in the U.S. So its value in money terms would have been negligible. The university people, the game-commission people in Colorado were very enthusiastic. I ordered a million dollars' worth of fencing, but then the state attorney general ruled that the game on the land belonged to everybody, and that the only way we could do it would be to drive all the game off the property first, then stock it with our own. After a long and terribly disappointing struggle, we finally gave up and went into the real-estate business, selling the land in subdivisions. So it was a result of not being able to do what I set out to do, and being forced to do something else, that the land became worth many millions of dollars in sales.

PLAYBOY: The attorney general forced you into all that profit, eh?

FORBES: [Laughs] I really should have cut him in for a commission, I guess. I should beatify him. At the time, I just wanted to beat him. But you see the complications in trying to evaluate my worth, and besides, it's hardly the most important measurement. It happens to be one that Americans are fascinated by: How much money does this guy have? We're a money-oriented nation. The idea used to be that if you've got bread, you must be good. But I think we've gotten over that silly notion. We know that a lot of bums get bread, and there are many nefarious means of getting it. Money doesn't make the man.

PLAYBOY: It helps.

FORBES: No question. Money is independence.

PLAYBOY: You remember what Fitzgerald said to Hemingway: "The rich are different than us." Do you agree?

FORBES: Of course. "They have more money," Hemingway replied. But the thing is that money *doesn't* make you different. It makes your circumstances different. Money enables you either to do more with your life or to insulate yourself more from life. Look at Howard Hughes, again. He had more money than damn near anybody and what'd he do? Locked himself up in hotel rooms and shot dope. His money didn't make him different by

protecting him from addiction to drugs; it just allowed him to get away with it and keep people from finding out. He's the classic example of what I believe: that it's not the money that's important in a person's life. It's an immense facilitator if you allow it to be, but it still comes down to your capacity to enjoy: to eat, to love, to read, to see, to feel. All those things are no greater for a rich man than for a poor man.

PLAYBOY: Easy for a rich man to say.

FORBES: Well, the variety might be greater for a rich man. The opulence might be greater. But my eyes can't enjoy the view of my land in Colorado any more than the eyes of the guy who just bought five acres of it. He's got exactly the same view and he's standing on his own turf. It's like the old saying: How much do you want to own? I don't want to own anything except the land next to me. The land adjacent to mine, that's all I want.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned what you think is Teddy Kennedy's guilt about his inherited wealth. Did you ever go through that guilt?

FORBES: No, no, no! I can never remember feeling guilty. I can remember feeling greedy. My father was a relatively wealthy man. We lived comfortably but not a Rockefeller-rich life. We lived near Bernarr MacLadden and I can remember complaining to my father that they had a swimming pool and we didn't. Pools were very rare in the Thirties. I said, "They must be rich, they've got a pool." My father said: "If they've spent the money, they don't have it. It doesn't prove they're rich; it proves they're spendthrifts."

Inherited money is harder to make something of. Lots tougher. You have to overcome its disadvantages. But I didn't inherit that much money myself. I inherited a piece of a well-founded business. It was only a fraction of the size it is today, but I did inherit the opportunity. And why should I feel guilty about that? Look at how much of my life I've put into getting the business thriving and running right. I could have made a success of myself without my father's start; it just would have taken more time. I wouldn't have had as much time to do the other things I wanted to do. But one thing about the capitalist system: If money is what you're after, and the only thing you're after, you can get it. It's not difficult. But you can't get it and still have time to do all the other things you may want to do.


PLAYBOY: What about the Rockefellers? Would you say they've used their money well?

FORBES: The ones I know reasonably well—Laurance, Nelson and David—are each very admirable, industrious, hard-working guys who have a genuine sense of public service. They haven't used their

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money with malice. They haven't pulled a Stewart Mott, the G.M. inheritor who figures he has to espouse—and buy—every left-wing cause that comes along. The Rockefellers have supported very liberal causes; they have a deep social, public awareness, without thinking the system is lousy or needs destruction or total stifling or redirecting. They have supported the system and worked within it, but they have used what was once incomprehensible wealth—it's less so now because as always these things get split up. But they have pioneered and supported early causes: population control; ecology; health, before governments got into the problem; so many areas that are so fruitful and so worth while. These guys, in my judgment and my experience with them, are more laudable than generally they're given credit for. David, for instance, is a guy spending a lot of time with heads of states and governments on behalf of the broadest possible aspects of our national policy. He doesn't always come away with a deposit for his bank, but the point is that his contribution is very real and it's so easy to sneer at it and not give these guys credit for an extraordinary public life. Laurence was probably one of the earliest environmentalists and ecologists, before they even used those words and brand names. And very productively active. In short, I think these guys are a very good lot.

PLAYBOY: You got off a snide remark about Stewart Mott, who espouses leftist causes. What makes people like him so contemptible to someone like you?

FORBES: Their motivations are so patent. They're guilty about their money and they think that instead of giving it away, they'll use it to change the system that gave them an inordinate amount of money. I just simply think that those guys ought to be preachers and back left-wing causes. I don't think they do a lot of harm, because usually, a lot of what they put their money up for doesn't reach anybody except those who are already converted. How do you explain those anarchists in Germany? The Weathermen here? You always have groups of radicals and it has nothing to do with economic strata; they act from conviction.

PLAYBOY: So what's wrong with convictions?

FORBES: In these cases, their motives usually make fanatics out of them. But there'll always be fanatics, and whether you call them left or right, I see little difference in them. The fact that some of the very rich spend their money fanning flames that would destroy what gave them the money, that's OK. They're offset by people who came up from nowhere economically and had a ball and made it big. I think *their* contribution ends up being greater. And usually, those fellows don't shed their awareness. In the old days of the robber barons, you found them endowing Carnegie libraries,

the first extensive public libraries in this country. They recognized the needs and necessities and they responded. If it hadn't been for wealthy men who expressed their gratitude—endowed scholarships, the arts—hell, you wouldn't have public universities in this country. I think it's a very important thing that there are liberal-arts universities in this country that are not totally dependent on the state for handouts. That came from people with money with their own views and conscience.

PLAYBOY: Kurt Vonnegut once said that the trouble with getting rich was that suddenly he had all this money he had to baby-sit. You're baby-sitting a hell of a lot more money than he—or almost anybody else—is. What's it like?

FORBES: That's a great phrase, baby-sitting the money. There are people who make lucrative careers out of baby-sitting money. That's what Morgan Guaranty Trust is doing. That's what estate lawyers are doing. They're baby-sitting money for people who had it and had to leave it behind. But personally, I prefer to do as little baby-sitting as possible. My interest is in *not* managing my money. My interest is in having

*"My interest is in not
managing my money. My
interest is in having
enough of it to go
on doing the things
I want to do."*

enough of it to go on doing the things I want to do. My son Malcolm, Jr., is a brilliant money man and he looks after much of the management, and I have an executive vice-president who, I always say, is in charge of keeping us solvent. Because I'll take care of the reaping and the spending. Somebody else better make sure we don't get too far ahead in either direction.

PLAYBOY: Are you more, shall we say, cautious about keeping your financial empire solvent than your love of motorcycles and ballooning might seem to indicate? Do you drive *Forbes* at 110? Fly it off into the sky?

FORBES: Enjoying life is the only solvency, and in business as in life, the biggest risk is too *much* caution. That's always the danger in business: when you stop charging. When you stop moving.

As soon as a business decides, this is how we used to do it and it worked so we'll keep on without changing, that's when it loses its momentum. Safety doesn't lie in that. Just ask the Pennsyl-

vania Railroad and the people who owned the Erie Canal bonds. Sure, I consider staying solvent important, but I believe it comes from keeping money moving. You know, planting money doesn't do you any good. It doesn't grow. So stashing it is not safety. Keeping it is not safety. Moving it, putting it to work, is safety.

PLAYBOY: As one of the small number of people with the greatest vested interest in the safety of the capitalist system, do you ever worry about—

FORBES: Come the revolution?

PLAYBOY: No, not the revolution but, rather, a serious collapse of the economic system, a sort of crash of '79, of the type Paul Erdman wrote about in his best-selling novel.

FORBES: There *was* a crash of '29.

PLAYBOY: So you've already lived through one. Do you ever worry about that kind of thing happening again?

FORBES: Of course, it's a concern. But I don't see it happening. If you keep a historical perspective, we've had fiscal panics, crashes, quick rich and quick poor in our history. We've had boom and bust periodically. The Depression following the stock-market panic of 1929 was one of the greatest economic wrenches in modern history. Change and turbulence is not confined to warfare and borders, and turbulence is just another word for the sharp ups and downs. So it's silly to assume that we've discovered perpetual prosperity. We've had setbacks of a year or more and we probably will again, but overall, the health of the system has been burgeoning. It's better now in this country than it ever has been.

The biggest threat of *this* year may turn out to be that things don't slow down *enough* for inflation to be bridled. The consumer is still racing to run up his credit-card charges—so there's more danger of short-term, unbridled growth than there is of a serious recession.

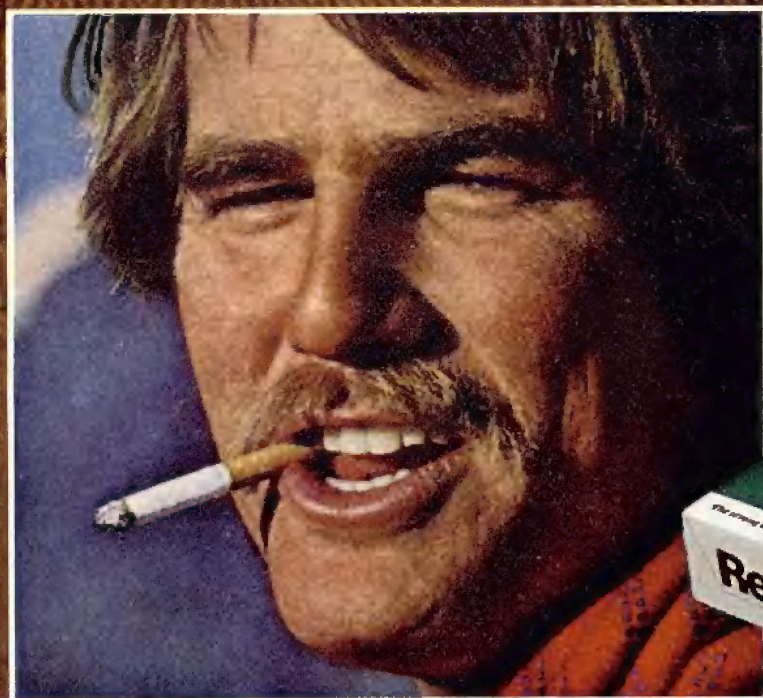
PLAYBOY: But what about the potential weak link: energy? The Depression of 1929 was about the management and distribution of resources. It was systemic, thus subject to correction. What happens in ten years when we start running out of the resources themselves, such as petroleum?

FORBES: Energy is finite, that's for sure. And it's going to be one of our most pressing problems in the next decade. But every decade has had tough problems, and some that started off abysmally turned out to be all right. We've been through decades of hard times before, and you're right, in due course, we'll run out of oil. Maybe not for 50 years, and by then we'll have harnessed other forms of energy. The world literally is energy.

PLAYBOY: But that's not much of an answer. Are you satisfied with how the

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governmental and corporate leadership in this country has responded to the energy situation?

FORBES: Oh, they've been clumsy and inept, but business has discovered that when energy is expensive, they can save a lot of money by using it more efficiently. And what motivated them? Trying to make a buck, and that same motivation is going to lead us to new and exciting solutions to our energy problems. The oil companies are already putting a lot of money into developing solar energy. If you can find the breakthrough in solar energy, it would be like inventing the electric light bulb.

PLAYBOY: All right, so where does that leave us? Ralph Nader once said that the reason we don't already have a significant solar-energy system is simple: Exxon doesn't own the sun.

FORBES: To digress for a moment on the subject of Ralph Nader, I think he's suffering from overkill on his own part. He's diluted his influence because he's tackled too much and shot from the hip. He has overstated his case on safety and ecology to the point where some of the things he's pushed for would substantially inflate costs without a commensurate increase in lives saved or incidence of disease lowered. In short, he helped—by banging the drum and leading us into a new and terribly important area—but by now, he's lost some of his heft because of exaggeration as to who the villains are and underestimation of the cost of total purity.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Nader's accusation on oil companies and solar energy—

FORBES: All people are human, including the heads of companies, so there's always an element of truth in any accusation.

PLAYBOY: But only an element?

FORBES: An element. It's well and good to say they don't own the sun. Funny line. But nowadays, they don't own most of the oil resources that used to give them their clout, either.

PLAYBOY: But they control the production and distribution enough to make it amount to pretty much the same thing.

FORBES: Sure. But they'll come along because they know one thing for sure: Their profit isn't going to go up if they don't find some way to provide the energy to keep the system moving. They won't make much bread if we're all living in huts again. And we shouldn't knock the potential of atomic energy. It's so cheap and so available. The resistance is largely psychological—it's the atomic bomb, it's atomic explosions.

PLAYBOY: It's more than that. It presents the problem of storing the wastes safely for about 20,000 years.

FORBES: That's a helluva problem, I agree.

Maybe we should put it in the fault out in California.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like what got Barry Goldwater into trouble in 1964, when he suggested we saw off New York and float it out to sea.

FORBES: [Laughing] It was just a joke. Honest. But as to the dangers of atomic waste, the thing is, they haven't solved the problem of storage, though it is solvable. In our lifetime—what I call the short view, the older I get—I don't think that our problems are any greater, and are probably fewer, than in the preceding centuries. We have tremendous, exciting, wild things going on today. The world is as full of exciting solutions as it is of problems, and that's not a Pollyanna view. Based on our accumulating knowledge and the rapidity of it, I personally feel that our short-run position is more hopeful than that of any generation ever before. And as somebody said, if you take the long view, in a hundred million years, nobody's going to be here anyhow.

PLAYBOY: Since you've got a lot more to lose than most people, it's reassuring to

"I'd say capitalism's worst excess is in the large number of crooks and tinhorns who get too much of the action."

hear that you're comfortable with our economic hopes.

FORBES: Not comfortable, just optimistic.

PLAYBOY: You always describe capitalism in very upbeat terms: in fact, you're almost a cheerleader. But what would you say is capitalism's worst excess right now?

FORBES: That's a good question. [Pause] It has so many. I would say its worst excess right now [long pause] oh, God [pause]. I guess it's the large number of business people who are still trying to rip off the consumer, the employee or the stockholder. There are still a lot of guys out to grab the quick buck, and some of them get to pretty high positions, at least for a while. So I'd say capitalism's worst excess is in the large number of crooks and tinhorns who get too much of the action. Incidentally, that's what brings on Federal overregulation and thus inflation: the sins of some committed under the mantle of free enterprise.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've got your empire running smoothly and you've got Malcolm, Jr., groomed to take over—

FORBES: I have no plans for early retirement.

PLAYBOY: That's where we were going.

FORBES: My son says he's eager to give me a gold watch on retirement day, but he'll have a long wait.

PLAYBOY: But what keeps you from walking away from a job well done and having more of your time free for the bikes and the balloons and maybe other new adventures, rather than working as hard as you do for Forbes, Inc.?

FORBES: Because I'm doing what I want to be doing. I couldn't get more pleasure out of the so-called pleasurable things than I do from running this business. I love writing my editorials. I love reviewing books. I love getting out around the country with my procapitalist film and enthusing people about a different understanding of our history. That's exciting to me. There are times at the end of the day when I'm a little limp, but hell, I do get to motorcycle a lot. I've got probably five major trips planned for this year. I had four great ones last year. I can balloon on most weekends. When you have to squeeze them into a tight schedule, you do them with a greater enjoyment and a fuller intensity than if you were just trying to fill up a bunch of your spare time.

In other words, everybody needs a change of pace. But that's not the same thing as quitting. The hardest work in the world, in my own observation, is no work. I think the toughest thing to deal with, and what kills more people than anything else in the corporate world, is retirement. If you can't handle the hypertension, OK, get out of the kitchen. But if you've got your health—and I'm knocking on wood, who knows what can trip that up?—then you get your kicks doing what you get your kicks doing, and I get my kicks running this business and seeing it grow and fanning the flame and doing all those other things, too. Retirement, for me, would represent a challenge, all right, and one I'd dread facing.

PLAYBOY: The press has called you "The Happiest Millionaire." Are you?

FORBES: My kids are grown up now and they live nearby, two of them are in the business, the grandchildren are around and I've taken care of a smooth succession—which can be a big problem in a family business. So I guess you could say that I'm having a pretty . . . good . . . time. Nobody can have it all, but I've certainly had my fair share, and my attitude is simple: While you're alive, live! Because who's sure of the next trip? I'm not. As I say, I'm an optimist, because I'm not sure there is a life after death, and if there is, I'm not sure what my reward will be. But I can tell you that I'd like to be buried with a long extension cord to my air conditioner.

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Presidents come and go, but the Supreme Court, through its decisions, goes on forever.

—PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXON, October 21, 1971, on announcing his last two appointments to the Supreme Court.

WHEN RICHARD NIXON walked out of the White House on August 9, 1974, crossed the south lawn and climbed into the helicopter that was waiting to fly him on the first leg of his journey into exile, he turned on the last step and gave his familiar double-V victory sign. That gesture of arrogance was a luxury he deserved, for he had won. Forced out of office one jump ahead of the sheriff, leaving in abject disgrace, he had nevertheless succeeded where he most wanted to. He had cloned the Supreme Court in his image.

His four appointees—Chief Justice Warren Earl Burger, Associate Justices Harry A. Blackmun, Lewis F. Powell, Jr., and William H. Rehnquist—are hard: Almost two thirds of their rulings during the past five terms of the Court favored the prosecution, slightly more than one third favored the accused. During the Earl Warren era, defense attorneys with civil-liberties cases fought to get a hearing before the Supreme Court. Today, they fight to keep away from it.

The Nixon-Burger four need recruit only one vote from among the three other conservative members of the Court to get a majority, and that has been accomplished with such regularity that the Court has destroyed most laws of privacy, turned the pornography hassle back to local political hacks, critically reduced freedom of the press and given government at every level virtual carte blanche to wire-tap, frisk, bully and defame anyone it wants to.

In short, Nixon, through his Supreme Court's decisions, is going to seem to reign forever.

Here's how some of the police-state verdicts of this Supreme Court could affect you:

- Let's suppose you have a hatful of marijuana in the closet when the police come knocking on your door. They want to search your apartment. You refuse and tell them they aren't about to get in without a search warrant. While they're gone, you intend to get rid of the stuff. They start to leave, but your roommate—who is angry because you won't

let him borrow the car—tells the cops that it's OK with him if they search the place. They do, find the marijuana and you are tried and convicted. Was it constitutional for the cops to rummage for the evidence without a warrant and without your approval? Yes, says this Court: the consent of one occupant is enough.

- One day, the cops, without a warrant, break down your door. They think you're running a bookie joint. They can't find any gambling records, but in going through your desk, they do find a letter you've written to your brother telling him that you underpaid your income taxes by \$5000. The cops turn the letter over to the IRS, which files a civil suit and uses the letter as evidence in court to collect the back taxes. Clearly, the cops violated the Fourth Amendment, which protects us from "unreasonable searches and seizures," so was it constitutional to use the letter as evidence? Yes, says this Supreme Court: the Federal Government may in a civil proceeding use evidence that was unlawfully seized by the state and that could not be used in a criminal proceeding.

- Rushing to make an appointment, you jaywalk. A cop arrests you for that. But he doesn't let you go on your way. Instead, without a search warrant, he empties all your pockets and finds three shreds of marijuana. What started out as a simple traffic offense winds up with you in court on a drug charge, and you are convicted. Did the cop violate your constitutional protection against unreasonable searches? No, indeed, says the Burger Court: as long as the arrest was lawful, the search could be considered so, too.

- You go into the hospital to have your appendix removed. A local judge who considers you immoral because you've delflowered the daughters of several prominent citizens issues a court order to have you castrated. You don't know about the court order and the castration is accomplished during the appendectomy. You sue the judge, but the case is thrown out. Farfetched? Maybe, but this Supreme Court *has* ruled that all judges are immune from lawsuits aimed at their judgments, no matter how grotesque those judgments may be.

The Burger Court has ruled that IRS agents may randomly rummage through a bank's files with only a John Doe summons—no particular name—to see if they can stumble upon a depositor whose bank account looks suspicious. The Court's majority

opinion By Robert Sherrill

Injustices of the Burger Court

the supreme court of the land is there to take care of us. and, god help us, it's doing just that 111

viewpoint is that citizens can have "no legitimate 'expectation of privacy'" surrounding their savings accounts, their checking accounts or their loans. As far as this Court is concerned, it's open season on every citizen's most intimate financial dealings.

This Court believes that government agents have the right to rake up and store away all the information, rumors, gossip and falsehoods they can get on you—and then use this to harm you without justification. For example, the police in a Kentucky city distributed a flier containing the photographs and names of several people who had been arrested for shoplifting and who were characterized as "active shoplifters." One person pictured was a newspaper photographer against whom the shoplifting charge was subsequently dropped. The photographer sued, claiming the criminal characterization would hurt his future employment opportunities (in fact, his employers did start giving him worse assignments and he quit). But the Supreme Court ruled that the policemen had done nothing worth being sued for, that nobody has a constitutional right to the protection of his reputation and nobody has any right to privacy except in matters "relating to marriage, procreation, contraception, family relationships, and child rearing and education."

Nixon's choice of Warren Burger for Chief Justice made his plan for the Court perfectly clear from the outset. Actually, Nixon wanted to appoint Herbert Brownell, a Wall Street lawyer, who, as Attorney General back in the Fifties, had hounded left-wingers out of the State Department and in other ways augmented the McCarthy-Nixon witch-hunts of that dark era. But too many people still hated Brownell, and his appointment would have run into rough sailing in the Senate confirmation hearings, so Nixon chose Burger instead. Burger had served as Brownell's assistant in the Justice Department and had shown such zeal in the pursuit of wrongdoers that he won the admiration of J. Edgar Hoover, who nicknamed him "The Admiral." Burger, Brownell and Hoover all agreed on one thing: There was too much permissiveness in America. They believed that Americans needed a strong hand to keep them in line.

Still pursuing this philosophy, Burger—in 1967 at Ripon College—made a speech that was to hoist him into the center chair on the Supreme Court. It was a simple speech. Burger implied that Americans have too much freedom for their own good, and therefore their freedom should be curbed. ("It is a truism of political philosophy rooted in history," he said on that momentous occasion, "that nations and societies often perish

from an excess of their own basic principle.") Very few people paid the slightest attention to his speech, but it was excerpted and reprinted in *U.S. News & World Report*. Nixon saw it there and liked it very much, for he, too, thought Americans had more freedom than was good for them. Nixon used pieces of the Burger article frequently in his own speeches during the 1968 Presidential campaign.

Burger's belief that the Government should be allowed to violate the Fourth and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution would probably have been enough to get him the job, but he had one other attribute that especially appealed to Nixon: Burger hates the press. To him, the First Amendment is wallpaper, and reporters and editors are mere paper hangers.

This is a personal thing with Burger; it is certainly no secret that he despises most reporters who cover the Court—"young pip-squeaks," he calls them, though most are approaching or past 40. At least half a dozen of these regular Court reporters have law degrees, which probably accounts for the kind of intense coverage that Burger has denounced as too critical. He has told friends he yearns for a return to the 1930-1950 era, when Supreme Court reporters took their handouts and vanished. Because Lyle Denniston of *The Washington Star*, one of the best of the Court reporters, occasionally implies that the Supreme Court takes short cuts and is intellectually lazy, Burger has bad-mouthed Denniston at cocktail parties and has called editors of the *Star* in an effort to get Denniston into trouble. The Chief Justice was also enraged when NBC reporter Carl Stern revealed that Burger may have conferred with Nixon about the Watergate litigation that then seemed headed for the Supreme Court, which, if true, would have been an unforgivable breach of judicial ethics. A few reporters are convinced that their seats in the Court press box have been moved to the back row in punishment for critical stories they have written about Burger.

The Chief Justice has been acting like that for a long time. He hadn't been on the Court a year before he got into a shouting match with a CBS-TV crew that he did not want covering his American Bar Association speech. He fired off a letter to Frank Stanton, CBS president: "Who do they think they are?" Burger demanded. "They have no option on my face or voice. Their conduct was disrespectful and outrageous." He warned that the medium had better mind its manners. A few years later, he once again barred TV crews from filming his speech at an A.B.A. meeting in Chicago, saying he didn't want his remarks taken out of context by film editors.

Not only does Burger hate for the press to get close to him, he also hates to see it get close enough to interview other notables. At a White House bash during Nixon's term, he first tried to run interference for Leonid Brezhnev and later for John Connally when he thought they needed "protection" from women reporters who clustered around them. Burger caromed into the crowd of reporters, declaring his intention to "rescue" the Soviet leader. Brezhnev looked at him like he was out of his mind, turned his back on Burger and went right on talking to the reporters. Connally was more diplomatic about it, but the results were the same.

The most injudicious display of Burger's antipress temper is told by writer Steven Brill. At the American Bar Association convention last year, Brill was standing with CBS law reporter Fred Graham when Burger came up, beaming and chuckling and praising a newspaper columnist who had written that journalists had no First Amendment right to withhold subpoenaed papers. He was talking about the case of *New York Times* reporter Myron Farber, who spent 38 days in jail for refusing to turn his notes over to a New Jersey court in a murder trial. Obviously pleased with the episode, Burger said, "You know, they took Farber off to jail a little while ago." Then he turned to Brill and asked, "Well, do you think you have special privileges like this guy Farber does?"

If freedom of the press gets short shrift from Burger, so does freedom of speech. Three years ago, the District of Columbia city council declared a Judge Harry T. Alexander Day. Alexander is a superior-court judge in the District. He is also a black. As part of the day's festivities, Alexander was driven to several points to make speeches—the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, the White House and the Supreme Court Building. He and his caravan had no trouble until they reached the Supreme Court Building, where Alexander climbed the steps and made a speech in which he criticized the "system of dual justice" for blacks. When Burger found out what had happened, he phoned the chief judge of the superior court and said if Alexander ever tried to give another speech on the Court's property, he, Burger, would have Alexander arrested and thrown into jail.

Those who know Burger best seem to agree that he has a split personality: half pomposity, half insecurity—not an unusual combination in Washington. He washes his hair in beer and uses pomade to keep it brilliantly white. For a national television appearance, he is said to have had his eyeglasses dispatched to the same New York expert who gets the glare out of Walter Cronkite's specs. He considers himself a great connoisseur—a



"I think it's just their way of saying hello."

Chevalier du Tastevin, no less—of wines, especially red Burgundies, and reportedly has hundreds of bottles of the stuff in his cellar. About clothes he is foppish. When an attorney showed up in Court wearing a pearl-gray, not a dark, vest with his morning suit, Burger, it has been reported, was "dismayed" at this breach of haberdashery etiquette.

Indeed, the Chief Justice seems to have a resplendent vision of himself. Of living judges, only Burger is pictured on a medallion that is offered for sale in the Supreme Court Building (price: eight dollars). He sees himself as the sole legitimate spokesman for the Court on the world's stage, and one can understand this vanity, for he is a first-rate actor of the old girth-and-profile school of acting. He looks upon his colleagues as vastly inferior in this regard. He told his pals at *U.S. News & World Report*, to whom he gives a Q-and-A. interview each year (subject to his editing), that "I would never sit on the bench if there were a television camera in the room," one reason being that he considers commercial TV a "sleazy operation" and another reason being that some of his colleagues would "ham it up." In fact, he complained, some of them ham it up right now if the courtroom has a big enough audience. (In the same off-the-cuff interview, he also allegedly told the *U.S. News* staff that when his colleagues from the Court came to visit, he gave them cheap jug wine, not his good stuff, because they have vulgar taste buds.)

Windy, shallow, corny, unimaginative—Burger makes a lousy leader on the bench, but those qualities would have made him a natural politician. Indeed, he got his leg-up in life as a political functionary and his political instincts are still so strong that he is insensitive to the proper decorum for a judge. He was well-known in Republican circles as a manipulator before he gained any fame at all as a jurist; he served as campaign manager for Harold Stassen in 1938, when Stassen won the governorship of Minnesota, and in 1952, he served as one of the key negotiators in seating the pro-Eisenhower Texas delegation to the Republican National Convention. It was mainly for that work that Eisenhower appointed him assistant to Attorney General Brownell and then named him to the United States Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia. There, and now on the Supreme Court, he has never—to the embarrassment of more sensitive members of the bar—stopped being a political hack, continuously lobbying Congress for more pay and less work for Federal judges. A Burger aide lobbied against a consumer-protection bill on the ground that it would overload the courts. Members of Congress who go against Burger's wishes need not be surprised to

get a phone call someday with Burger on the other end howling insults at them. It happened to Senator Dennis DeConcini, who says that Burger's telephone technique for pushing legislation was to be "very, very irate and rude . . . yelled at me that I was irresponsible . . . just screamed at me . . . not only lobbied, but pressured and attempted to be intimidating."

It may have been during Nixon's Watergate crisis, however, that Burger performed his greatest service to his party and to his mentor. The full extent of Burger's role as clandestine advisor to Nixon will not be known until the White House tapes of those years are released for public study. The Burger Court has done its part to delay the release. Early in 1978, it ruled that the public might be barred access to the White House tapes used in the various Watergate trials if access was being sought "for improper purposes," such as promoting public scandal or gratifying private spite. If the tapes show that Burger and Nixon conferred about the latter's upcoming troubles in court—as some contend the tapes do, in fact, show—that would promote a great deal of public scandal of the very sort that the Burger Court would understandably prefer to avoid.

Tapes already released to the public disclose that Burger probably did give Nixon advice on at least one occasion. In the transcriptions of the April 15, 1973, tapes, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, after boasting that "incidentally, the Chief Justice and I are very close friends," tells Nixon that Burger thought he should appoint a special prosecutor to handle the investigation.

Nixon did set up a special prosecutor's office, and though it gave him many hard moments, it also stalemated all efforts to indict Nixon either before or after his leaving the White House and spared him the discomfort of spending even one day in court. Considering the possible alternatives, Burger's advice turned out to be a lifesaver for Nixon.

On the Court, Burger on occasion has been blatantly political in his dealings with the other Justices. He reportedly tries to pull the smoke-filled-room horse-trader stuff—"I'll give you a vote on abortion if you'll give me a vote on obscenity." He has had a notable lack of success. His leadership is so weak that the Court has no focus. Of his brothers on the bench, Burger has only one true petrified soul mate: Justice William H. Rehnquist.

Rehnquist is one of those cheerful, academically bright nuisances with which the right wing abounds. He practiced law in Phoenix before going to Washington as Kleindienst's protégé, later to become Attorney General John Mitchell's right-most right hand. When District of Co-

lumbia police rounded up thousands of people during the May Day 1971 demonstrations and crammed them into compounds, holding them there for hours without providing lawyers or charges against them and refusing to supply them with enough water or toilets or food, Rehnquist was the spokesman for the Justice Department in defense of that action. Sometimes, he said, it just isn't possible to supply constitutional comforts.

Once on the Court, Rehnquist achieved his first notoriety among lawyers by his flippant treatment of judicial ethics. Federal law requires judges to step aside when their "impartiality might reasonably be questioned" because of a "personal bias or prejudice," or when they have a financial interest in the outcome of a judicial controversy, or when they have had a past legal connection with the case. Rehnquist sometimes ignores that law. In three cases that he had been involved in while he was employed by the Justice Department, he cast the deciding vote as a Justice of the Supreme Court—and that vote was always in favor of the Government.

Various members of the press have tried to inflate Rehnquist's image, but, in fact, he was before arriving on the Court, and he remains, a nonentity. At the time Nixon appointed Rehnquist to the Court, the President knew nothing about him and appointed him solely on the advice of Burger and Mitchell. Just three months before the appointment, the White House tapes show Nixon still referring to him in conversation in the most disparaging way:

NIXON: You remember . . . that group of clowns we had around there. Renchburg [sic] and that group. What's his name?

JOHN EHRLICHMAN: Renchquist [sic].

NIXON: Yeah, Rehnquist.

Renchburg, or what's-his-name, could still be considered that kind of clown, glimmering on the far right like a piece of wet spunk, except that in his present position he is so damn scary. Being scary, he is the perfect companion for Burger on all of the really nasty votes. Two nasty votes do not a majority make, of course, but theirs is the driving knavery when civil liberties and privacy and free press are cut to ribbons. It was once said of Gladstone that he was a good man in the worst sense of the word. The same can be said of either Burger or Rehnquist. They are preachy, intolerant of mavericks, vengeful with sinners; they are patriotic zealots. Reading an opinion written by them is like being levitated three centuries into the past. Salem, Massachusetts, comes alive again.

The two other Nixon appointees are not vicious but only cast-iron conservatives. (continued on page 120)

*you've probably boogied till dawn listening
to them sing. now take a look at the ladies who make
other people go bump in the night*

DISCO QUEENS



WE'VE ALL KNOWN all along that disco was sexy. The light show, the blaring music, the bass beat that could clear intestinal blockage—all of those combine to create a very exciting atmosphere. Add to it a seething mass of otherwise sensible adults pantomiming various, and sometimes downright unhygienic, sexual practices on the dance floor and you see what we mean. But a new, though thoroughly predictable, wrinkle has come on the scene. A crop of lady disco

singers, who have till now found their greatest fame in Europe, is invading the United States not only with songs but with suggestive stage presence. The ladies—among them (clockwise from top left) Madleen Kane, Grace Jones, Amanda Lear and Flower—have expanded the sexiness of the disco into another direction, and while we're not sure what brand of sexuality they're pushing, a lot of people are being pushed along. What follows, then, is a toe-tapping session of show and tell.



"People fall in love in discos, listening to songs," says Madleen Kane, who gave up a very promising career as a model to help people do just that. Although already popular in Europe, Swedish-born Madleen has just started to be heard in the United States. Her first album, *Rough Diamond*, includes on the title cut these lyrics: "I'm only a rough diamond, I need your love to shape me." That's pretty farfetched, from our perspective; the cutter who worked on Madleen did a superb job. Forget it, though, boys, she's in tight with her manager, Jean Claude Friederich, who explains her appeal this way: "In Europe, she is a celebrity, not a sex symbol. Like they were needing somebody not automatically looking weird or like a drug addict. Madleen's more clean and nice and not making the crazy-looking."



San Diego-born Flower started out as a model whose credits included a couple of TV commercials. Her big break came when she modeled for the cover of Charlie's *No Second Chance* album. Her picture on it was so appealing that one of our sources in the record industry quipped that the cover did better than the record inside. She went on the road to promote Charlie's album and soon her face was on the bulletin boards of radio stations all over the country. Someone had the bright idea of doing an album with her singing. As it turned out, yes, she could carry a tune very well and her first album, *Flower*, has sold about 100,000 copies and is doing very well in Italy and Japan. Her next album is due out this month and asking her if sex sells records would be the same as asking her if the Pope was Polish.





New York's reigning disco queen, Grace Jones, oozes damp sexuality. Her stage presence is the visual equivalent of plugging yourself into a wall socket. She once described herself as "the Evel Knievel of disco." Embodying a slightly evil side of glamor, she plays to the sinister side of high fashion's demimonde. Grace was born in Jamaica, where her father was a preacher. The family moved to Syracuse when she was about eight years old and Grace, who was more precocious than her classmates, had problems adjusting. She wore Afros before they were *de rigueur* and was not shy about flashing her breasts. Her high school report card described her as socially sick. Clearly, she was destined for stardom. After banging around in modeling, she acquired a recording contract, and her second album, *Fame*, was released last year. Here's one lady who walks it like she talks it and has yet to lose that beat.



Formerly one of the highest-paid cover girls in Europe, Amanda Lear broke into the music scene when she was living with David Bowie. "He said, why just hang around famous people when you could be a real star?" she explains. "When I finally got into a studio, he wanted me to smoke ten cigarettes before recording."

Amanda's trademark, you see, is her husky voice. Her public debut occurred on a *Midnight Special* show with Bowie, on which she was billed as the Transylvanian transsexual transvestite. Although Amanda denies having switched gender, there are those who aren't so sure that her transsexual image is just publicity hype, but the rumors to that effect certainly don't hurt Amanda's stage persona. While we've learned not to be surprised about anything these days, her pictures seem to support her denial, or at least serve as a testament to a very skillful surgeon.



Burger Court (continued from page 114)

"The Nixon appointees have voted as a bloc in more than three fourths of the criminal cases."

Harry A. Blackmun is, in fact, just a tiny bit pathetic. When he was judge of the Eighth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, he reportedly would go out to the grave of his predecessor sometimes and stand there and commune with him, searching for guidance in extremely tough cases. There is nothing wrong with asking advice from a Minnesota corpse—one is likely to get better advice from it than from most of the free-breathing residents of Washington, in fact.

The trouble is, Blackmun has almost always needed someone, dead or alive, to lean on. When he went to the Supreme Court, he was jocularly known as the "Minnesota Twin," a condescending allusion to the fact that he and Burger had been lifetime friends, that he was on the Court strictly through Burger's indulgence and that he was expected to be Burger's patsy. He arrived as a plodder; he wrote opinions so laboriously and so larded with leaden footnotes, one might have supposed he was translating into English from some esoteric language. On at least one occasion, Burger, wanting to delay a decision until the next term of the Court and knowing how slowly his Minnesota Twin wrote, assigned it to Blackmun. But Blackmun fooled him and whipped it right out in record time. Blackmun does occasionally, though not often, fool the Chief Justice, emerging briefly from beneath Burger's robe to proclaim to all the world that in his innermost daydreams he really is his own man. He does not always vote with the Chief Justice, and, in fact, he votes with increasing independence, but he was a veritable toady in his early years on the Court—the crucial years when Burger was establishing the Nixonburger Iron Mantle on the law. In his very first term, he differed from Burger on only ten percent of his votes.

The other Nixon appointee, Lewis F. Powell, Jr., is a classic study in obsolescence. He is a Virginia gentleman, incrustated with faith in a way of life that never was. To Powell's credit, he did warn Nixon that he was too old and set in his ways to be a good Justice, but Nixon was determined to have him. Fortunately for the people on death row, Powell is not mean-spirited. If Chief Justice Burger and Justices Rehnquist, Blackmun and Byron White had had their way, the Court would have upheld the death sentences of more than 600 persons in 35 states. They needed only one more vote to do it, but Powell re-

fused to go along with the retroactive dooming of the 600, though he did support the death penalty itself.

Powell went to the Court from a tweedy Richmond corporate-law firm with plenty of utility-company clients. He is very bullish on America, with well over \$1,000,000 in corporate stocks in the back of his mind as he goes about his judicial business. To what extent those holdings influence his votes is impossible to say. At least he has the decency to excuse himself from taking part in any case involving oil companies. It's doubtful, however, that that action is enough to remove him from all perils of conflict of interest.

The Nixon appointees have voted as a bloc in more than three fourths of the criminal cases they have handled. Their unity isn't a sign of respect or loyalty to the Chief Justice. It simply shows the way they are ideologically put together: They truly believe that the Government should be allowed to push the individual around. They truly believe that good men and women—men and women who pay their bills, who pay their income taxes, who are heterosexual, who do not engage in oral sex, who copulate for reproduction rather than for fun—do not need a great deal of privacy. They honestly believe that because both *The New York Times* and Container Corporation of America are worth many millions of dollars and are on the stock market, there is no difference in their functions.

And yet, despite the harmony of their conservatism, they feel no fellowship. Burger has created a melancholy, confused Court that, judging from the various rumors one hears, is hardly on speaking terms with itself. Legal scholars who follow the Court are dumfounded by its fuzzy thinking and fuzzier writing. Justice Powell's opinion for the majority in the *Bakke* case contains this impenetrable—and typical—sentence: "If it is the individual who is entitled to judicial protection against classifications based upon his racial or ethnic background because such distinctions impinge upon personal rights, rather than the individual only because of his membership in a particular group, then constitutional standards may be applied consistently."

Don't try to figure out what he said; it makes no sense. Neither did the *Bakke* decision itself. Here was potentially the most important race case to reach the Supreme Court this decade—Allan Paul

Bakke, a qualified white applicant, had been refused entry into a California medical school because 16 of the 100 first-year slots were reserved for disadvantaged students and that didn't leave room for him. Was Bakke being discriminated against unlawfully? Is it constitutionally acceptable for graduate schools to have a quota on admissions to make up for past discrimination? Here was an opportunity, given any leadership on Burger's part, for the Court to speak with a definitive voice. Instead, it fell apart: four Justices voting for quotas, four voting against and one voting that quotas were sort of OK. The ruling, a masterpiece of confusion, gave lawyers and civil rights leaders no guidance for future action.

On the issue of sexual morality, the thinking of the Burger Court is even more fragmented and hysterical. What is one to make of a Court that says city government may prohibit the showing of indoor nude films that disturb no one, but that it may not prohibit the showing of outdoor nude films on drive-in screens that cause traffic jams?

In another case, Burger offers this hypothetical situation in an effort to make the Court's decision clear: "A man and woman locked in a sexual embrace at high noon in Times Square" while "simultaneously engaged in a valid political dialog" will receive First Amendment protection for their dialog but not for their sexual activities, because "the state police power can prohibit" fornication "on a public street."

Fair enough. But what if we move our couple, still locked in sexual embrace, to a bedroom and pull down the blinds and let them continue their political dialog. Now, being hidden, are they protected by both free-speech and privacy provisions of the Constitution? Not from the Burger Court, they aren't protected. His example was misleading, for the Burger Court affirmed the conviction of two Virginia homosexuals who were doing their thing in private, not in the courthouse square, and who, for all Virginia's police knew, may have been simultaneously discussing the decline of Republicanism in Dixie.

When it comes to decisions regarding the press, the Nixonburger Court's generally chilly attitude—and Burger's personal loathing of the media—has become increasingly apparent.

This includes its decision not to decide the case involving *New York Times* reporter Myron Farber. The Court really betrayed the press on that one, as can be seen by reviewing an implied promise it made only seven years ago. In *Branzburg vs. Hayes* (1972), the Supreme Court had ruled, five to four, that reporters could not refuse to testify before a grand jury; it ruled that the First Amendment did

(continued on page 230)



"Now that we're in heaven, anything goes, right?"



CHICAGO

SEX IN
AMERICA:

*when it comes to sex and sin, there's a little bit of everything in chicago—
but even a little bit can be too much for the city's spiritual and political leaders*

article BY WALTER L. LOWE

IT IS FRIDAY in midsummer Chicago.

In The Brassary Restaurant at Ontario and Michigan, the jukebox plays Donna Summer; lunch is being served but nobody really cares. There's a waiting line at the door. The tables are filled with men who have corporate titles and women who do not. The former group is buying drinks and charcoal-grilled hamburgers (hold the onion) for the latter. The tabs may go on expense accounts, but the arrangements being made have nothing to do with office business.

In the Loop, at the corner of Lake and Dearborn, the Cinestage theater is showing *Chorus Call* and *The Seduction of Amy* to a packed audience: men on their lunch hours, who will sit through maybe 90 minutes of whatever happens to be on the screen and go back to work, their minds filled with images of thrusting cocks and turgid nipples. Not having eaten lunch, they will subsist on the images until dinner. It's called the pornography diet.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch: In the studio on the 11th floor of the Playboy Building, a beautiful blonde, who happens to be naked, reclines on a fur-covered bed for a PLAYBOY photographer. Like most Playmates, this particular girl next door is an import—she actually lives 2000 miles away in Los Angeles. The photographer frames the girl in his viewfinder and wonders for the millionth time if the rumor is true that Hef is planning to move the magazine to the West Coast.

Later in the evening, a horny conventioner from San Diego leaves his room in the Continental Plaza on North Michigan Avenue and, five minutes later, sits down at a table in a B-lounge on Chestnut Street to watch a succession of

"talented" girls dance nude on a dimly lit stage. No stickler for atmosphere, he will enjoy the talents of one of the young ladies in the back room, and will pay for her services with a major credit card.

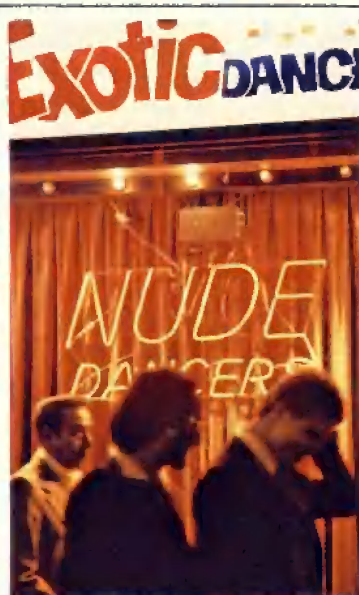
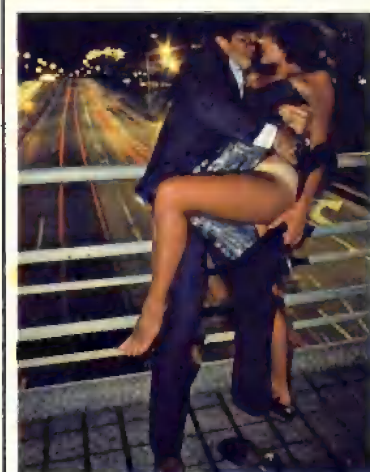
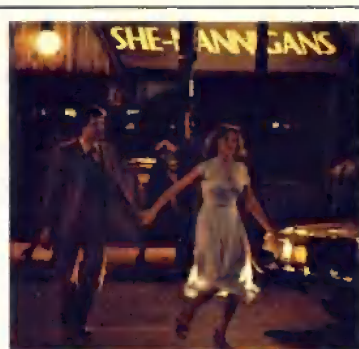
Meanwhile, just a few blocks north on Rush, a busty brunette, who works a counter at a fashionable Michigan Avenue clothing store by day and entertains generous gentlemen at night, is standing on the imported Moroccan tile at the entrance of the exclusive Faces disco, waiting for tonight's companion to return from parking his rented car.

Tomorrow morning, he'll fly back to Omaha and she'll sleep late in his room at the Ritz-Carlton, then take a leisurely stroll back to her apartment in McClurg Court, less than a mile away.

Just about the time Faces begins to get hot—around two A.M., Saturday—40 nude swingers are wandering around their rented suite at the Holiday Inn near O'Hare International Airport, looking for their clothes. They started early, were out of their Charles Jourdan heels and Florsheim loafers by 9:30 and into each other by ten. Some couples leave for homes scattered throughout the northern and western suburbs, while others, in for a swinging weekend from cities as distant as Honolulu, return to their own rooms in the hotel.

Dawn breaks on Saturday. As the sun rises red, then golden, then white-hot against Chicago's massive skyline, an armada of nearly 4000 privately owned pleasure boats begins to glide and hum out across the water. On a

trim Hatteras yacht heading out of Burnham Harbor, three lithe young women on deck remove their shorts and halters. Two wear underpants and one doesn't. The one who doesn't



Sexy places in Chicago: the lakefront at sunset (top left), a Division Street singles bar (top right), a bridge over Lake Shore Drive (bottom left). If all else fails, there are always the Rush Street B-clubs (bottom right).

turns her bottom west to moon three fat beer-drinking fishermen sitting along the shore.

At 29th Street, behind and just south of the McCormick Place trade and exposition center, a slender, dark-haired woman, wearing a white sweater and a pleated blue skirt, lies on the rocks while her clean-cut boyfriend, standing on a lower ledge, slips his fingers into her under her skirt. They talk as he does so, looking from a distance like two lovers merely having a warm conversation. Then they trade places, he sitting, she standing on the ledge below. They look around casually, only half-caring who sees them, and she goes down on him while he stares reflectively at the John Hancock Building jutting into the white northern sky. Good morning, Chicago.

Chicago is a city of neighborhoods. The late Mayor Richard J. Daley was a neighborhood man, meaning that he never outgrew the attitudes of Bridgeport, his community, nor wanted to. Bridgeport is a nearly all-white middle-class neighborhood in the solidly Democratic 11th Ward on the South Side. It is clean, mowed, neat. One can hardly imagine spontaneous acts of sex occurring in Bridgeport: Sex is so untidy. Indeed, one would expect Bridgeport to adopt a righteous posture in the face of all evil, but the ethics of Bridgeport are colored by the fact that an extraordinarily large percentage of its population has for nearly 50 years been employed by the City of Chicago through Democratic Party patronage. Thus, on most issues of political morality, Bridgeport's attitude is, "We didn't see nuttin'." However, when it comes to sex, Bridgeport, with its large Irish Catholic population, is *sincerely* against there being too much. And too much as far as Bridgeport is concerned isn't much at all. So Daley grew up and rose to power in a neighborhood where the sins of politics were looked upon as small, while the sins of sex were considered mortal.

Now, more than two years after Daley's death, the antisexual influence of his

Wind can be sexy in the Windy City, as the gent behind the lady with the flying skirts (above) can attest. But coming out of the cold is sexier, at least for swingers like Don Jameson and company (middle, top left), and Mike LaCroix (middle right), seen here with a close friend at a Halloween leather party in a Chicago suburb. Chicago's center for high-fashion sex is the Faces disco on Rush Street (middle, below left). At right, part owner Jay Emerich takes time away from the front door to welcome a few chic boogiers. For a better idea of where it's all happening in Chicago, refer to the map on the facing page.



21-year administration on matters prurient remains, largely because most of the "wunnerful" people who elected him and his successor, Bridgeport boy Michael Bilandic, like it that way.

Bridgeport is not unique in its sexual attitudes. Wherever you find white lower-middle-class ethnic neighborhoods, you find the sexual morality, more or less, of Bridgeport—and the attitudes in black neighborhoods (37 percent of Chicago is black) are in some ways even more conservative. For this reason, sex for sale—prostitution, strip joints, porno movies—is confined to small pockets of movable and immovable space, and the neighborhoods and precincts where liberal sexual attitudes abound are obvious and few.

The number-one area, the Alice's Restaurant of sex in Chicago, is the Near North Side. It's bounded on the south and north by Chicago Avenue and North Avenue, respectively, and on the east by Lake Michigan. On the west . . . well, it goes as far as property values hold up. The Near North Side has everything, including the Playboy Building and the Chicago Playboy Mansion. An abundance of condominiums, town houses, fine old brownstone buildings and modern middle-income housing developments such as Carl Sandburg Village have, for the past 20 years, attracted a high percentage of Chicago's young single working adults. The result is that almost any public place on the Near North Side holds possibilities for striking up a meaningful relationship.

In the middle of the Near North Side is the roughly eight-square-block Rush Street area bounded by Chestnut on the south, Division on the north and State Street on the west. Here one can pick up a prostitute (male or female), go to a bottomless joint (and get laid in the back room), see porn movies, buy sex aids, cruise the most popular singles bars and discos, and even see a first-run movie. Unlike New York or Los Angeles, where theaters, movies, discos, posh restaurants and sexual diversions are to be found in a variety of neighborhoods, the only area in Chicago where all those options are available is the Near North Side.

There are other free-fire-zone neighborhoods, but they offer different kinds of sexuality than the pay-as-you-go of Rush. Among them are Hyde Park, the home of interracial sex (and intellectual sex); Uptown and New Town, where gay is not only beautiful but also powerful; the Gold Coast, where live the bankers, stockbrokers and lawyers who make Chicago swing; Rogers Park, second only to the Near North Side as the heartland of the single liberated heterosexual; and the suburbs around O'Hare Airport, where B-clubs and callgirls are conveniently

available to conventioners and nearby hotels host private orgies nearly every weekend.

But for the most part, the vast physical space of Chicago is occupied by working families lumped together by race and class in residential neighborhoods. One third of Chicago's 3,400,000 population is married; one third is under the age of 18 and a surprising percentage of the rest live at home. Sex is somewhat of a problem in the neighborhoods. Everybody knows everybody else and, consequently, everybody else's business, which makes it hard on he who would *schlup* the neighbor's daughter.

To understand the sexual psychology of Chicago, it's necessary to understand the moral pressures of the neighborhood. In Los Angeles, for instance, half the city's population is from somewhere else. There are no parents or old school chums to hear about you being taken to a hospital, covered with Love Butter and complaining of an unremovable cock ring; no old schoolteachers to bump into on the street when you're smashed on 'Ludes and rubbing your lover's ass inside his or her pants. In Los Angeles, Big Brother is on vacation like everybody else. In Chicago, however, he's just around the corner, just a few el stops away. Because of this, most native Chicagoans cannot allow themselves to be totally wild. What they lack in liberation, though, they make up for in feeling, because they *feel* wilder than hell, just as one would feel more daring doing it in a closet at City Hall than at any orgy. Some prefer it like that.

Bill and Cathy are married, but not to each other. They are Polish, in their early 20s and are lifelong residents of an eight-square-block section of southwest Chicago. Both say they felt pressured by their families to settle down as soon as they graduated from high school. Cathy, a redhead with green eyes, walks with a tottering, swaying motion. Her husband works days and Cathy works nights, so they don't see much of each other. Bill, a muscular greaser (greasers still exist on Chicago's Southwest Side, untouched by the ravages of time, Andy Warhol or Timothy Leary), is married to a Polish Catholic girl who is practicing early to be an old, prudish, fat grandmother. She is already fat and prudish and is merely waiting for the years to transform her completely. Bill and Cathy work together at the same printing company, he as a pressman, she as a typist. He is horny, so is she. They meet on lunch breaks and drive to Bill's apartment (his wife also works nights) and frantically get it on. Punch in, punch out. A typical timecard affair. Cathy only lets him go down on her and fuck her in the ass because she

still feels faithful to her husband. In Chicago, there is morality, even in sin.

Cathy and Bill both get off on the fear of being caught. They enjoy the urgency of having only 50 minutes to complete the act. Sometimes, when one or the other of them is held over by a supervisor and they have less time, they just go out into the dark parking lot and fuck in Cathy's car. Cathy says, "I'm just a dirty little girl [honest!]" and the thought that my husband or Bill's wife might catch us makes me, well, you know." She blushes. Her favorite scare was the time Bill forgot to wash his hands and her husband saw the outlines of two blue hands on her buttocks. "I told him the girls at work played a joke and painted ink hands on the toilet seats in the women's john. He believed me."

But before the conundrums of marriage come romance and courtship. Wherever one finds morality in abundance, there one will also find romance in abundance, and Chicago is a romantic city at heart.

Chicago is a two-season city: summer and winter. In winter, it's mainly a matter of weekend parties, hanging out at neighborhood bars and, for winter-jock enthusiasts, an occasional star-crossed encounter at Morrie Mages Sports Store. Probably the most romantic thing about Chicago in the winter is the harsh cold itself. If you find a lover in the winter in Chicago, you'll most likely keep her or him until spring, because they ain't goin' *nowhere* while the gentle lake breeze (and the subsequent 40-below wind-chill factor) is roaming the streets. If you don't find a lover by winter, you probably won't make it to spring.

In the summer, Chicago transforms itself. There are colorful art fairs that attract thousands of people and provide wonderful opportunities to mingle with strangers in a more intimate way than usual. There are poetry readings, traveling amusement parks and street-corner banjo pickers. There are free concerts wherever there's a bank or a shopping mall. There's a lot of free entertainment in the summer, many opportunities to pause a moment, make eye contact, take a chance.

And of all Chicago's free entertainment, probably the most popular is its oldest "landmark," Lake Michigan. There's nothing more romantic than a picnic beneath a shady tree near a lake, nothing more sexy than a stroll along a rock-lined shore. Everything one can possibly imagine happening near a body of water at one time or another happens on the lake front. Connections are made there, gang-bangs happen there, late-night disco couples high on poppers and

(continued on page 176)

AESTHETIC TRUCKIN'



humor **By DAN GERBER**

LIKE MOST PEOPLE with four-wheel-drive vehicles, I bought mine not because I frequent trackless Central American jungles or live a Spartan life above the timber line and need huge gouts of traction for my monthly trek to the trading post for supplies. Oh, I've had use for it during severe blizzards this winter, defiantly busting through snowdrifts that would've totally consumed a Volkswagen Rabbit, and it *has* been fun impressing the farmer next door, miring down to the axles in his newly planted cornfield, then winching myself out with the 9000-pound Hickey Side-winder winch that obtrudes impressively in front of my grille on its own armored bumper platform—scraping the bark off his lone shade tree in the process.

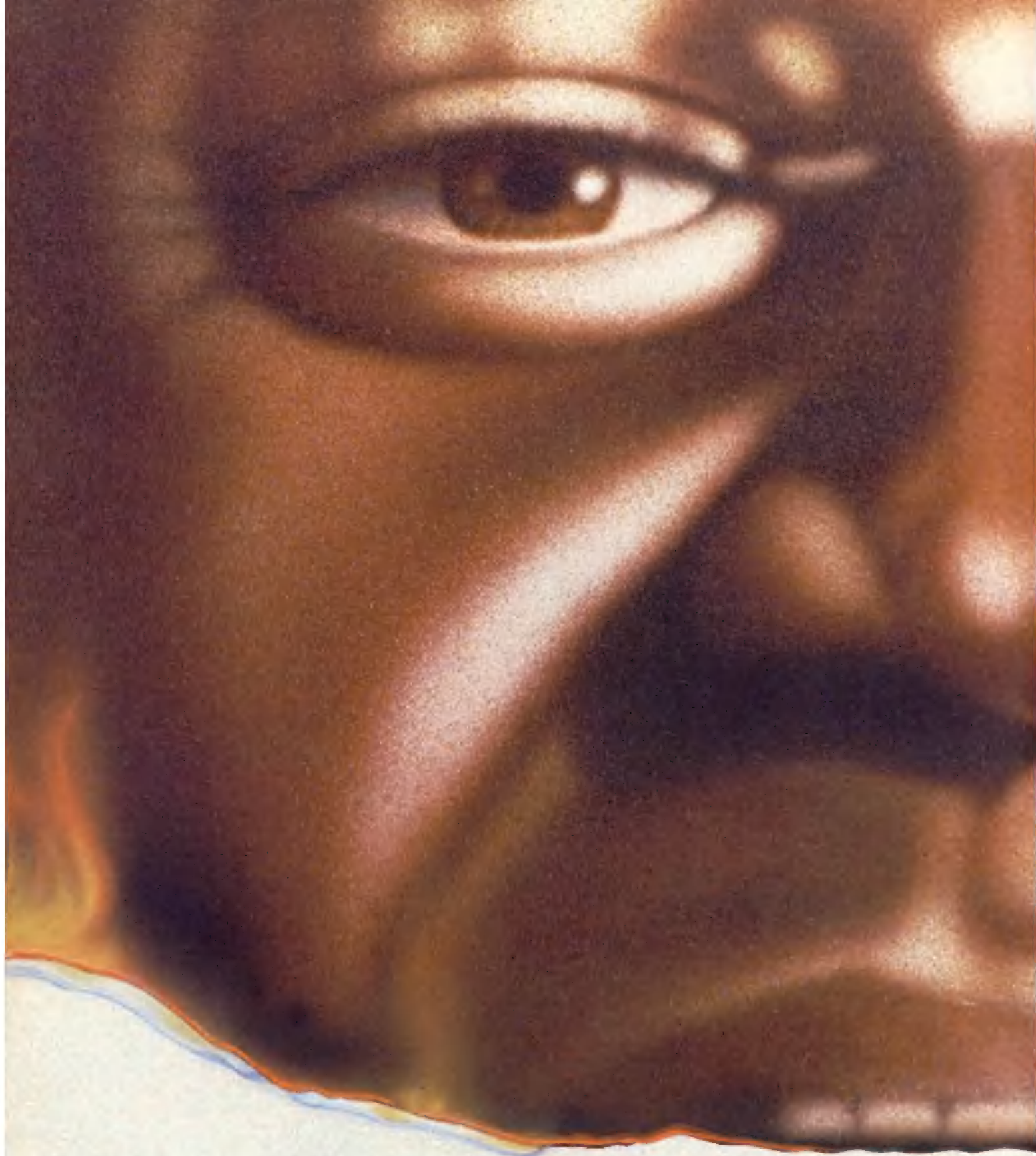
*it ain't the go;
it's the show,
good buddy*



But the truth is, I bought a four-wheel-drive truck because I like the image. I like the way it sits up high off the road, as if it could easily straddle small cars in line at the drive-in, as if I could've just driven in from Nome and could, if I choose, top off my tanks and head out tomorrow for Panama City.

I pull my ten-gallon Resistol Twister, Canyon model, down snug around my ears and look rugged and ready. I'm all set for the arduous trek down three miles of paved country road to the hardware store to buy a new ax handle for the ax I don't need to split firewood for the fireplace that causes drafts in a house perfectly well heated by my automatic oil furnacc. My front differential and transfer-case skid plates protect my drive train from the rocks
(concluded on page 256)

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI



WHEN YOU PLAY WITH FIRE...

article **By JOEL DREYFUSS** *comedian george kirby gambled on vegas'
making him a superstar, but he sat in on too hot a game*



IN 1977, after 30 years in show business, George Kirby had one of the most easily recognizable faces in America. The only problem was that too few people attached a name to the face. He was, "uh, you know, the black comic who does impressions of James Cagney and Mae West. You know, the fat guy who sings

and dances. Oh, what's his name?" But 1977 should have changed all that. The goddess of the big time who elevated Redd Foxx from the category of "black comic" to a prime-time institution finally flirted with Kirby. A television pilot was in the works and he'd been offered his first major film role, in

Neil Simon's *The Cheap Detective*. Kirby would have been a dawning superstar in 1977, moving at last into the ranks of Pryor, Foxx and Cosby. But something happened.

•
George Kirby stood on the top step of the short flight that separates the 129

casino from the main showroom of the Landmark Hotel in Las Vegas. Inside, the 15-piece band was plowing through the first song in the show, the sounds of brass and reeds muffled by the closed doors. Kirby had the wireless microphone tucked into his armpit. He shuffled a stack of keno entries and watched anxiously as the numbers winked up on the illuminated board above the casino floor. A middle-aged couple approached him timidly for an autograph. He flashed the generous row of white teeth that is his trademark and talked to them. Naturally, he was telling a joke. They laughed and walked away reluctantly. The high point of their trip to Las Vegas would be the story of their encounter with the famous black comedian.

Somewhere out on the floor, one of the double-knit tourists hit the jackpot and the crowd drifted toward the clang of success. Kirby's smile faded and for a moment the lines appeared around his mouth and across his forehead. Then, almost immediately, the mask returned and he was the confident, easygoing entertainer again. He reminded one of a cork bobbing in a storm, this big, brown-skinned man. George Kirby was treading water, hanging on by sheer will power as both the past and the future closed in on him. His show was going bankrupt. He had a Federal conviction hanging over his head for selling a pound of heroin to an undercover cop. He was about to go to trial on five state charges of trafficking narcotics. His image, his career, maybe his life had all been shattered into a million pieces.

The band went into the last eight bars of the first tune. Kirby hitched up his smile, took his microphone and slipped into the auditorium to introduce the next act. There was a murmur of laughter as he slid into a funny story—then applause for the next performer.

And Kirby back outside again, checking the keno cards against the numbers on the board. "I'll hit it yet," he said. "I'll save this show." He whooped and rushed down to the cashier's cage. The payoff on his dollar entry was \$2.50. Like a lot of things in George Kirby's life lately, it was too little too late.

The face hasn't changed much from the days when he was a fixture on our television sets. His career as an impressionist goes back to the medium's infancy: kinescope, Garry Moore, Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan. The smooth dark skin, the close-cropped hair and the dazzling teeth take a decade off his 54 years. He's a solidly built man, but the ample stomach makes him more accessible, a

sort of giant Teddy bear. People are attracted to him. At the Landmark, they came to talk, to ask for autographs, to wish him luck. He had maintained his innocence throughout his ordeal and had appealed his conviction to the U.S. Court of Appeals. Because there was another trial ahead, he couldn't say much about his legal troubles.

"People who know me know that this is not my style," he said. "Most people I come into contact with say, 'We're sorry and we're praying for you.' What hurts, though, is the narrow minds, people who didn't care for George Kirby in the first place." If some of his acquaintances have retreated, it may be because they began to suspect they didn't really know him after all. For years, he had the reputation of being a friendly and generous man who overcame his own heroin addiction to become one of the country's finest comic impressionists.

Because of that, the old friends remain loyal and refuse to believe what they've read or heard. "My first reaction was that someone took advantage of George, that he was a victim of circumstance," said Samuel Nolan, a childhood friend who has become first deputy police superintendent of Chicago. Others who've known him over the years would agree. They can't picture Kirby involved in drugs again. But they will say he is naïve, generous to a fault and quite likely to get into a situation in which he would find it difficult to say no. "His concern," says Nolan, "has always been for the person who didn't make it up the ladder."

The picture of Kirby painted by law-enforcement officials is a very different one. In interviews and in court records, they call him a major narcotics dealer who boasted about his connections with organized crime in Chicago and New York. Any attempt to understand the strange rise and fall of George Kirby requires an effort to reconcile two opposing images of the man.

Police officials say Kirby's name turned up in 1976 during their investigations of narcotics traffic in Las Vegas. For nearly a year, an undercover police officer with the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police tried to find the right introduction to Kirby. When his name appeared in the files of Federal agencies, the two groups joined forces and an informant provided the contact.

On March 1, 1977, Kirby met a man named Dave in the Omni Bar of the Hughes Executive Terminal at the Las Vegas airport. Kirby had been told that Dave was interested in buying. As the two men talked, another Las Vegas undercover man and a Federal agent watched from an adjoining booth. Kirby allegedly told Dave he had connections with "families

in Chicago" and that he could get him as much cocaine as he needed. Dave wanted to know the price of an ounce. Kirby went to a telephone. An ounce would cost \$1400, he said. Dave was interested. Kirby promised to meet him at the bar on the following evening. The next night, Dave and his friends were back, but Kirby failed to show up.

Six days later, Dave called Kirby. The impressionist apologized. He had been delayed and by the time he got to the Omni, Dave had left. But if Dave was still interested, he could make the necessary arrangements. At 9:50 on the night of March seventh, a silver-gray pickup truck pulled up at Kirby's house. A man and a woman went inside, stayed for 25 minutes and left. At 10:45, Kirby got into his yellow Pinto and drove to the Omni for his second meeting with Dave. He was followed by the men who'd been clocking arrivals and departures at the Kirby residence.

After some small talk, George and Dave left the bar and went into the terminal parking lot. It was too dark for Dave to weigh and test the merchandise, so Kirby invited him to his house. In a living room cluttered with memorials from past performances and certificates for Kirby's good works on behalf of charitable organizations, Dave took out a small vial of cobalt thiocyanate and tested the powder in a plastic bag that Kirby handed him. It was cocaine. Kirby said the price had gone up to \$1500, but he agreed to let Dave give him the rest on the following night. "During that time," Dave would testify in court, "he asked me if I was interested in making some good money, that he had some connection for heroin. And he told me he could get large quantities if I was interested." In a curious juxtaposition of two worlds, Kirby signed some photographs of himself for Dave's friends. The names he was given were the names of the other undercover policemen involved in the case.

George Kirby was born on June 8, 1924, in Chicago's Cook County Hospital. There was a strong show-business tradition in his family. His father played several stringed instruments and his mother was a singer. But the most successful members of the family were his aunt and uncle, who worked in vaudeville as Black Patty and Tom Cross. Despite the family roots, Kirby wasn't interested in entertainment. "In those days, the only guys I'd see with \$100 bills weren't entertainers but the guys on the corner with the big hats and the baggy suits—the gamblers. I used to say, that's where the money's at."

But the talent was obviously there. During the Depression, he and his friends

(continued on page 260)



"Thank you, Mozart."



"I'm your basic fearless kid and all-round speed demon. I've been driving since I was ten. When my father went deer hunting, I'd tear around back roads in the family VW, doing wheelies. I started riding minibikes when I was 11. One summer during high school, I toured half the country on a motorcycle. I like to travel."



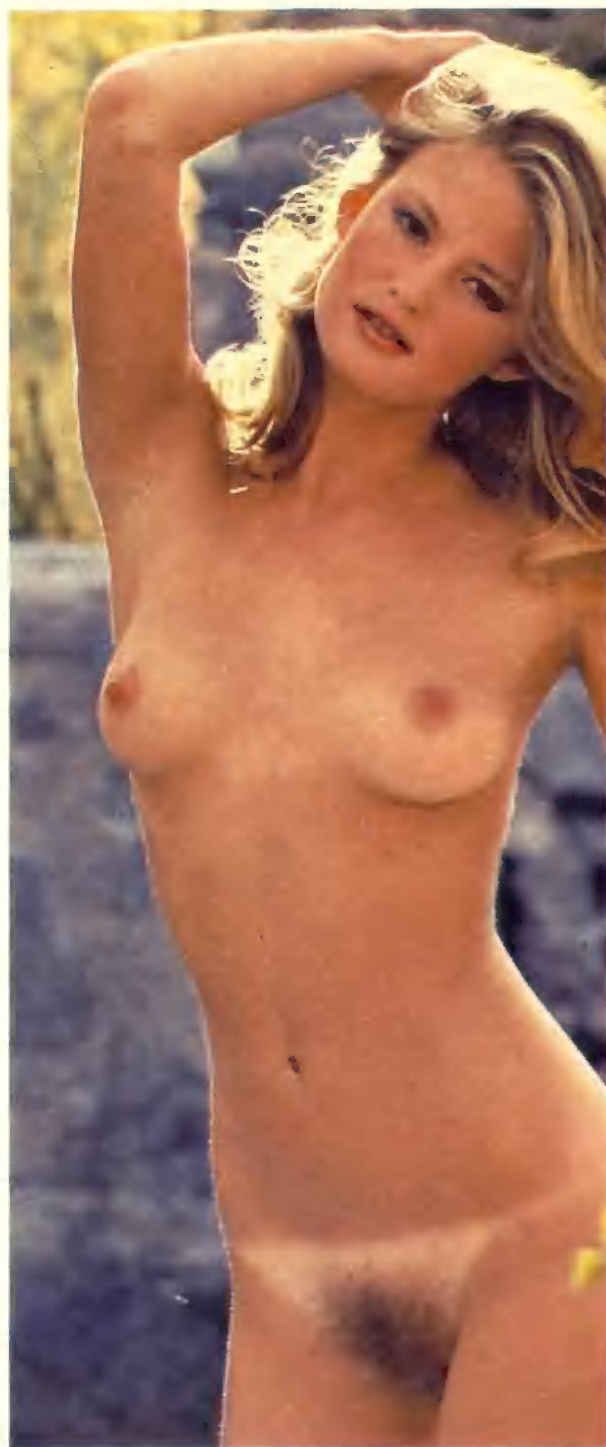
be it on roller skates or motorcycle, missy cleveland likes to keep rolling



FAST-MOVING MISSY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

*"I'm a romantic. I love candle-
light and white wine, dancing
till dawn. But even more, I like
the outdoors. How shall we say
it? I like to eat grapes and
go barefoot. At the very least."*



MISSY CLEVELAND likes to keep up with the times. She starts each day with coffee and the morning newspaper; every evening she watches the national news on television. About a year ago, she happened to catch Playmate Promotions Director Miki Garcia on the local news in San Diego announcing the Great Playmate Hunt, the search for the ladies who would grace the gatefolds of our 25th Anniversary year. Missy's mother happened to catch the same newscast. She encouraged her daughter to "go for it." Thanks, Mom. Missy showed up at the hotel in San Diego just as a TV news

"Back in Mississippi, I used to go skinny-dipping way back in the boonies at this reservoir called Lost Rabbit—'cause you could never find it. One day, my girlfriend and I saw a big fat water moccasin. That ended that."

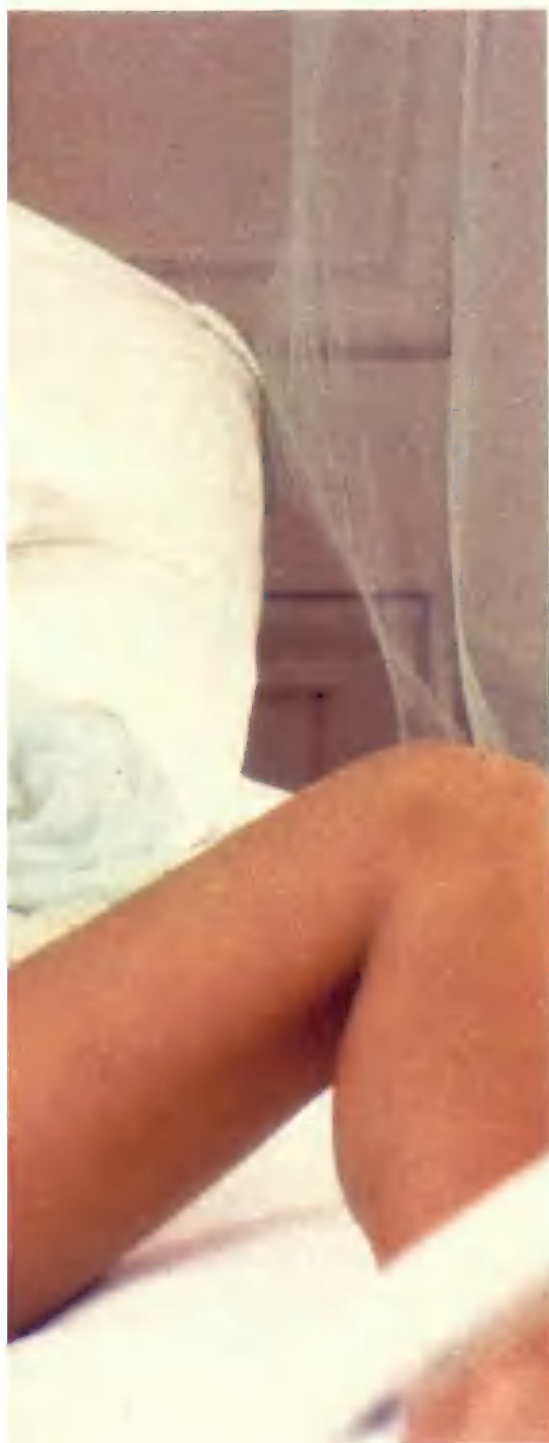




crew arrived to film the proceedings. She was struck speechless, but then, so were we. Our first impressions were of a wholesome, somewhat shy young girl, who, having just spent a day at Black's Beach, San Diego's famous stretch of liberated ocean front, seemed to be sunburned in the most unusual places. Her shyness was just audition jitters. Over the next few weeks, we discovered Missy to be a bundle of congenial energy, with a Southern accent that definitely was not Southern Californian. She had just



"I've always had big dreams. Huge ones. I had my heart set on modeling, till I found out I was three inches too short. Now, I'd like to be an actress."



"I'm young, single and I have money in the bank. I'm going to spend the next few years satisfying my wanderlust. The other kind, too."



completed a cross-country trek from Jackson, Mississippi, with a side stop in Denver. ("I lasted a week in Denver. Then it snowed. My dog wouldn't go out in the snow, so I packed up and kept going till I reached California.") At least she made the trip in a car. As we learned more about our Miss April, we discovered that she was a diminutive daredevil. When she was a high school senior, she took off with a boyfriend for a two-wheeled tour of the South. "We took turns driving the motorcycle. Sometimes he needed a rest, so I would take over, riding along in my bikini, trying to get a tan. He didn't mind." Neither, we imagine, did the other drivers in Florida. "When it was my turn to ride in back, I'd read, or keep notes in my journal of the things I liked. There was one night when we were down in the Keys, on a dark highway with water on both sides—it was magic." Missy brings some of that wide-eyed innocence to California. She roller-skates every day on the boardwalk by the beach in San Diego. She has visited Las Vegas and won at blackjack ("It's easy to double your money, just smile at the dealer"). She has driven a Rolls-Royce and visited Hef's Playboy Mansion West. "I was so excited. The Jacuzzi, the game room. You couldn't chain me down." We wouldn't try.





"Before motorcycles, there were horses. I used to visit a ranch when I was six or seven. I was so small my whole body fit on the horse's neck."



Here, some bikers join in on the photo session; we kept expecting them to ride off with the model.





MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

miss Cleveland

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Missy Cleveland
 BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32
 HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 95 SIGN: Capricorn
 BIRTH DATE: 12/25/59 BIRTHPLACE: Jackson, Mississippi
 GOALS: Travel to all corners of the world and
live life to the fullest.
 TURN-ONS: Beautiful sunsets, harvest moons, the south,
down-to-earth people and fresh flowers.
 TURN-OFFS: Smog, L.A. traffic, red meat
and violence.
 FAVORITE MOVIES: Heaven Can Wait, The Buddy Holly
Story, The Way We Were.
 FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Mork and Mindy, The Evening News
 FAVORITE SPORTS: swimming, riding horses, Frisbee
 FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Heart, Fleetwood Mac & Styx
 IDEAL EVENING: Champagne and candlelight aren't
necessary, but they help.
 TRAVEL PLANS: Egypt: to see the pyramids and
the parts left out of the King Tut exhibit.



On the way
to Sunday school
Age 3



SECOND GRADE
portrait
Age 7



Little Miss
Mississippi contest
Age 10

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the formal private briefing of the attractive new teacher by the vice-principal was finished, the latter took a few puffs on his pipe and said, "I have an informal piece of advice for you as well, Miss Bell. There's only one way you can get along in this school without submitting to the sexual advances of the principal."

"Well—er—what way is that?" responded the girl, turning red.

"I'll explain it," continued the vice-principal, "as soon as you've undressed."



Goaded beyond endurance by the ineptness of a squad of recruits, the Marine drill instructor burst into a tirade . . . but then suddenly broke it off and fixed his baleful gaze on one of his charges whose lips he had seen moving. "What was that you said, Travis?" the D.I. demanded fiercely.

"What I said to myself, Sergeant, sir," the recruit replied in a quavering voice, "was, 'If that mother thinks I'm going to stand here and take his shit, he's certainly an uncanny judge of character!'"

Sign in massage-parlor window: LET OUR STAFF SATISFY YOURS!

I'm sure increasing my vocabulary at college," the freshman coed told her best friend during a visit back home. "Just last week, I thought I heard my date say he'd like to have a school job . . . but it turned out to be spelled s-k-u-l-l!"

Conforming to the pattern of corporate diversification, a major car manufacturer has taken to turning out heart pacemakers. "I like mine fine," reports one user, "except that every time I screw my wife, the automatic garage doors open."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *buggery* as a pop-up in foul territory.

You and your husband don't seem to have much in common," nosied the new tenant's neighbor. "Why did you marry?"

"I guess it was the old business of opposites' attracting," was the reply. "He wasn't pregnant and I was."

We've been told about a fascinating new restaurant catering to singles that will, upon request, furnish a receipt for the bill stamped on a condom. The owner's rationale for this curious practice is that it permits a fellow to wine and dine his date . . . and then to stick her with the tab.

I guess," mused a callgirl named Carol
One night as she doffed her apparel,

"That kinks are no fewer,

My next trick's a brewer—

When he has me, it's over a barrel!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *conceited priest* as an altar ego.

There were honeymoon tears. "When you asked if I would marry you even though you got up two or three times a night," sobbed the girl, "I didn't think you meant you had kidney trouble."

You're getting too big for your britches!" the father yelled at his sassy son one night during an argument.

"Well, from what I've overheard Mom say," the youth snapped back, "that sure hasn't been one of your problems!"



The Masochist's Supplement to our Unabashed Dictionary defines *riding-whip ejaculation* as the cream of the crop.

Do you have any practical suggestions about how to stimulate hair growth?" the man in the chair asked the barber.

"What I've personally found useful," the barber said, "is the application of . . . well . . . the feminine secretion."

"But you're balder than I am!"

"True—but have you also noticed I've got one hell of a mustache?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





GOOD AS GOLD

it isn't easy sneaking off to mexico. not with three mistresses, a wife and an fbi agent who's hot on your trail. from the funniest novel since "catch-22," a second visit with the disaster-prone bruce gold

fiction By

**JOSEPH
HELLER**

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

IN ONE LOVE AND OUT THE OTHER

BRUCE GOLD was in a rage when he stormed into the office of the principal with newspaper clippings attesting to his probable emergence as a person of vast political influence. He pulled no punches because the reigning official was both a woman and a black.

"Your words," he began with a sputter and picked up velocity as he went along. "You'll have to change them. Don't you read the newspapers? I can't have a daughter of mine in trouble in school at this time. Either take her out of trouble or redefine your words so she's not in trouble, and that's it. *Fartig!* I'll ruin you. I'll cut off financial aid. I'll let the whole world know you're running a segregated, selective private school while pretending to be integrated and impartial."

The poor woman was shaken by his vehemence. "But, Dr. Gold, that isn't true. We're known as segregated and selective, although we secretly are integrated."

"Then I'll let the parents know you're integrated and drive all the whites away. You're after headlines, aren't you? That's the reason you're doing this, isn't it?"

"She's refusing to do homework. We can't very well lower our standards, can we?"

"That's progressive education," countered Gold. "And you can so lower your standards without harming or helping a single student. Read my piece called *Education and Truth, or, Truth in Education.*"

"Dr. Gold," the woman tried futilely to explain, "if we keep her in and fail her, she'll be held back and you'll waste a full year's tuition. If she leaves, there'll be nothing derogatory on her record and you'll receive a refund."

"How large a refund?"

"A fraction of the total."

"Keep her in."

"Dr. Gold, I'm sure you wouldn't want us to overlook our rules just to make an exception of your child."

"Why not?"

The woman could hardly have looked more surprised. "You would?"

"Yes. She is exceptional, isn't she?"

"In a recalcitrant, unproductive way."

"Good," said Gold. "Make an exception of her for that and treat it as experimental education. I'll do the homework for her if you

attach that much importance to it."

They came to terms on that. In the anteroom outside the open door, there awaited him with parted lips a pretty woman with ash-blond fluffed-up hair who hurried after him breathlessly and caught at his arm when he had gained the corridor.

"Dr. Gold, please," she said after bringing him to a stop. "I think it's so unfair. Your daughter is not an exception. And I think it's unjust for you and the administration to label her an exception."

"Who the fuck are you?" asked Gold.

"Linda Book," said the woman. "I'm one of Dina's teachers."

"You the one who's complaining?"

"Oh, no, Dr. Gold. I'm her favorite. We're very close friends and it hurts me to see her stigmatized as an exception. She's really so exceptional."

Gold looked into her sensitive gray eyes with the knowing interest of someone watching a new fish swim into his ken. He gave the softest gasp of appreciation when he realized that hers was probably the most beautiful face of a woman of his own approximate generation that he had ever seen. Her blouse and skirt were a bit on the shiny-bright side, which was all to his taste, and she had good-sized breasts in a soft brassiere. A second later, he knew he was on the very verge of falling in love with her, and he glanced at his watch to see if he had time.

"Ride downtown to my studio with me," he requested. "I want to talk longer with you."

"I have a class in five minutes."

"Cut it."

She appeared a bit flustered by his air of command. "At least," she said, "let me freshen up."

He waited downstairs in a cab for her and they fell immediately into an orgy of lubricious kissing that soared in ardor and noise until they arrived at his building. He was almost certain afterward that for a period of about a minute during the ride, she had one foot on his shoulder. They were as formal and correct as rigid, weaving drunks in the lobby and elevator. As soon as his key turned in the lock, she came at him again with the same famished voracity, and they resumed as passionately and calisthenically as before, with a lustful grinding of bellies and pelvic bones and a bruising banging of thighs and knees. He held her ass. She pulled his hair. He remembered to shut the door.

"I can't ball you today," she told him the moment they were inside, "but I give good head."

Actually, her head was only soso, but Gold did not criticize and Gold did not care. Before the sun set that same day, he learned that Linda Book was the easiest person to give his heart to that he'd ever met. Gold had this penchant

for falling in love. Whenever he was at leisure, he fell in love. Sometimes he fell in love for as long as four months; most often, though, for six or eight weeks. Once or twice he had fallen in love for a minute. Confident that this new attachment had no better chance of surviving than the others, he yielded himself to it completely. In the throes of romantic discovery, he told her all about Andrea and much about Belle. In the freshness and exhilarating sweep of adventurous new feeling, he asked her to come with him secretly to Acapulco on his trip with Andrea, scheduled during her Christmas vacation, and she quickly agreed.

"I may have to bring two children."

"That's out of the question."

"I'll leave them with my husband."

"We may be followed," he thought it prudent to advise her, thinking of Greenspan.

"My husband wouldn't go that far," said Linda Book, "although he's desperate for a reconciliation. He hates being separated from me."

"Smart fellow," said Gold. "He'd be a fool to give you up."

Linda blossomed like a rose. "You know how to make a woman happy. But I must warn you now. I'll never want to marry you."

Gold could not find the right words for a moment. "The mold!" he cried at last. "They broke it! They broke the mold when they created you!"

In the cold light of morning, he lingered over breakfast with his head in both hands, wondering what the fuck he had done.

Sid gave Gold a check for \$3500. Gold put the check in his pocket.

"I'll also need some advice, Sid, about Acapulco. I'm not really going for the Government, and there'll be two of us."

Sid pursed his lips in consternation. "I'm not sure the places I mentioned are right for Belle."

"Not Belle, Sid. Belle and I are finished. We're not really together anymore."

If Sid was distraught, he hid it well. "How come I haven't heard?" he asked with only mild surprise. "The girls still talk to her, don't they?"

"I'm not sure she knows." This was growing to be an awkward confession to have to keep making. "I'm sort of hoping she'll catch on. There's this girl in Washington I'm engaged to secretly and want to marry."

"You're really in love, huh, kid?"

"Yeah, Sid, I am. But that's with a different one."

"You mean there are three?" Now Sid sat straight up and a look of keenest joy brightened his face.

Gold nodded sheepishly. "And there's

also a Jewish FBI man named Greenspan who might still be checking me out for good character."

"Tell me something," Sid said after asking the waiter for another round of drinks. "Why aren't you marrying the one you're in love with?"

"Her husband wouldn't let me," said Gold. "He doesn't even like the idea of being separated. He's a big violent man with a savage temper and I mustn't let him find out."

"That's funny."

"She's got four kids."

"That's funnier." Sid was chuckling heartily. "Is she having her teeth capped?"

Gold answered with amazement, "How did you know?"

Sid merely smiled in a paternal way. Then he explained, "Every time I fell for a girl, she decided she had to have her teeth capped."

"Linda's having just a couple. I offered to pay."

"Don't commit yourself for more."

Gold was again embarrassed. "Two of her kids need orthodontia," he confessed, "and I told Linda I'd help there, too."

"Why are you marrying the one in Washington?"

"She's a lovely girl, Sid," Gold answered with persuasive feeling, "really nice, and her father can help me with his influence. There's money there and that might make it easier for me to help Linda with those dental bills."

"How's her teeth?"

"Good, Sid, good."

"Is she tall?"

"Very. With long legs and very strong bones. Healthy, and really quite a beauty."

"Then take her to Acapulco," Sid urged genially. "It sounds like you might have some fun."

"I'm going to, Sid," said Gold, "but there's the problem. I don't like to be away from Linda and I want to sneak her along, too."

"What's the problem?" Sid asked.

"Is it possible?" asked Gold. "Can I really do something like that without getting caught?"

"Sure, it's possible," Sid assured him with zest and called for two more drinks. "I've got this friend in Houston I do business with who goes with this Mexican TV actress who goes with this airline pilot who's married to this woman with the Mexican Tourist Bureau who can help with travel and hotel reservations."

"She may have to bring two of her kids."

"The more the merrier," Sid chortled, "if you can afford it. And a maid or baby sitter to take care of them so she's free nights."

"I hadn't thought of that. Sid, how can I hide so many people? Two hotels?"

(continued on page 152)

HOW DRY I AM!

attire **By DAVID PLATT**



*why should ducks
have all the fun?*

APRIL SHOWERS may bring the flowers, but all those raindrops falling on your head and bod are no fun—especially when the coat you're wearing to keep dry looks as though Sir Walter Raleigh just plucked it from a puddle. Utilitarian apparel, such as rainwear, no longer needs to be strictly functional—it also can be fun. So why be drab in a drizzle or dull in a downpour? Think short or long or soft or slick when you're shopping for a handsome way to beat the blahs of spring's bad manners.

Left: Rain, rain, go away, but if it doesn't, who's to worry? The guy at far left is well protected in a polished-cotton unconstructed raincoat with shirt collar, zip front and drawstring waist, about \$135, worn over a tweed V-neck, about \$30, a raw silk/polyester shirt, about \$65, cotton slacks with triple-pleated front, about \$70, and a wool tweed tie, \$15, all by Lee Wright for Monti. His bearded friend also laughs at the weather, wearing a Dacron polyester/cotton poplin hooded parka with zip front, by Harbor Master, about \$60, over an acrylic knit short-sleeved pullover with spread collar, from Barclay Knitwear, \$12, and polyester/cotton slacks, by Levi's David Hunter, about \$27. (Lady's raincoat and hat by Sebastian Busalacchi; crochet top by Ann Sadler for Riding High; sash belt by Bowman Trading.)

Below: What's new in dry goods? For one thing, his parachute-fabric wrap raincoat, about \$80, worn over a linen blazer, about \$150, mesh collarless T-shirt, about \$20, and cotton shorts, about \$25, all by Al B. Arden for Forward Gear. (Her jacket and T-shirt by Claude Montana for Riding High; pants and sunglasses by Riding High Pour Femme.)

Right: Our guy has on a synthetic suede raincoat, by Malcolm Kenneth for After Six, about \$350; tweed jacket, about \$145, and gabardine slacks, about \$35, both by Christian Dior Sport; acrylic/silk V-neck, from Baracuda by Van Heusen, \$22.50; and a plaid shirt, by John Henry, \$20. (Her raincoat by Laura Biagiatti for Riding High.)



Below: This couple knows enough to stay out in the rain. He's wearing a polished-cotton balmaccan, \$85, over a linen/cotton suit, \$200, polished-cotton shirt, \$32.50, and a knit tie, \$15, all by Calvin Klein. (Her raincoat by Glamour Club for Riding High; silk chenille top by Riding High Pour Femme.)



Below: He's wearing a rubberized polyester trench coat, by Beged-Or-Bis, \$215, over a needle-striped suit, by Hickey Freeman, about \$435, and a shirt, \$21.50, and tie, about \$12.50, both by John Henry. (Her raincoat by Sebastian Busalacchi; bathing suit by Riding High Pour Femme.)



GOOD AS GOLD

(continued from page 148)

"The raw, magnetic force of their animal desire could not be withstood and barely brooked delay."

Three?"

"One," answered Sid concisely.

"One?"

"Sure, one. It accounts for your being wherever you're seen and you don't waste time shooting back and forth. Please don't take offense, Bruce, but I think that maybe for the first time in my life I'm finally proud of my kid brother."

"And all this while," reminded Gold, thrilling a moment with the compliment, "there's this FBI man who might find out and ruin everything. By the way, what's she like?"

"Who?"

"That Mexican television actress," said Gold.

"Not bad, I hear, if you like them short, dark, shapely and passionate. She goes off like a string of firecrackers, I'm told. And I always thought you were kind of stuffy. I never thought you had nerve for something like this."

"Sid, I don't," Gold decided, wilting. "I'm going to call it off."

"Over my dead body," Sid told him in an affronted voice that commanded the attention of others in the small restaurant. "I haven't had this much fun in fifteen years. What could go wrong? Boy, oh, boy—I wish I could go along, but I don't think my heart or Harriet would stand it. Listen—we'll book you into the Villa Vera in two private cottages back to back. You'll have your own kitchen and private swimming pool with each and can avoid the public areas. I'll work out the right room numbers. The way I see it, you won't even have to worry about this Greenspan or the FBI."

"Forgive me for intruding," said Greenspan of the FBI, "but I'd like to make a suggestion. He'll need a third room for himself to make and receive private phone calls from each of the ladies. He can use secret business with Washington as a justification. I recommend three connecting suites, with his own in the middle."

"You seem to know an awful lot about this," Sid said appreciatively after Gold introduced them.

"I've worked for Presidents," was Greenspan's understated reply. "Your place—it's a pigsty," he said of Gold's studio when they entered. "I say that more in sorrow than in anger. I've been meaning to tell you for weeks."

"Greenspan, don't butt in," said Gold with a look plainly indicating he was both worried and irked. "I don't want Belle to know anything about this."

"She knows, she knows," said Greenspan in a sougling litany. "Everything but the names. Since when has Belle ever been guilty of stupidity?"

"Then why hasn't she said anything?"

"What can she say?" answered Greenspan with an expression of absolute grief stealing over him. "If you only knew how my heart bleeds for her every time I hear her talking to her mother or trying to pretend that nothing's wrong when she speaks to your sisters. What a woman she is, what a wonderful wife and mother she—"

"Greenspan, stop, for Christ sakes."

"Why should she be the one to say something and make it easier for you?" asked Greenspan. "If you won't complain, why should she do it for you? Sure, she'll give you a divorce, but first ask. Why should she be the one to say you want a divorce, if you won't do it? Oh, Gold, Gold—I must know something, for my own information. It's off the record, I swear. This schoolteacher, this Linda Book."

"What about her?"

"You sure come a lot with her, don't you?"

"What's it your business?" Gold answered icily.

"You hardly ever come at all with the one you're going to marry."

"So?"

With a saddened, meaningful look, Greenspan replaced his hat. "You're a *shonda* to your race."

"And you, Greenspan, are a credit to yours. Will you be in Acapulco? What should I do if I get in trouble?"

"You can talk to the wall."

Gold fell into a mood of melancholy introspection the moment he was alone. For a prudent man, he was reckless. For a sane one, he was mad. Gold needed no inner voice to tell him he was courting trouble. All his life he had hated trouble. All his life he had been afraid of failing. Now, it seemed, he was distressed he might succeed.

What could go wrong? asked Sid. Gold could easily foretell as he left the elevator at the gym and turned toward the locker room. To begin with, there was that electrifying flash of lecherous attraction between him and the Mexican television actress that erupted on first sight on the tarmac of the airfield in Mexico City when they were waiting with Andrea for the connecting flight bearing Linda from Houston, and which

burned in plain view like phosphorous with a fragrant, steaming brilliant heat that everybody nearby could scent and feel. The raw, magnetic force of their reciprocated animal desire could not be withstood and barely brooked delay. With a native quickness for which he could never be sufficiently grateful, she agreed in a throaty murmur to steal away to Acapulco the following day for a clandestine tryst with him in the empty chamber between the others, while the swarthy pilot who was her lover surveyed him evilly with baleful yellow eyes and muttered something sinister that Gold heard as though in a coma and politely requested he repeat.

"The Angel of Death is in the gym today," said Karp the chiropodist a second time from his oracle's perch on his low wooden stool in the aisle of lockers into which Gold had turned.

Gold came to a stop, blinking. "What are you talking about?"

"There's a man having a heart attack in the main gym upstairs. They're waiting for the ambulance now."

Grimly, Gold continued to his locker, determining, as usual, to breast the cryptic tides of destiny and confront the morbid omens. Statistically, he solaced himself, the odds against two men dropping dead of heart attacks in the same gym on the same day were weighted heavily in his favor. Empirically, the harsh truth dawned, the chances were no different than ever if one of the men already had, and the transportation arrangements were filled with complications that neither Sid nor he could have foreseen. Because Linda did have to bring the two younger children, she traveled directly to Acapulco from New York and arrived at the hotel four hours before Gold and Andrea, who departed from Washington with stops at Houston and Mexico City. Or, because she did not have to bring the children, she insisted capriciously that she go on the same plane, and Gold found himself in transit with her, too. That neither was impelled to recognize the other did little to ease the strain. Or, having cemented arrangements for traveling by herself on that same flight, she then arrived, as a consequence of a late-hour stance of perverse noncooperation by her bellicose husband, accompanied by the two children, who fell into a disagreeable funk immediately their eyes, with shattering disappointment, alighted on Gold. In seconds, he was unmanned by the degrading need for treating the encounter as circumstantial, their previous acquaintanceship as slight and entirely professional, and the independent selection by both vacationing parties of the same plane for the same distant hotel as, indeed, a most extraordinary occurrence.

(continued on page 242)



SAUSAGES TAKE OFF

food

BY
**EMANUEL
GREENBERG**

*from andouillettes to
yachtwurst, the once lowly
links have risen to become
everyone's favorite nosh*

IF YOU'RE EVER INVITED to a sauna in Finland, don't be startled by ropes of limp sausages hanging from the rafters. It may seem like a shtick from a Marx Brothers film at first, but it's an old Finnish custom. When man and sausage are thoroughly steamed, both emerge from the sauna and the former gobbles the latter, sluicing it down with beer or cold schnapps.

Sausages are the universal nosh, generic

to every cuisine, culture and country. The ancient Spartans, not otherwise known for their *joie de vivre*, raffishly suspended sausages from the ceilings of their eating clubs. Young blades would catch the *loukanika* in their teeth as they strolled by and snap off a mouthful. Look, Ma—no hands! Portuguese *fado* houses offer spicy red *lingüiça* flamed in *bagachera*, the pungent, native marc. The spirit is (continued on page 196)

modern living
By BROCK YATES

*unique among auto makers, go-it-alone colin chapman produces
formidable racing machines and exquisite sports cars*

From left to right, \$75,000 worth of Lotus wheels: the four-seat
Elite, the two-seat Esprit S2 and the two-plus-two Eclat.



LOTUS

TWO REMAIN. One is the patriarch of his craft and a national hero. He lives in baronial seclusion in a small northern Italian city, where the multiple dramas of his life have unfolded. The other, 30 years his junior, is at the height of his powers in a field of endeavor that soon will leave him the only pure, classically complete automobile manufacturer on the face of the earth.

The old man is Enzo Ferrari, *Il Commendatore* of the vast, legend-laden automobile works that bears his name and his adopted crest, the flying horse of Maranello. The younger is Anthony Colin Bruce Chapman, renowned design genius and impresario of Lotus Cars Limited of Norwich, England. The men are unique in a world where cars are almost exclusively conceived and manufactured by committees and where vehicular distinction is being washed away in a sea of government regulation and mass-production practicalities. The age of the cookie-cutter car is upon us, making the presence of men such as Ferrari and Chapman even more visible, because they alone carry the heritage of the purist car

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN



builder—the man whose personality dominates the products that issue from his factory.

In the beginning, it was all that way. Benz, Daimler, Renault and Peugeot built automobiles from whole cloth, according to their own hard notions about everything from how many cylinders their cars' engines should have to how the cowlings should be curved to how the advertising should read. They were part engineers, part technological artisans, and from their exclusive ranks came the likes of Ettore Bugatti, Vincenzo Lancia, the Duesenberg brothers, Messrs. Rolls and Royce, whose best efforts were as much 20th Century art forms as they were transportation devices.

The Great Depression and the Great War that followed ended most of those alliances of art and technology. Those pioneers who survived were for the most part swept away by modern economic realities and the hard truth that lay in the common-parts bins of mass production. Ferdinand Porsche, racked by conflict and imprisonment following the war, hung on until his death in 1952. His eldest son persists but has been forced to align his company with the Volkswagen conglomerate in order to ensure its survival. Even Ferrari, now in his 80th year, has had to seek financial refuge under the massive umbrella of Fabbrica Italiana Automobili Torino (Fiat). And that, in a sense, leaves Colin Chapman and his Lotus cars as the sole survivors. To be a classic automotive impresario, the following qualifications should be met: (1) The individual must control all aspects of his operation, including finance, design, engineering and marketing; (2) his products must use their own specially created components and not engines, chassis, etc., purchased from other vendors; (3) he must carry his marque into battle in major motor-sports competition.

At present, only Ferrari and Chapman begin to fit the parameters. And now, as *Il Commendatore* slips deeper into the thick mists of legend and his company becomes a more solidly integrated division of Fiat, only Chapman and his band of English artisans remain.

Chapman is doing beautifully. His three *outré* passenger cars are selling at a profitable rate and 1978 saw his brilliant JPS79 Grand Prix car dominate Formula 1 competition for Lotus while carrying one of his drivers (Mario Andretti) to a sixth World Drivers' Championship in 20 years of competition.

This lean, rather aloof man drifted into the automobile business with a civil engineer's degree, earned at the University of London in 1945. It is said that in 1949, he borrowed £25 from his then-fiancée, present-wife Hazel in order to fabricate his first car. Optimistically dubbed the Mark I, it was a much-

chopped and leaned-down 1930 Austin Seven saloon intended for competition in smalltime amateur trials. During that postwar period, England was swarming with motor-sports activity and it seemed that behind every closed garage door, some form of tiny racing car was being welded up from steel tubing and various passenger-car bits.

Chapman's first machines were fabricated for himself, on a purely part-time basis, while he tried to build a future in the engineering department of British Aluminium. Then, in 1952, he created the Mark 6, a cleverly designed sports racing car that could be purchased in kit form and would accommodate a number of small-displacement power plants, including the 1100-c.c. converted fire-pump engine built by Coventry Climax. Over 100 Mark 6s were built, turning Chapman into a veritable manufacturing titan in the British cottage industry of motor racing.

He quit British Aluminium in 1955 to enter the car business full time and made his first major splash two years later with a vastly improved version of the Mark 6 called the Mark 7. This lean, lithe little roadster, with its tubular frame and impertinent fiberglass front fenders, was an instant hit; and before production ceased 16 years later, over 3000, in various permutations, had been sold. Modified versions of the 7 and the super 7 are still being raced and a small English company is now manufacturing replicas. In 1958, Chapman had grown sufficiently to enter his first Lotus in Grand Prix competition. It was a front-engine design built on the verge of the massive revolution that was to see all racing cars carry their power plants behind the driver in a "mid-engine" configuration. The car was not successful, prompting the Mark 18 two seasons later. This automobile was a pyrotechnic display of Chapman's engineering genius. Gossamer light and dainty, with a masterfully supple independent suspension system, the Mark 18 brought Chapman his first Grand Prix victory (the 1960 Monaco Grand Prix, Stirling Moss driving). That year brought an added bonus. A Mark 18 driver rose out of the Formula Junior ranks who was marked for stardom. His quiet, reflective nature dovetailed perfectly with Chapman's basic reticence. He was a smallish, round-faced Scotsman named Jim Clark.

Before Clark died against a stout German tree trunk on April 7, 1968, he and Chapman formed one of the most enduring relationships in the history of motor sports. By the time this 32-year-old superstar died so suddenly—and so mysteriously—on the rain-swept Hockenheim Ring, he had won 24 Grand Prix races for Lotus, a number of major sports-car events and the 1965 Indianapolis 500. Two world championships (1963 and 1965) had come to him at the wheels of

the bright-green, cigar-shaped Lotus cars. Yet Clark's death renewed the single blight that Chapman has carried through his career: that in his search to pare unnecessary weight from his vehicles, he has sacrificed durability and strength. He had once been quoted as observing that the perfect racing car was the one that fell apart as it crossed the finish line (implying that the optimum design was one that was so spare that it fulfilled its engineering intent and nothing more).

He pressed on, following the loss of his friend and ace driver. A month later, his brilliant Mark 56s appeared at Indianapolis—four-wheel-drive turbine-powered wonders that were finally banned because they threatened to make every other car at the track obsolete.

Behind him were such classic passenger cars as the pretty Mark 14 fiberglass Elite coupe (1959) and the Mark 26 Elan roadster, probably the finest-handling sports car of its time. Chapman was also credited with the epochal Mark 25 Grand Prix car, the first fully *monocoque* modern racing car and a car that not only won 25 Grand Prix races but revolutionized motor-sports design philosophies. In 1966, he moved to the small village of Hethel, near Norwich, building his factory beside a World War Two American B-17 base once commanded by movie star Jimmy Stewart.

As passenger-car production flourished, Chapman's Formula 1 machines brought the world championship to Graham Hill in 1968 and to the brash Austrian Jochen Rindt in 1970. But Rindt's victory was again torn by strife and sadness. After he clinched the title, he fatally crashed his Lotus in practice for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza and, once again, cruel allegations about Chapman's weak automobiles slugged at his conscience. He persisted, developing the excellent Lotus 72 that carried Brazilian Emerson Fittipaldi to the title in 1972.

It was during that period that Chapman and engineering director Tony Rudd (a brilliant engineer and team manager for the once-glorious BRM racing operation) perfected the first legitimate Lotus power plant. Theretofore, he had employed engines purchased from other manufacturers and modified for special Lotus applications. But the new type 907 engine, first announced in 1971, was pure Lotus. It was an all-aluminum, twin-overhead-cam, 16-valve, four-cylinder engine of impressive compactness and light weight. Despite a relatively low compression ratio (8.7 to 1), the 907 generated 140 horsepower. The first versions were sold to Jensen for use in its new Jensen-Healey sports car, but it was widely accepted that the 907 would become the basic engine for a whole new line of cars from Lotus.

The first model appeared in 1974 as
(concluded on page 258)



"If you really loved me, you'd close your eyes when you kissed me."

*photographer j. frederick smith found
debra jo a lensman's dream. we could have told him that*

ONCE MORE WITH FONDREN



She is Debra Jo Fondren, *PLAYBOY*'s 24-year-old Playmate of the Year. He is J. Frederick Smith, 61 years old and one of the country's best-known glamor photographers. When they met at Smith's New York studio, the rapport was instant. Debra Jo had been traveling hard during the past year, being photographed by amateurs and professionals a thousand times and taking part in hundreds of *PLAYBOY* promotions. "It's been an extraordinary year for me," Debra told us. "I've learned a lot and I think it's prepared me well for the future. It's been an education trying to make do in strange cities, meeting people, running for planes. I'll really hate to give up my title." We hate to see her go, too. That's why we arranged one final pictorial salute during her reign. And Smith was the logical choice to do the honors. *(text concluded on page 166)*

Our Playmate of the Year found photographer J. Frederick Smith a joy to work with and it shows. "He's a strong, dynamic person, and yet he can be very gentle. He keeps his models supplied with food and wine, on the theory that 'a full tummy makes for a happy model.'"





Debra praises Smith's choice of props: "He's very imaginative. He likes to use old clothes, the kind you'd wear at home. Old clothes are very sensuous and easy to move in."





Debra Jo's future is currently up in the air, "I'm being pulled every which way." The good news is you haven't seen the last of Ms. Fondren. She intends to move to California, take some acting classes and attack the world of films and commercials. The bad news: She'll probably cut her hair—to elbow length—because, as she says, "It throws off my balance; I'm not very graceful with it this long." She's already done enough screen tests to assure her she's got marketable talent and has recently hired an agent. In any event, she's as charming as ever, jogs three miles a day and gets to bed by ten P.M. Hmm, just an old-fashioned girl.





Smith has photographed many of the world's most beautiful women, but he was especially enthusiastic about Debra Jo. "She seems to have no hang-ups. She was very professional, totally uncomplicated and followed directions to the letter. People don't realize that a good model is fantastically talented. Her work is not the same as acting, because I've shot actresses and they don't necessarily make good models. It's an intangible quality."





He began his professional career at the age of 19 as an illustrator for such then-prestigious publications as *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's* and *American Magazine*. Then, in 1956, he moved to *Vogue* magazine—as a photographer. Smith's association with *PLAYBOY* started about 12 years ago and has resulted in many memorable pictorials—among them *Monday's Child* and *Sappho*. He considers himself a “picture maker rather than a photographer,” and says he tries to create an environment and then lets the model act out her fantasies. “I’m a sentimentalist; I love women and I believe in mystery. You need a little mystery to have romance.” The fruit of his session with Debra Jo is a fitting tribute to one of our best-loved Playmates, showing her in a light delightfully different from her previous appearances here. It just leaves us wondering why we didn’t pair Debra Jo and J. Fred a lot sooner than we did.

Smith says unabashedly, “I am a romantic, and I guess that’s my style. You won’t find a hunk of steel in any of my photos.” Debra appreciated that approach, saying simply, “He made me feel loved.”







“ ‘Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you. . . .’ ”

four offensive verses

from *A Collection of Miscellany Poems*, by Tom Brown, London, 1700

TOM BROWN was one of the most noted of the Grub Street hacks in 17th Century London. This was the first group of writers who lived by authorship alone—and they lived perilously by writing scandalous journalism, satires, polemics, verses and translations. Brown was a reckless man, debt-ridden, heavy-drinking, sometimes jailed, yet he was one of the best-known translators of his day, doing Latin, French and Spanish works into English—among them the *Colloquies* of Erasmus and Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.

An Epitaph upon the Charming Peggy

Under this marble, Peggy lies,
Who did so often spread her thighs,
And made Philander's courage rise.

This morsel of delicious lust,
That kissed with so sincere a gust,
Is now resolved to common dust.

Her hands (forgive me if I'm blunt)
Will now no more, as they were wont,
Pilot love's sailors to her cunt.

Her limbs, that used to move so nice,
And taste love's pleasures in a trice,
Are now, alas! as cold as ice.

To tell the truth as short as can be,
She killed herself with drinking brandy,
And all for her dear jack-a-dandy.

Thus did our charming nymph expire,
According to her heart's desire,
And, as she lived, she died by fire.

Hector, my dog, of thee I beg
Not to forget the illustrious Peg,
But o'er her tomb lift up thy leg.

This tribute's to her ashes due,
Whose loss ten thousand youths will rue;
And so, immortal Peg, adieu.

The Claret Drinker's Song; or, The Good Fellow's Design, 1684

A pox of this fooling and plotting of late,
What a pother and stir hath it kept in
the state?
Let the rabble run mad with suspicion
and fears,
Let 'em scuffle and jar till they fall by
the ears;
Their grievances shall never trouble my
pate,
So that I can enjoy my dear bottle in
quiet.
What coxcombs were those that would
father their ease,
And their necks for a toy, a thin wafe
and mass,
At old Tyburn they never have needed
to swing,
Had they been true subjects to drink and
their King.
A friend and a bottle is all my design,
It has no room for treason that's top full
of wine,



I mind not the Members, nor makers of
laws,
Let 'em fit and prorogue as his Majesty
please.
I'll drink in defiance of gibbet and
halter;
This is the profession that never will
alter.

The Old Fumbler, a song

Smug, rich, and fantastic, old Fumbler
was known,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAO HOLLAND

Ribald Classic

That wedded a brisk, juicy girl of the
town,
Her face like an angel, fair, plump, and
a maid,
Her lute well in tune too, could he but
have played;
But, lost was his skill, let him do what
he can,
She finds him in bed a weak, silly, old
man.
He coughs in her ear, 'tis in vain to come
on,
"Forgive me my dear, I'm a silly old
man."

She laid his dry hand on her snowy,
soft breast,
And from those white hills gave a glimpse
of the best.
But ah! what is age when our youth's but
a span?
She found him an infant instead of a man.
"Ah! Pardon," he'd cry, "that I'm weary
so soon,
You have let down my bass; I'm no
longer in tune,
Lay by the dear instrument, prithee lie
still,
I can play but one lesson, and that I
play ill."

The Poet's Condition

Without formal petition
Thus stands my condition:
I am closely blocked up in a garret,
Where I scribble and smoke,
And sadly invoke
The powerful assistance of claret.
Four children and a wife,
'Tis hard on my life,
Beside myself and a muse,
To be all clothed and fed,
No the times are so dead,
By my scribbling of doggerel and news.
And what I shall do,
I'm a wretch if I know,
So hard is the fate of a poet.
I must either turn rogue,
Or, what's as bad, pedagogue,
And so drudge like a man of no wit.
My levee's all duns,
Attended by bums,
And my landlady, too, she's a teaser.
At least four times a day
She warns me away,
And what can a man do to please her?
Here's the victualer and vintner,
The cook and the printer,
With their myrmidons hovering about,
sir;
The tailor and draper,
And the cur that sells paper,
So, in short, I dare not stir out, sir.
But my books, sure, must go
(My master, Ovid's, did so)
And you see how doleful the case is.
If I don't move your pity,
Then make short of my ditty—
'Twill serve you to wipe your arses.



SAAB



Introducing the The new look

The new Saab 900 series. Advanced technology fused to stirring design creates new and superior performance automobiles.

The new Saab 900 series. Longer, sleeker Saab cars. But increasing length wasn't for looks alone. Their longer wheelbase is integrated with a new steering system and suspension geometry for better handling. Add fuel injection, front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering. The result? Truly astonishing performance. Even for the world acclaimed Saab.

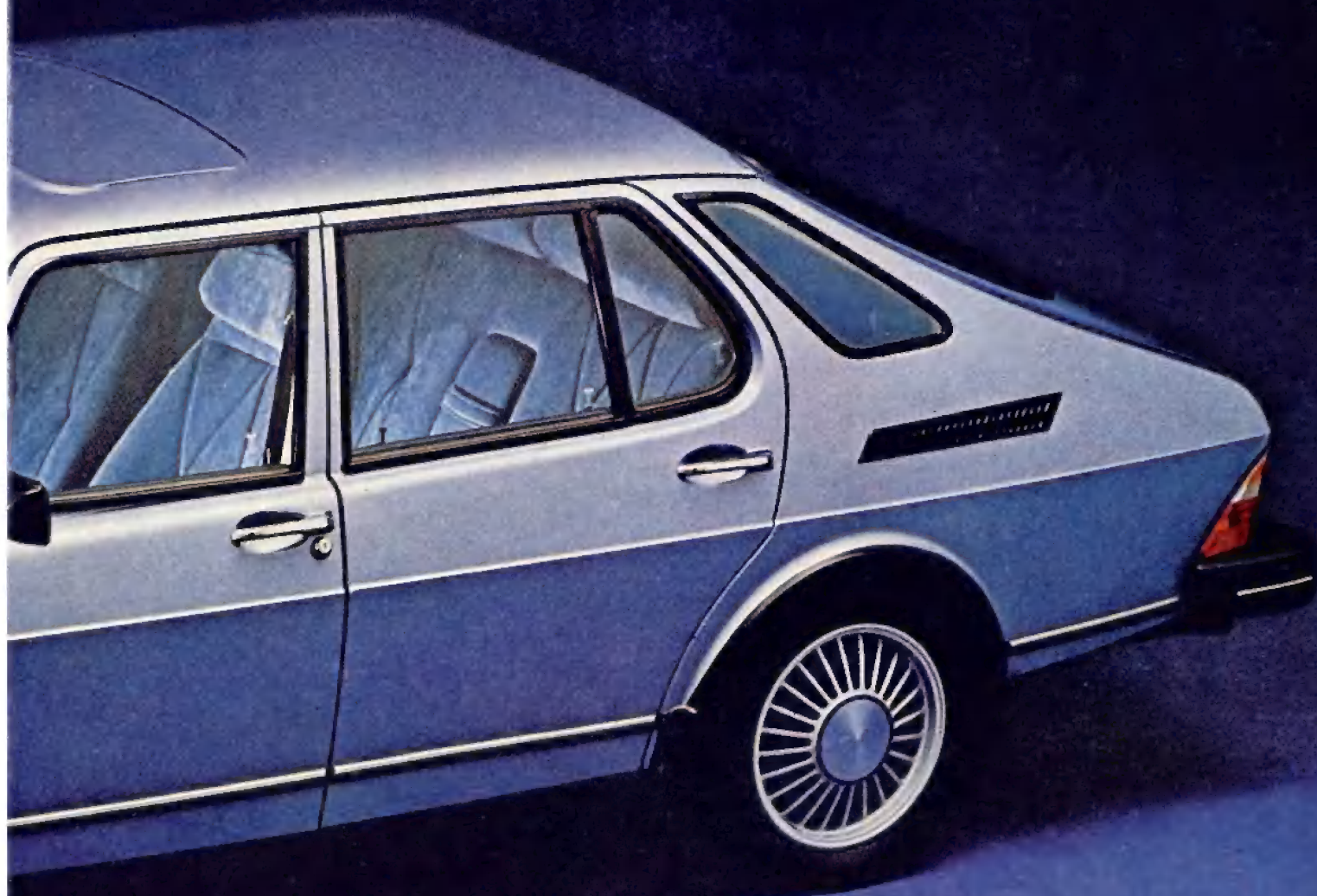
The new Saab 900 series. Introduces an innovative asymmetrical instrument panel. Controls are practi-

cally equidistant from the driver's hands. Gone forever is searching and fumbling.

The new Saab 900 series. Even the air inside the car hasn't been overlooked. Because Saab engineers have designed a unique fresh air filter that keeps out all airborne pollen.

These are just a few of the examples of how the eye-catching 900 series has become the new look of performance. To appreciate the complete excitement, test drive one of the new 900's at your Saab dealer. The new look of performance will be a driving revelation.

THE SAAB 900 SERIES



TURBO 5-DOOR

SAAB 900 series. of performance.



THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE CARS.

hi-fi manufacturers have gotten it all together.

Below left, top to bottom: Five U. S. Pioneer components include an RT-707 reel-to-reel tape deck that features automatic reverse and a direct-drive motor, \$695; Model CT-F1000 stereo cassette deck that takes all types of tapes, \$650; a Model TX-9500II AM/FM stereo tuner with standard knob tuning and output level control, \$450; a SPEC-1 stereo preamp, \$650, and a SPEC-4 stereo power amplifier that puts out 150 watts per channel, plus left and right speaker volume controls and meters, \$795; all housed in a JA-R2S tempered-steel and vinyl hi-fi rack, \$395, including rack adapters for the tuner and cassette deck. Below right: Four state-of-the-art hi-fi components, all by Sansui, include a Model SR-838 direct-drive quartz servo lock turntable, \$440; a Model SC-3110 stereo cassette deck, \$500, a Model TU-717 AM/FM stereo tuner, \$370; and a Model AU-717 stereo amplifier, \$550; all shelved in a GX-5 component rack, also by Sansui, \$250.

BLUE-CHIP STACKS

modern living

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM you face after you've bought a truly top-flight stereo system is where you are going to put all the equipment. Because receivers, amps, preamps, tape decks, tuners, and so forth, have to breathe, you can't just stack those mothers on top of one another. The alternative, of course, is to put them next to one another on a shelf, but when you're talking about as much equipment as we are, that can eat up an



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

there are now storage racks for components and more compact speakers with ear-boggling sound

Below left, top to bottom: Try these Marantz components on for sound, beginning with the Model 6270Q direct-drive turntable that features a quartz-lock system, \$320, that's above the following: a Model 2130 quartz-lock AM/FM tuner with a built-in oscilloscope for locating optimum reception, \$600; Model 3250B preamp that includes a tape monitor, sound-contour control setup and a lot more, \$350; Model 300DC power amplifier that puts out 190 watts per channel and features dual peak meters for multiple monitoring, \$725; and a Model 5030B stereo cassette deck that incorporates a Dolby Noise Reduction System and has ferrichrome tape capabilities, \$470. All the units are housed in Marantz' RM 3100 rack system that holds up to four Marantz components and has walnut-grained vinyl-veneer side panels, \$280—and there's plenty of room for a turntable on top of it, too.



Below: Scientific Audio Electronics' (SAE) seven state-of-the-art stereo components include an 8000 FM digital tuner, \$700; Model 2100L integrated preamplifier with LED level display, \$800; Model 2800 Parametric Equalizer that provides maximum flexibility in tone control, \$600; Model 5000 Impulse Noise Reduction System, \$225; Model 2200 amplifier that delivers 100 watts per channel, \$500, is hooked up via a Model 4000 electronic crossover, \$225, to a Model 2400L amplifier that puts out 200 watts per channel, \$850. All the components are held in SAE's C-10 rack, which stands 60" high, \$650.



Below, left to right: That good-looking tall speaker with the slanted configuration is JBL's Model L220, which employs three drivers and a passive radiator to bring you terrific low-distortion bass response; smooth, blended crossover performance between individual speakers is achieved by a frequency-dividing network that incorporates impedance leveling and phase-correcting circuitry, \$875 each. In the middle is The Braun Model L-1030, a three-way acoustic suspension speaker characterized by extremely low distortion, high-power handling capacity and an exceptionally flat frequency response over the entire audio range, \$479. Next to it is B.E.S.'s Model D190w speaker, which is only 3¼" thick yet puts out a 360-degree dispersion of sound, about \$649 each.

enormous amount of space. Besides, one of the joys of top-of-the-line equipment is to have total access to all the wiring all the time, to tinker with the hookups and modify the arrangements. Now for the good news: Hi-fi manufacturers have come up with a solution that recording studios and radio stations have enjoyed for years and made it available to the general public. By stacking the equipment and having the housing on casters, the devoted hi-fi buff can have the most amount of stuff in the least amount of space. Unfortunately, these stacking racks can accommodate only equipment manufactured by the rack's maker, so in order to enjoy this innovation, you may have to change your present system. But that may not be so bad, considering what's being offered here. Also, check out the new crop of stereo speakers. Designers have offered more options in speaker sizes to help you out on space. The new thin-line speakers can deliver an enormous amount of sound while occupying only a few inches of depth. Some now even stack. Some can vaporize your neighbors.



Below left: The Array, Qysonic Research's latest speaker, features a revolutionary Laminor Flow Vent construction that, in conjunction with the olignment of a pair of units, creates a bass response that one would ordinarily expect only from a model costing much more, \$479 each. At center is BML's Tracer Model, a handsome speaker in which the crossover network has been completely eliminated, thus reducing the phase distortion ordinarily caused by the use of capacitors and resistors, about \$349.95 each.



Above right: That big fellow measuring 76" x 26" x 3 1/4" is B.E.S.'s Model D280w; its specifics ore the same as B.E.S. Model D190w pictured on the opposite page, except, here, twice the sound modules have been added to double your listening pleasure, \$997 each.

SEX IN CHICAGO

(continued from page 126)

"In Chicago, most of the women are looking for marriage, love or security, or all three."

music have been known to go there, rip off their sweaty clothes and fuck under the moonlight.

SINGLES

Once you leave the lake front, sex in Chicago can be downright expensive. A local magazine art director, with ample experience bedding women in Chicago as well as on both coasts, describes his town's unique romantic ambience this way:

"In Chicago, most of the women are looking for marriage, love or security, or all three. Therefore, what's considered attractive about a man here is entirely different from what L.A. women consider attractive. In L.A., influence is important. A guy who knows a casting director or a producer personally can get a lot of women, even if he's flat broke. But in Chicago, knowing Steven Spielberg and being broke is much less sexy than making six figures as a used-car dealer, though making six figures as a lawyer or doctor is even sexier."

To be a mover in Chicago, a man has to wear well-cut clothes, have his hair just right, drive the best damn car he can afford, be prepared to buy endless drinks at two dollars per and, if he's smart, be able to offer as a last-ditch enticement a dab of cocaine. When these expenses are added up, it is obvious that only the well-heeled can survive the sexual wars.

Money is the coin not only of white Chicago's romantic realm but of black Chicago's as well. Tyrone, a handsome 29-year-old West Side black whose income as a telephone operator will never exceed \$11,000, has had a rough time competing with the growing number of young men earning \$30,000 and up on the relatively affluent South Side. He paints an extremely unromantic picture of money's aphrodisiacal power over young black women.

"Every woman I've met is money-conscious. And if the sister's got her own job, her standards are even higher. She expects expensive dinners, she wants to ride around in a BMW, and all that crap. What's happened here is you got a number of brothers who've gotten over, gotten into some big money, and naturally they flashin' it on the creamies. The creamies done got spoilt. Don't want to have nothin' to do with a dude that ain't got no money."

This is not just heartless gold digging but the values of the neighborhood at work again, those prehistoric laws that

dictate that a woman should grant her favors to only the best possible provider. Certainly, not all of Chicago's young single women are looking for a husband; but many select their partners, if only for a night, as though they were. It's the Darwinian dance of natural selection.

The dance reaches its peak in Near North Side singles bars and discos, and is seen in its archetypal purity at Faces, the city's one truly famous disco at 940 North Rush Street. Faces' 37-year-old creator and part owner, gaunt and mustachioed Jay Emerich, understands the ground rules for the Chicago dance and has a profitable sensitivity to the requirements for its setting.

Faces is the private club in Chicago. It costs \$300 for a year's membership and \$50 to renew. A dress code (no jeans, work shirts, gym shoes or sandals) is strictly enforced. The kinds of people who make Faces the high-energy arena it is are not so much famous as they are wealthy and/or powerful. Executives from the network stations and young local real-estate tycoons go there. You don't find many steelworkers there, nor shoe salesmen. Emerich sees to it.

"Sure I discriminate," he admits. "I look at the membership application cards, check the professions. I want only the cream of Chicago's singles. This is a private club and new members can only come in if they're sponsored by an old one."

Right now, with a membership of 5500, Faces has a moratorium on new members. The age of the average male Faces member is 35, the average female is six or seven years younger. The women—models, secretaries, designers, store buyers, divorcees and not a few high-priced callgirls—look as if they just stepped out of the pages of *Mademoiselle* or *Vogue*. They are perhaps the most beautiful and fashionable young women in Chicago; the men are unquestionably among the most desirable bachelors. Here, sex is a high-stakes game, played with certain ground rules.

"The women who go to Faces," says a 34-year-old lawyer who's been a member for four years, "like to watch a guy for a while before they'll sleep with him. Sometimes you eyeball each other for a year on the dance floor before you get it on. Of course, it usually doesn't take that long if she's interested. Sometimes they'll pick you up, which is actually just flirting until you ask her out. Then, if you're smart, you do nothing

but talk the first date. Just talk. Don't even touch her except for a goodnight kiss. Act like you've got other things on your mind. Almost always, if there's a second date, she sleeps with you."

Probably the only disco where the smell of sex hangs more heavily in the air than it does at Faces is the B.B.C., a few blocks north of Faces at State and Division. In a way, B.B.C. is merely Faces' younger sister. B.B.C.'s crowd is in its mid-20s to early 30s, so it's naturally a bit poorer than the crowd at Faces, which is ten years older. But the 25-year-olds at B.B.C. are the cream of their age bracket. Most of the men already make decent middle-class incomes, enough to have four- to five-room apartments complete with excellent stereo systems and a nice stash. The women, mostly in their late teens and early 20s, are almost all clerks, secretaries, students or nurses. Whereas the leisure crowd at Faces doesn't begin really cooking until after midnight and goes on to four A.M., most habitués of B.B.C., particularly the women, work nine to fives. So moves are necessarily quicker, less subtle than at Faces. B.B.C.'s sexual reality is reflected in the enforced loose dress code and the two-dollar door charge. There's no time for a seven-course relationship at B.B.C. It's a quick lunch. The volume of the music, louder than at any other disco in Chicago, drowns out conversation, so everybody has no choice but to communicate with his or her body. Women are likely to leave immediately with a man they like rather than go through the whole evening doing the okee-doke. And they're more likely to respond to the Sylvester Stallone approach than the David Niven.

Just as most of Chicago's discos are located within a six-block radius of North Rush, so are nearly all of its singles bars. They line Division Street for a block east and west of Rush. On Friday and Saturday nights, literally thousands of people may wander in and out of all of them in search of that magic eye contact. It is a movable crowd, if not a movable feast.

The four hot singles bars, in order of heat, are SheNannigans, which has gradually eclipsed the legendary Butch McGuire's, P.S. Chicago and Wood Hue's. Because the same people move among all the bars, one can't really say that any of them has a distinct clientele.

Playboy's Chicago Telephone Survey revealed that 30 percent of the people who had been to singles bars had gotten lucky. An informal survey, conducted by the writer, supported this finding. Only about a third of the women sleep with men they leave with the first night, except for Saturday night, "desperation night," when maybe four out of ten do.

(continued on page 206)

Captains Outrageous!



article **By REG POTTERTON** *in the twilight zone between tourist season and hurricane season, sailors gather in antigua to drink for nothing, fondle women and borrow money*

ALL SAILORS HAVE at one time or another thought that, on the whole, sinking is probably the best thing that can happen to a boat. Only while still afloat can it drive ordinary people insane, and maim and kill. It is difficult to love a boat that leaks all over your bunk when it rains or that diverts the ship's sewage into the food lockers. Boats have been known to do those things and worse. This is not a true romance. It is not romantic to be running before the

wind into a nasty, unfamiliar harbor at night, in fog and against a foul tide, surrounded by oil tankers, with an engine that has just died and a mainsail stuck halfway up the mast. Some people would say that the feeling you get, once you've made it inside the harbor and are safely anchored, might be described as romantic, but it is not; it is just simple relief, magnified a million times over. Most sailors would agree that one of the best things about sailing is

when it stops and you find you're still there. But it is by no means the best thing.

If it were not for the unfortunate fact that living on land makes people genuinely crazy, perhaps sailors wouldn't go to sea, or at least they'd stay on land longer. But the landbound life is a problem: It tends to confuse people with its traffic lights and politics. There is nothing confusing about the sea. It is very complicated, but not confusing.

The island of Antigua lies just below the northern end of the Leeward and Windward Islands, a curving archipelago that forms the boundary between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. Antigua was once a British island, the site of a great naval base for almost 100 years of uninterrupted warfare between European powers for naval supremacy in the Caribbean during the 18th Century. As everyone knows, the British, who will do anything to avoid speaking a foreign language, came out on top, which meant they got Africa, America, Australia and Asia—at least until the Americans (who really liked the game at first) thought up an entirely different game with guns and slogans in it, all of which meant a busy time for everyone employed in and around the Royal Navy's Leeward Islands Station, Northern Division, English Harbour, Antigua.

In Saint Johns, the capital of Antigua, there are streets named after Admirals Rodney, Hood and Nelson, three legendary figures from naval history. Nelson himself served at English Harbour for three years as captain of a 28-gun frigate. Many years later, as Admiral of the Fleet, he anchored briefly off Saint Johns in his epic pursuit of the French fleet from Europe. Learning that it had already gone back the way it came, Nelson took off after it, a one-eyed, one-armed man leading 12 lines of battleships on another 3000-mile chase across the Atlantic, all the way to Cape Trafalgar on the Spanish coast, where Nelson was killed, winning. In the bar of the Admiral's Inn, which used to be the lead cellar and engineers' offices, is a portrait of Nelson: He looks out on the rowdy goings on beneath him, the drinking, the laughter and the talk about boats, and he seems to have an expression of serene detachment on his face, possibly because someone else is picking up the check.

The British hung on in English Harbour until 1899, by which time canvas had given way to the propeller and ships were getting too big to negotiate the entrance. So the navy abandoned the dockyard and sailed off to practice for World War One. The place lay derelict for the next 50 years. The occasional yachtsman might stumble onto it and

think he was in some kind of sailing heaven, wandering around the silent buildings, seeing the great cannons that had been stuck into the docks to act as bollards and hearing the humming of the wind in the rafters of the copper and lumber store. Over the years, people carted away some stone and brick to build houses in the adjacent villages, and a few roofs caved in, but much of it stood up. Now restored and revived, it is again a fully functioning dockyard for sailing vessels, a good place to take your yacht when you break it.

And for the past 11 years, Nelson's Dockyard, as it is now known, has provided the background for an event that may well be the greatest annual celebration in the sailing world today, Antigua Race Week. It is officially known as Antigua Sailing Week, but only to officials. Serious critics of the ocean-racing scene, whom nobody takes seriously, have objected that Race Week is nothing but a nonstop party, while others have insinuated that the founders of the event were a notorious gang of shifty castaways whose only ambition was to promote a yearly binge at which they could drink for nothing, fondle women and borrow money—scandalous allegations that have hardly any basis in fact.

Everybody knows that Antigua Race Week is dedicated to the noblest principles of ocean racing, although it is debatable that a sport whose battle cry is "Eat shit and die, asshole!" can be described as truly noble. Ocean racing elicits great surges of wild elation and ghastly plunges into black misery. It is much like war at sea, except that live ammunition is banned.

Race Week is usually held in late April or early May, just before the beginning of the end of the West Indies sailing season. Soon, the northeast trade wind starts to falter and fade; the wind shifts erratically to other quarters, the rains start, and the islands lose the steady breeze of the winter months and occasionally become hot and uncomfortable in the calms. In June, the hurricane season starts.

The Caribbean is not at its best in the summer, not for sailors, anyway, some of whom have schedules to meet. Charter yachts that work winters in the West Indies and summers in the Mediterranean usually anchor at English Harbour around Race Week to get ready for the passage across the Atlantic, to fix engines, repair sails, recruit crew, haul the boat out for bottom work, if necessary, and stock up with food, fuel and water. Hundreds of boats of all rigs and pedigrees, and from all over the world, arrive to prepare for their onward passages. Most of those are privately owned cruising

yachts, ranging in size from the humblest 28-foot cutter to 75-foot racing cruisers, venerable schooners, Baltic traders and the occasional Monte Carlo gin palace with helicopter. Nearly all of them will leave after Race Week, some to cruise elsewhere in the Caribbean, others going to Europe, to North or South America or through the Panama Canal to the Pacific.

In addition to the charter and private boats are the Race Week celebrities, the racing boats. A big, fast ocean-racing boat, something around 80 feet, say, and driven hard in 20 knots of wind, is like an arrow held at full stretch in a taut bow, with great stress exerted by the pressure of the sails, through the rigging and down to the deck, where, when things go wrong, human flesh takes the load; things tend to go wrong in a race whenever a boat changes a sail or rounds a mark.

Ocean racing has hours and sometimes days and weeks of the purest bliss, when the opposition is miles astern, the winds are favorable and constant and the seas slide away under the hull in a soothing hiss of foam. People lie in the sun or snooze in the shadow of wind-filled sails on days like those. "I wonder," they are fond of saying, "what the rich people are doing today?" After Antigua, they sail off to the next series of races, which may be thousands of miles away. Everyone is getting ready to go somewhere during Race Week.

The week also provides an opportunity for "boat niggers," which is how working sailors identify themselves, to run into old friends and exchange the garbled rumor and blatant slander that constitute everyday nautical gossip:

"I hear Triumph went down."

"Yeah. A mercy killing. He pulled out the plug in 500 fathoms and rowed ashore in the dinghy. They say the insurance people didn't bat an eye, paid him in full."

"John's looking for a new cook. Leg-over Lucy's getting off."

"I heard. He told me she once made duck à l'orange in a 50-knot gale and then screwed six guys for dessert. He'll never find a replacement like that."

"Rags was telling me about some charter skipper who got drunk ashore and stole a horse to swim out to the boat with. He tied the horse to a cleat on the stern, climbed aboard and passed out on deck, but the horse panicked and tried to jump on, too. The owner is asleep with his wife, he hears this racket, comes on deck, finds his skipper drunk and out of it and a horse trying to kick holes in his boat, so he gets in the dinghy, gets a line on the horse and starts towing it ashore. When they get in shallow water, the horse feels the bottom, jumps over the guy in the dinghy and gallops up

(continued on page 234)

PLAYBOY MUSIC '79

rock 'n' roll is here to stay, it will never die



25 YEARS OF ROCK

historic hits, hypes & heavies



THE SEALED GUITAR CASE, PLEASE: On the occasion of rock's 25th birthday, we proudly announce our first (and last) annual Chuck Awards. For almost singlehandedly inventing guitar rock, the Gold Chuck goes to Chuck himself. Black-vinyl Chucks (made of recycled Sgt. Pepper sound-track returns) for distinguished service over the long haul go to these other bedrock originals: Bo Diddley, Fats Domino, Lloyd Price, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Ronnie Hawkins, Carl Perkins, James Brown, Otis Blackwell, Hank Ballard, Bill Haley, the Everly Brothers, Lieber and Stoller, Brenda Lee, Ike and Tina Turner and Ray Charles. And spiritual Chucks to those scattered troops who used to be the Chords, Clovers, Charms, El Dorados, Nutmegs, Teen Queens, Cadets, Magnificents, Del Vikings, Cheers, Crows, Penguins, Orioles, Ravens, Cadillacs, Edsels, Fleetwoods, Heartbeats, Coasters, Monotones, Platters, Gladiolas, Capris, Shirelles, Drifters, Spiders, Bees, Jive Bombers, Jive Five, Robins, Jesters, Jewels, Five Keys, Videos, Skyliners, Silhouettes, Rays, Cuff Links, Charts, Dubs, Dells, Shields, Harptones, Jaguars, Fiestas, Flamingos, Spaniels.

SING CHEESE: Where would rock be without its Singing Mice? From Alvin and Theodore (who passed as chipmunks) to Patience and Prudence to Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons to Jan and Dean to Lou Christie to one Righteous Brother to those all-time platinum mice, the Bee Gees? Where would rock be without them? Where?



OUR FATHER, WHICH ART ON BANDSTAND, DICK CLARK BE THY NAME. HOLY JUSTINE, PARTNER OF BOB, DANCE FOR US VIEWERS NOW IN THE HOUR OF OUR YOUTH, AMEN.



GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK #1: BR'ER BRIAN WILSON INVENTS SURFING MUSIC IN BED; OR, WHO WAS THAT FAT SONGWRITER, BIG KAHUNA?

ROCK-'N'-ROLL HEAVEN: They've hung up their rockin' shoes, but the royalties linger on.



ALAN FREED
SAM COOKE
KEITH Relf
BRIAN JONES
JOHNNY ACE
BOBBY DARIN
JIMMY REED
LENNY BRUCE
TOM WILSON
FREDDIE KING
MARC BOLAN
BUDDY HOLLY
CHUCK WILLIS
OTIS REDDING
TIM BUCKLEY
BERRY DAKLEY
LORD BUCKLEY
ELVIS PRESLEY
JANIS JOPLIN
JIMI HENDRIX
DUANE ALLMAN
GENE VINCENT
JIM MORRISON
FRANKIE LYMON
CLYDE McPHATTER
GRAM PARSONS
RITCHIE VALENS
JOHNNY BURNETTE
EDDIE COCHRAN
BLIND LYLE JOHNSTON
LITTLE WALTER
MAMA CASS ELLIOTT
THE BIG BOPPER

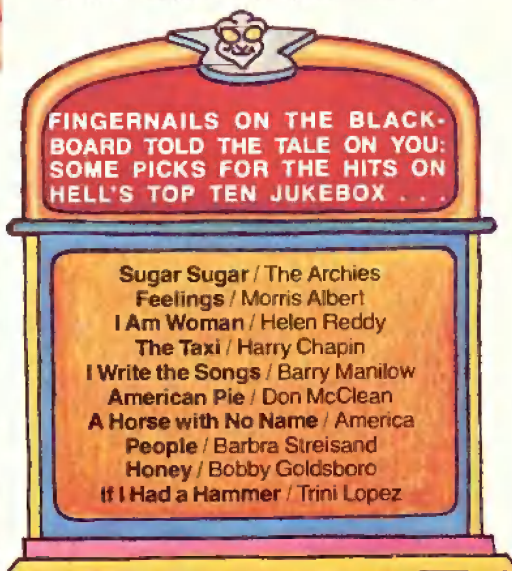


MELT MY MIND, MELT MY MIND: Back in the Sixties, when the walls were always dripping and your friends usually turned into iguanas at parties, when you got the munchies, as your doctor could tell you, these were the essential food groups: Peanut Butter Conspiracy, Moby Grape, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Humble Pie, Hot Tuna, Electric Prunes, Ultimate Spinach, Lemon Pipers, Raspberries, Vanilla Fudge, 1910 Fruitgum Company.

NICE GUYS DON'T FINISH: For those of you who still miss the sweet, sunny, apple-cheeked Beatles, this is the ninth anniversary of their not getting back together. We'd rather salute the nasty old Rolling Stones, who were the bad boys working the piss-and-grease dark side of the street and have sometimes prevailed while enduring, at least. Unlike the chickenshit Beatles, they can take it.



BEGGING ON MY KNEES, ALL I ASK IS PLEASE: Rock wouldn't have been the same without those legions who strive with dedication to pass their orals and other exams with their favorite stars. A zip of the platinum zipper to groupies everywhere.



GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK #2: PEARL BEFORE SWINE

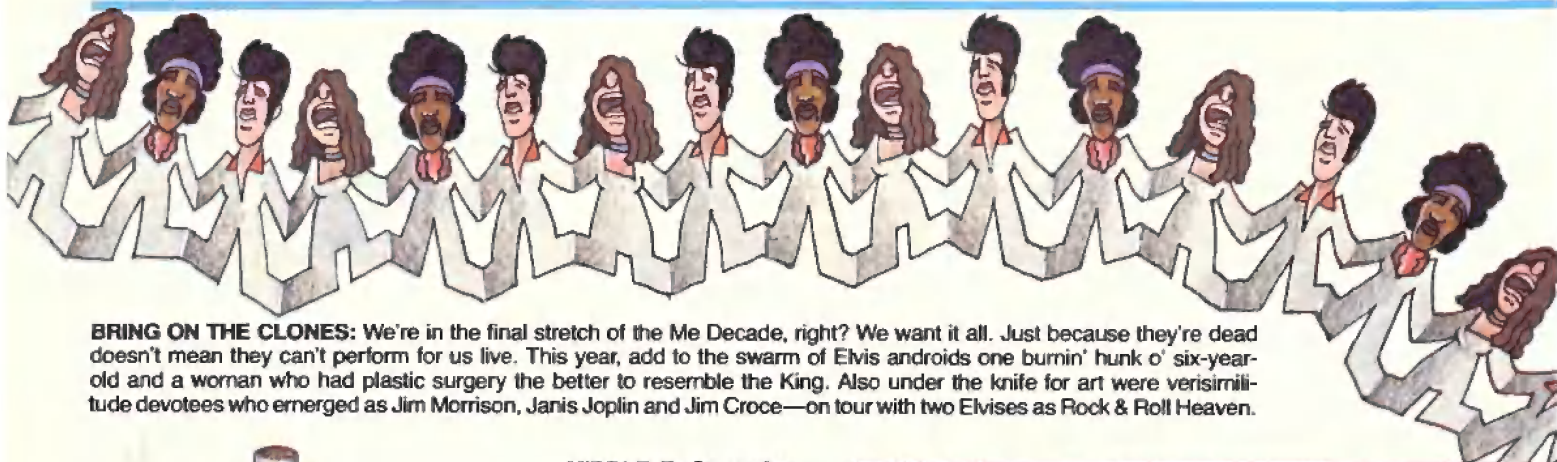


GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK #3: A SHORT HISTORY OF JAMES BROWN'S HAIR



GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK #4: A BOOTLEG SHOT FROM THE INFAMOUS "HIDDEN THIRD CAMERA" KINESCOPE OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S LEGENDARY CENSORED APPEARANCE ON THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW.

HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES '78

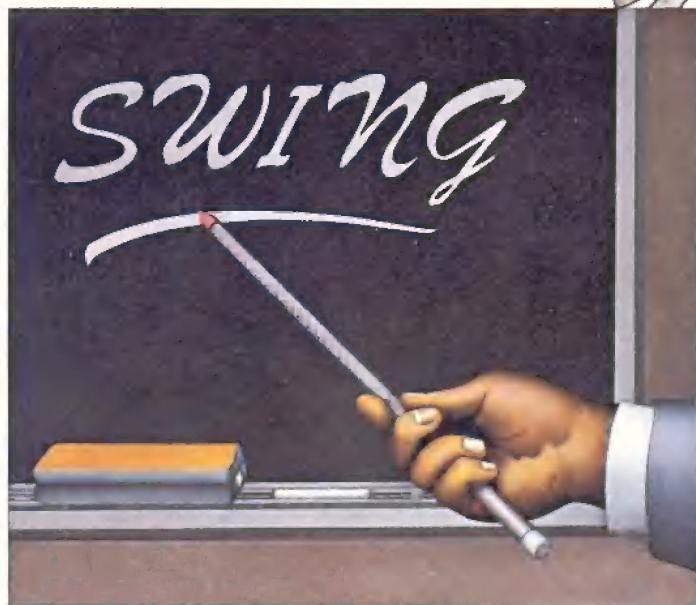


BRING ON THE CLONES: We're in the final stretch of the Me Decade, right? We want it all. Just because they're dead doesn't mean they can't perform for us live. This year, add to the swarm of Elvis androids one burnin' hunk o' six-year-old and a woman who had plastic surgery the better to resemble the King. Also under the knife for art were verisimilitude devotees who emerged as Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin and Jim Croce—on tour with two Elvises as Rock & Roll Heaven.



MIDDLE EAST DESK—EGYPT: THE DEAD PLAY THE DEAD. In a first-ever fusion of rock 'n' roll and Pyramid power as a significant force in international relations, the Grateful Dead played at the base of the Great Pyramid during a lunar eclipse. Afterward, Garcia smoked and rode a camel.

MIDDLE EAST DESK—ISRAEL: DEDICATE SCOOBIE DOOBIE U. Ole Blue Eyes flew to Israel for the inauguration of Frank Sinatra University. A mainstay on the world intellectual circuit, Sinatra was being honored for his many contributions to modern thought, particularly, "I did it my way."



EARS OF THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?



BOB SEGER: 1. *Darkness at the Edge of Town*, by Bruce Springsteen. 2. *Running on Empty*, by Jackson Browne. 3. *Little Criminals*, by Randy Newman. 4. *Excitable Boy*, by Warren Zevon. 5. *Heaven Tonight*, by Cheap Trick.



DONNA SUMMER: 1. *The Stranger*, by Billy Joel. 2. *Brother to Brother*, by Gino Vanelli. 3. *Strikes Again*, by Rose Royce.



TEDDY PENDERGRASS: 1. *Chaka!*, by Chaka Khan. 2. *Mac Arthur Park*, by Donna Summer. 3. *Nothing Says I Love You Like I Love You*, by Jerry Butler. 4. Gino Vanelli—no particular album.



CHUCK MANGIONE: 1. *Clifford Brown with Strings*. 2. *Main Squeeze* (his own). 3. *Brahms Third Symphony*, with Toscanini & the NBC Orchestra. 4. *Lady in Satin*, by Billie Holiday.

JONI AND THE WHALERS: It's the new Eco-Supergroup. You join by adopting an endangered mammal as a cause. Joni, Jackson Browne and ELO have taken up whales; Tanya Tucker's for baby seals; and both Helen Reddy and Olivia Newton-John canceled their Japanese tours to protest the slaughter of dolphins by Japanese fishermen. The last, we fear, might backfire if the Japanese are really as smart as they're supposed to be. Another supergroup, Jackson and the No-Nukes, includes James Taylor, Carly Simon, Bonnie Raitt, Linda Ronstadt, Stevie Wonder, Glenn Frey, Harry Chapin and John Sebastian. Still crazy and literate after all these years, Paul Simon, instead of jumping on the eco wagon, performed a benefit to help save the New York Public Library. Those wise-ass Easterners.





ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN PLAY FOREVER: Marin County's Lyle Johnston has invented a solar-powered guitar. He said: "It was my karma to create a space for those of us who get bummed out by regular electricity and never use it—but who still dig loud music. Have a nice day."



OLD FOLKS' BOOGIE: Attention, Gray Panthers: Put on your orthopedic platform pumps, and if you can't find a partner, use a wooden walker—to oogie oogie oogie your brains out to Cab Calloway's new disco single version of *Minnie the Moocher*. Baseball-fancying senior swingers may prefer veteran Chicago announcer Harry Caray's disco rendition of *Na Na, Hey Hey, Kiss 'Em Goodbye*, anthem of Chicago White Sox fans. The flip side is a hot-peanuts disco rendering of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*.



HOT WAX: Believe your eyes. This is the inside cover of her latest album. Tanya Tucker, former innocent country Nashville child and teeny Vegas baby, is apparently trying to tell us something. Hot Tanya!



ARE WE NOT DEVO? ... From Akron, Ohio, a recognized world epicenter of de-evolution, comes Devo. Wearing space garbage-man suits, they claim we've peaked and that it's all downhill from here. Hard to deny with things around like Sizzlean, Egg Beaters, Astroturf, Firestone 500 radials, wood-grained contact paper, electric fireplaces, slow-cooking microwave ovens, jogging, Big Macs, phony amyl nitrite, telephone answering machines, SMILE buttons, vibrators and Robert Stigwood.

SINGIN' DA BLOOZE: Yes, the blues were born down in the Delta country, at a board meeting. And eventually found their way North, on countless red-eye commuter flights. All the power and feeling of those primitive beginnings are captured on *Briefcase Full of Blues*, by the Blues Brothers, Joliet Jake and Elwood Blues. Who says the blues are dying?



THE BEAUTY AND THE BRATWURST: The definite heavy of '78, weighing in at 285 pounds (give or take a bushel of cheeseburgers) and 3,000,000 albums sold, was, of course, Meat Loaf. Mr. Loaf is assisted in his hyper-roadhouse R&B by singer and dramatic animus Karla DeVito.

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

ghosts, clones, apparitions and things that go boogie in the night

By CARL PHILIP SNYDER

IT IS TO BE PRESUMED that when cloning becomes a marketable process, the hustlers and hucksters of that vast Darwinian wasteland we call The Music Business will be among the first to take advantage of it. Imagine, for instance, the revenues that a dozen Ted Nugents or Eric Claptons, touring simultaneously, could generate for themselves and their sponsors. Cynics might argue that, artistically speaking, cloning has always been the standard procedure, that the vast majority of records sold today—in numbers that stagger the imagination and at prices that clean out the billfold—are the products of imitative rather than creative minds. Minds that figure, if something is selling, copy it; that's the type of thinking responsible for the endless reams of rock and disco music, played by studio musicians clonelike in their anonymity, that seem (text continued on page 188)

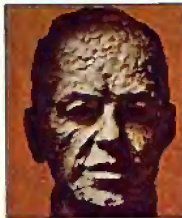
ILLUSTRATION BY MARILYN SHIMOKOCHI



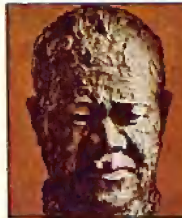
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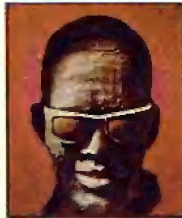
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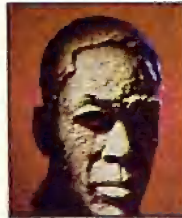
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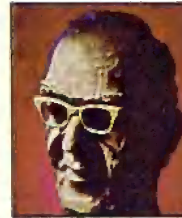
RAY CHARLES



JOHN COLTRANE



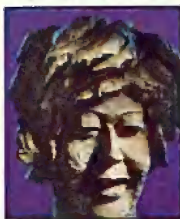
BENNY GOODMAN



DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD



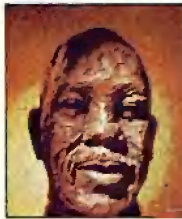
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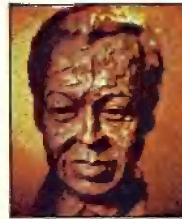
HERB ALPERT



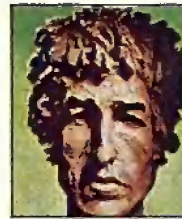
WES MONTGOMERY



MILES DAVIS



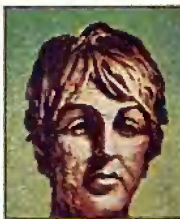
BOB DYLAN



JOHN LENNON



PAUL MCCARTNEY



MICK JAGGER



JIM MORRISON



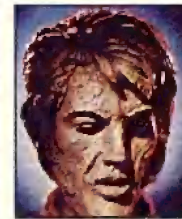
JIMI HENDRIX



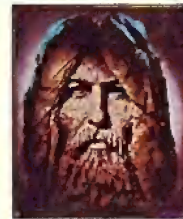
JANIS JOPLIN



ELVIS PRESLEY



GEORGE HARRISON



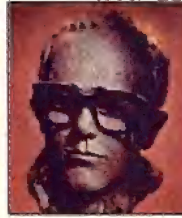
ERIC CLAPTON



DUANE ALLMAN



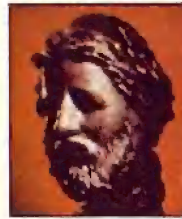
ELTON JOHN



STEVIE WONDER



RINGO STARR



LINDA RONSTADT



KEITH MOON



SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEONICK

THE PLAYBOY MUSIC HALL OF FAME

KEITH MOON

Rock 'n' roll has spawned legions of bad boys, but Keith Moon eclipsed them all. For his 1964 audition to join The Who, teenaged Moon invaded a live performance and reportedly challenged the band to let him play. He played and proceeded to destroy the drum kit. The Who hired him on the spot and rock drumming has never been the same. The son of a motor mechanic and a cleaning lady, Moon spent his early adolescence playing surf music in a London group capriciously called The Beachcombers. After Moon joined, The Who picked up steam, graduating from dance band to concert band in Great Britain, and began to collect a cult following in the United States with the album "My Generation." In 1967, The Who premiered in the U.S., most notably in the festival and film "Monterey Pop." On the same tour, Moon lost a front tooth while celebrating his 21st birthday in Flint, Michigan. His practical jokes kept the rock media buzzing for years. His feats were a rocker's version of H. Allen Smith—rougher, stagier but equally deliberate. He once nailed every piece of furniture in his hotel room to the ceiling. Besides his tooth and a trail of ravaged hotel rooms, Moon, labeled Moon the Loon by the British press, leaves us much more. Moon's leisure-time excesses will not outlive his musical contribution to rock 'n' roll. Somehow, he managed to funnel his interior outrageousness and bonhomie into his music. He carved a prominent and lofty plateau for rock drumming. Under his influence, the drummer was no longer only the beat keeper; he connected the vocal to the beat. When Roger Daltrey sang about his "g-g-generation," Moon was right there punctuating each stutter. Daltrey and Who lead guitarist Peter Townshend took their cues from him. Moon's best drumming can be witnessed by the success of the drony "I Can See for Miles" and his tasty domination of "Happy Jack." Rock 'n' roll has seen the last phase of the Moon. Keith Moon died last September seventh, the 42nd anniversary of Buddy Holly's birth. Perhaps the finest testimonial to Moon as a force in The Who is their decision to replace him not with a single drummer but with a battery of drummers to play on different songs. As Who bassist John Entwistle intoned, "He made the drums sing."

POLL WINNERS

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

WILLIE NELSON male vocalist



LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

ROY CLARK picker

GORDON LIGHTFOOT male vocalist, composer

POP/ROCK

PAUL McCARTNEY bass



MICK FLEETWOOD drums

ERIC CLAPTON guitar

BILLY JOEL male vocalist,
keyboards, composer

STEELY DAN group

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

EARTH, WIND & FIRE group



STEVIE WONDER composer

GEORGE BENSON male vocalist

DONNA SUMMER female vocalist

JAZZ

STANLEY CLARKE bass

BUDDY RICH
percussion

CHUCK MANGIONE brass, composer, group



CHICK COREA keyboards

EDGAR WINTER woodwinds

GEORGE BENSON male vocalist, guitar

LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

BARBRA STREISAND female vocalist

to get sawed up and sold in three- and ten-minute segments, respectively.

It's also the type of thinking that makes some people want to be other people, as in the case of the more than 600 Elvis Presley impersonators now operating professionally in the United States. That we are living in a clone's age was further demonstrated during 1978 by the fact that a pair of bogus Presleys, one a girl, went as far as to have a plastic surgeon mold their features into replicas of the departed idol. They were joined by other would-bes who "became" Janis Joplin, Jim Croce and Jim Morrison (the five were booked for a tour as Rock 'n' Roll Heaven). Morrison himself was brought back from the dead, after, lo, these many years, as the surviving Doors worked on an album featuring tapes he had left in the can. But it was a year in which dead men walked the charts; the surge of record sales by Lynyrd Skynyrd, after the group was decimated by a plane crash in the Buddy Holly/Otis Redding tradition, proved anew that in rock, what goes down at the right time will eventually rise. Not that Skynyrd's posthumous success rivaled Elvis Presley's. When the year began, Presley's producer, Felton Jarvis, was probing the very large can full of unused (and in many cases forgotten) Presley tapes for possible hits; it ended with Elvis' being named *Billboard's* Male Artist of the Year in the country-music field, after no fewer than 19 of his releases had made the charts (his nearest competitor, Willie Nelson, had six). Indeed, it was Halloween all year round for the record biz, as the dead on the charts were joined by mummies, in the painted persons of Kiss, whose pubescent followers supported their tongue-waving, blood-dripping screech-rock extravaganzas with such fervor that the group stopped touring and recording together for one year in order to concentrate on their TV specials and individual albums.

The rock world, as usual, had a few other disheveled and premature departures, as The Who's zany drummer, Keith Moon, floated from this worldly sphere on a tide of medication—just after the group had finished a comeback album dwelling on aging, mortality and related themes—and as the 20-year-old girlfriend of punk-rock star Sid Vicious was found dead of a knife wound in the abdomen. Although charges against him remained to be proved, the well-publicized preoccupation of the New Wave in general, and Vicious in particular, with nihilism and violence led much of the press to convict him at once. "He beat out Keith Richards for the story of the year," commented another punk-rocker. And the former manager of the Sex Pistols, after trying to raise bail money for Vicious—whose real name is John Simon Ritchie—was already talking about a movie based on the case.

As is customary, there were a few other sudden exits in the music world and a few near misses. Jazz lost pianist Lennie Tristano and bassist Charles Mingus. Keyboardist Larry Young, a founding father of fusion music who played with everyone from Miles to Hendrix, died of internal bleeding at the age of 38. Rock continued to court a particularly violent destiny, as Chicago's guitarist Terry Kath shot himself to death in an informal round of Russian roulette (shades of Johnny Ace, the original rock casualty) and as Johnny Blitz, drummer of The Dead Boys, another punk-rock group, almost became a *real* dead boy when he went to the aid of a roadie involved in a street fight on New York's Lower East Side and got stabbed six times in the face and neck.

Rock even paid tribute, this time around, to the outstanding death culture of the known past, as the Grateful Dead (funny about that name, too) made a pilgrimage to Egypt, where they were recorded and filmed in concert at the foot of the Great Pyramid, which was used as an echo chamber; Ken Kesey, a member of the group's traveling coterie, even managed to scale the world's best-known monument to the dead and affix a Grateful Dead banner to its pointed top.

The ancient Egyptians believed in a form of resurrection, and most Americans are supposed to as well. Rock certainly does. One who came back from purgatory last year was Joe Cocker, dried out but unbowed. Another was Bruce Springsteen, who emerged from three years of legal and managerial hassles to reclaim his hastily doffed crown as the latter-day king of rock. And how about Keith Richards? He came out the other end of a Canadian heroin bust with a year's probation and six months in which to play a benefit concert for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind (his lawyer, citing Richards' nine-year battle with the hard stuff, also announced the guitarist's intention to donate \$1,000,000 to help set up, somewhere, a drug-rehabilitation clinic).

The foremost returnees from limbo, however, were a 75-year-old classical pianist and an 83-year-old jazz/blues singer. Ervin Nyiregyházi, a onetime child prodigy whose career had fizzled in the early Thirties and who had spent the past 45 years in total obscurity, was rediscovered as an album on the modest Desmar label that made the critics get very uncritical and inspired Columbia to distribute Nyiregyházi's future releases; and Alberta Hunter, who had played Broadway in the Twenties, then worked with Paul Robeson in London and headlined the first black U.S.O. troupe in World War Two, was rediscovered—at a Bobby Short party for Mabel Mercer—and launched on a comeback after not singing for more than 20 years (she'd even been "retired" from her job as a

hospital attendant in 1977—too old, they said).

But then, there were comebacks and resurrections going on just about everywhere you looked in 1978. Alice Cooper was another who dried out and came back. And a flock of Sixties performers made it back to the charts after years of absence, including Bobby Vee, Gene Chandler, Bobbie Gentry, Brook Benton, Mary Travers and Lee Dorsey. The Moody Blues made their first album in years. Johnnie Lee Wills, the brother of Bob Wills, was in the recording studio after a 16-year absence. Also seen in the studio, in New Orleans, was a group called The Reddings; they are the children of the late, great Otis. The Hi-Lo's were reunited after 17 years for an appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Canadian singer Anne Murray was back on the country charts after concentrating on motherhood for two years. The Allman Brothers Band, having forgiven brother Gregg for ratting on his roadie, was talking about a comeback. The Beach Boys made a comeback but discovered the old magic wasn't quite there (though it was for Dennis Wilson, who beat a "contributing to the delinquency of a minor" rap in Tucson when the 16-year-old girl involved refused to testify against him). Bob Dylan came back from his last comeback with a \$1,250,000 movie that the critics didn't like and some new arrangements that he said would make it hard for his fans to recognize his old tunes. He was right, and some of the fans didn't like it—but Dylan has proved more than once that he is smarter than his fans and probably will do so again. Another comebacker was a revitalized Al Green, who took his sleek soul music all the way to Tokyo to win top prize at Japan's international singing competition. Stax Records made a comeback. So did New York's Apollo Theater, reopening under new management. In fact, New York itself made a comeback, as a spate of recording activity—after several years in which all the action seemed to be drifting westward—led to the enlargement and/or renovation of a number of major studios.

And everywhere you looked, they were living in the past. The careers of Buddy Holly and Alan Freed were dramatized in films. A stage show called *Beatlemania* used film clips and Beatle impersonators—there's some more walking dead for you—to capitalize on the public's longing for the long-haired foursome, which has been cold for quite some time (though Paul McCartney, who owns the publishing rights to Buddy Holly's music, made some money almost every time Linda Ronstadt sold an album last year). As if that weren't enough, the life, times and music of Fats Waller were re-created in a Broadway show, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, with Hank Jones doing the piano. Esther

NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.



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RONRICO: AUTHENTIC RUM OF PUERTO RICO.

General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C.



Marrow played Mahalia Jackson in *Mahalia*, a musical at New York's Henry Street Settlement Playhouse. The compositions of 85-year-old Harry Warren—*Chattanooga Choo Choo*, *Jeepers Creepers*, and such—were in the process of returning to Broadway in a new musical called *Lullaby of Broadway*, set to open in the spring. And a group from Minneapolis called The Wolverines Classic Jazz Orchestra, whose average age is 24, made good impressions in California with their double-breasted tuxedos and their big-band arrangements from the Twenties and Thirties.

Those august arbiters of fate, The Charts, also had their eyes on the past, as compositions by Lerner and Loewe, Harold Arlen, Irving Berlin, Glenn Miller and Oscar Hammerstein returned to popularity. Tom Waits had a recording out of *Somewhere*, the Leonard Bernstein tune, and Michael Johnson had a Top 40 hit with *Almost Like Being in Love*. Willie Nelson was up there with his album *Stardust*, a collection of chestnuts, as was Linda Ronstadt with *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*. And Isaac Hayes, on the comeback trail himself, had a disco hit with *Stranger in Paradise*.

It was fully in keeping with the year as a whole when West 52nd Street, once known as Swing Street or simply The Street, was made into a shrine, with the names of a dozen musicians, including Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young and Billie Holiday, embedded in the concrete, Hollywood style.

Amidst all this nostalgia for the past were such unmistakable signs of a Tofflerian future as direct-to-disc recording, which essentially eliminates the taping process, and the increased use of lasers in stage shows and in discos, despite warnings from doctors of possible eye damage.

Herbie Hancock introduced a gizmo called the Vocoder, which he said Stevie Wonder introduced him to; it computerizes the human voice and blends it with an instrumental part, enabling a nonsinger to "sing" with perfect pitch. Other aids to future shock were the nation's first solar-heated record shop, in Appleton, Wisconsin, and the 24-hour city built for California Jam II, a rock concert held on the Ontario Motor Speedway in Ontario, California. The "jam" drew 250,000 paying customers who heard 15 hours of Nugent, Aerosmith, Santana, Heart and others through a 140,000-watt sound system; then they gave the speedway back to the drivers.

Because they were dealing in sci-fi numbers, anyway, there was no time like the present for the people who were making money in music last year. Despite rising promotional and advertising costs that led Warners and Columbia to suggest \$8.98 as a retail price for selected

albums—retailers everywhere were balking at that—CBS and its affiliated labels were running 32 percent ahead of the previous year's sales pace. Warner Communications, Inc., had its highest revenues ever in the third quarter. Casablanca, buoyed by the success of Kiss and Parliament, was running 113 percent ahead of the previous year. And the Robert Stigwood Organization—RSO—had the two best-selling LPs ever in the Bee Gees' *Saturday Night Fever* sound track and the Travolta/Newton-John music from *Grease*. By October, *Fever* had sold 25,000,000 at \$12.98 a copy. *Grease* had sold 5,000,000 in its first four months. And the sound track for the film version of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, a much-ballyhooed RSO production that was panned by the critics and closed after a brief run in New York, shipped platinum at \$15.98. A little fast arithmetic indicates that some people aren't having too much difficulty staying alive. And they were just as busy combining music and movies on the other side of town, as Motown and Casablanca collaborated on their own disco blockbuster, *Thank God It's Friday*, and Motown later went all out to produce *The Wiz*, with Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Lena Horne, Quincy Jones, Nicholas Ashford and Valerie Simpson all assisting with the music. With the cameras grinding and the sound mills churning at a record pace, the industry expected to top its 21 percent growth rate of 1977, when it rang up 3.3 billion dollars in sales.

All that booty quite naturally attracted the attention of some bad people. According to research undertaken last year by Germany's Deutsche Grammophon, piracy of tapes and records cost the international music industry \$780,000,000 in 1977. Again quite naturally, the industry was fighting back: antibootleg legislation was passed in New York, California and five other states, and individuals found guilty of piracy got jail sentences in Atlanta, New York and Texas. All that was before Eliot Ness got into the act: Just before we went to press, more than 300 Federal agents seized \$100,000,000 worth of recording equipment at 19 bootlegging operations spread over five states. The raids climaxed a 20-month investigation, during which the FBI opened its own record shop on Long Island, staffed with undercover agents. Thirty flat-bed tractor trailers were used to cart away the illegal mastering machines, duplicators and whatnot, and it was expected that at least 100 indictments would be forthcoming.

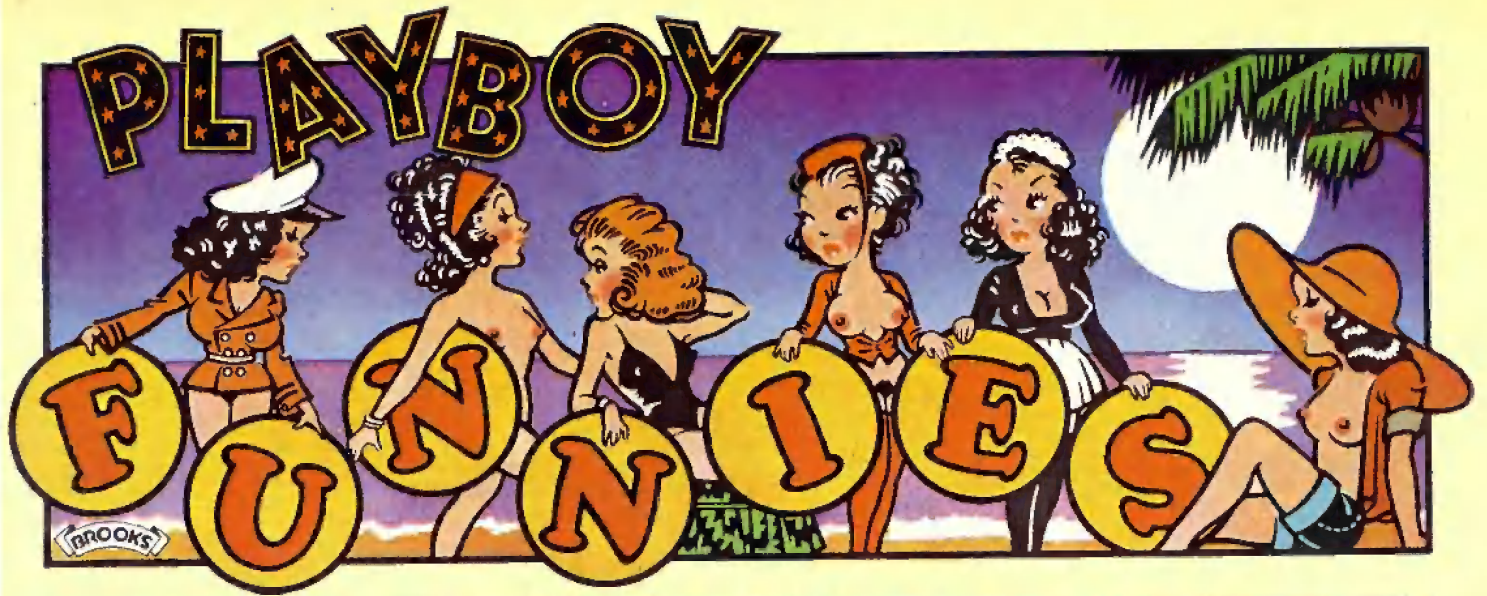
If it was a great year for the music industry overall, rest assured that it was an encouraging one for minorities and special interests. Minorities like musicians, for one: The record companies paid out almost \$34,000,000 in wages to

sidemen on recording sessions, an increase of 18 percent over the previous twelvemonth. Or like women, our disadvantaged majority. The number of female vocalists on *Billboard's* charts increased 30 percent between 1967 and the beginning of 1978; and female solo vocalists on the Hot 100 chart have increased 90 percent since 1976, as Donna Summer, Dolly Parton, Crystal Gayle, Debby Boone, Natalie Cole and Rita Coolidge, among others, have continued to solidify themselves as consistent hit makers and top concert attractions. The first all-female jazz festival was also successfully sponsored last year in Kansas City by Carol Comer and Dianne Gregg, a local singer and a radio producer, respectively, with Toshiko Akiyoshi, Marian McPartland, Mary Lou Williams and Betty Carter headlining the shows.

Jazz itself seemed to be in an unusually advantageous position, as numerous people thought of as jazz artists made some noise on the charts, crossing over into the rock sphere like Al DiMeola and Chuck Mangione, or into the disco/R&B market place à la Lonnie Liston Smith. This prompted talk of a jazz renaissance, and also a good deal of skepticism from people inside the industry and critics on the outside who felt that the jazzmen on the charts had gotten there by playing music that wasn't jazz. Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, who appeared to have crossed over safely, did an about-face and proclaimed, "Here I am, 39 years old, playing music that doesn't really fit me and working with producers who are telling me what notes to play, notes I don't really want to play. Man, I'm too old for that." Another nonbeliever was John Snyder (no relation to the writer), who had been producing avant-garde jazz for A&M's Horizon label. When A&M decided to go middle-of-the-road, Snyder had to form his own label, Artist House, in order to keep producing Ornette Coleman and other nonmainstream musicians. "Jazz involves the interaction of musicians on every level," he told us, "and it's a fact that those crossover records are made in layers. I don't see how a soloist can go into the studio and relate to the musicians who laid down the rhythm tracks several weeks earlier."

Regardless of what one thought of the crossovers, there seemed to be fresh interest in the relatively pure strains of jazz. New clubs cropped up in all the major cities, with a dozen spots opening around Los Angeles. New festivals were organized everywhere from Ann Arbor to Bombay, India. About 100,000 people paid to attend the 25th Newport Jazz Festival, and 200,000 made it to the ninth annual Jazz & Heritage Festival in New Orleans. Independent record labels that hadn't been heard from in decades, such as Progressive and Discovery, were resurrected. Dizzy Gillespie,

(continued on page 222)

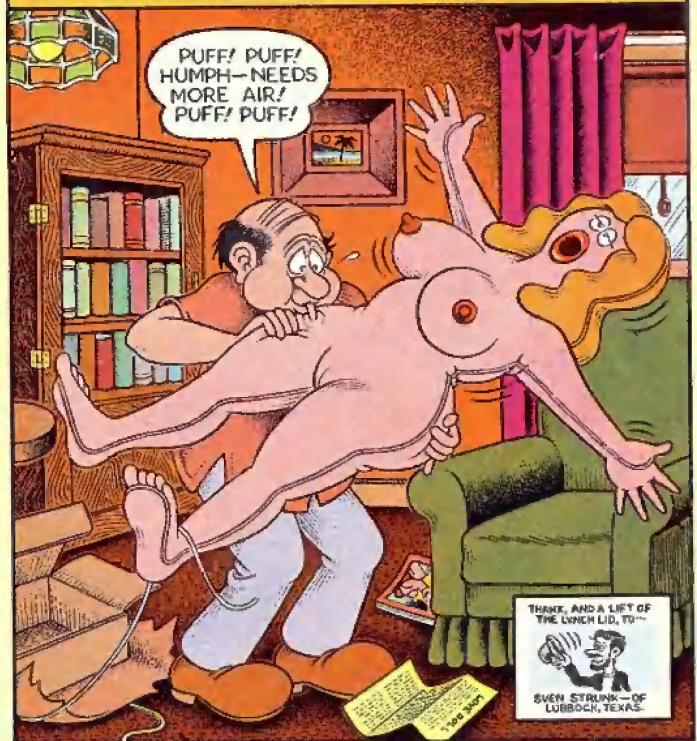


GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

STANISLAUS WAS QUITE THE MARTYR WHEN IT CAME TO BLOWING UP HIS LITTLE NEPHEW'S BEACH TOY.

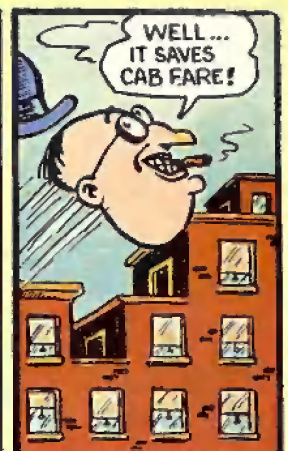
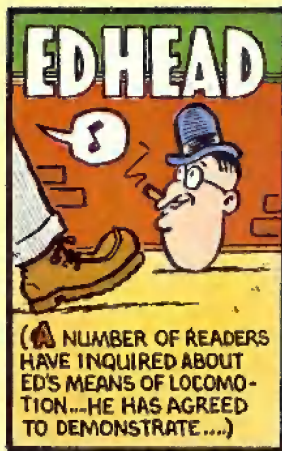


BUT THE MOMENT HIS INFLATABLE LOVE DOLL ARRIVED IN THE MAIL, OLD IRON-LUNGS COULD HAVE EASILY TAKEN ON THE HINDENBURG, WITH AIR TO SPARE!



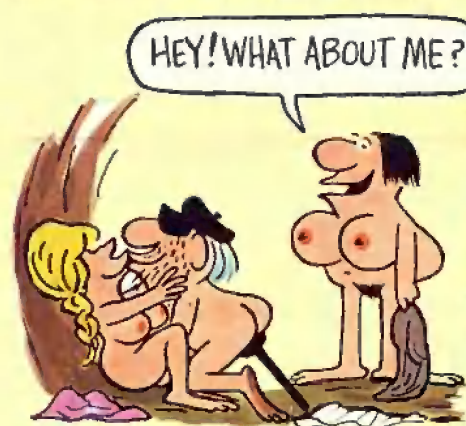
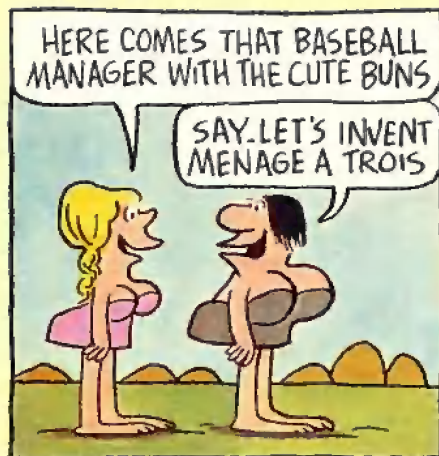
IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED



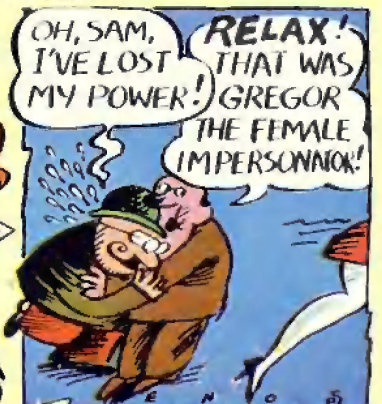


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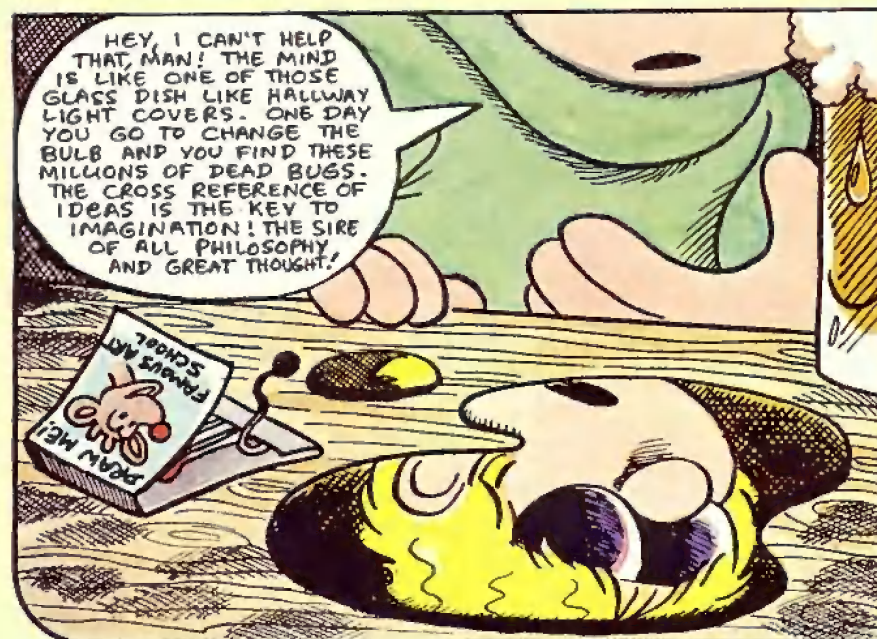
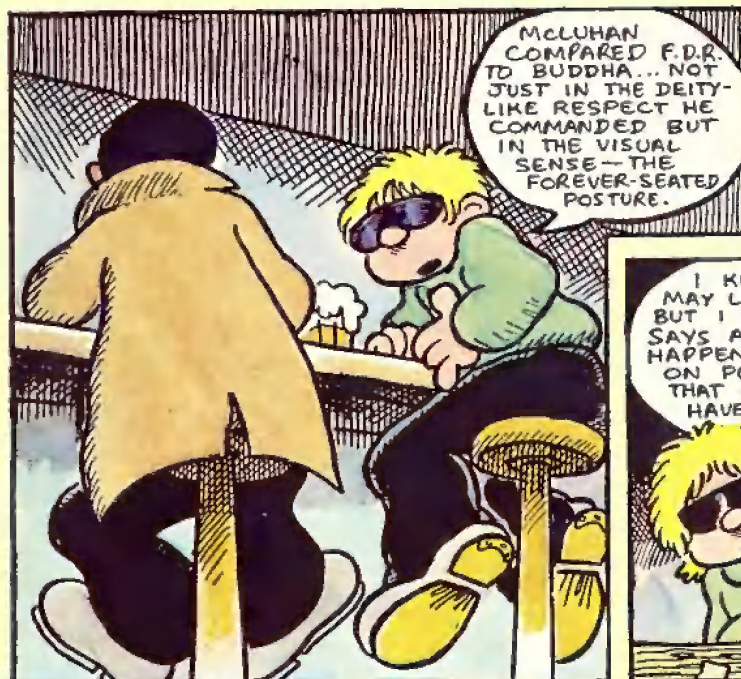
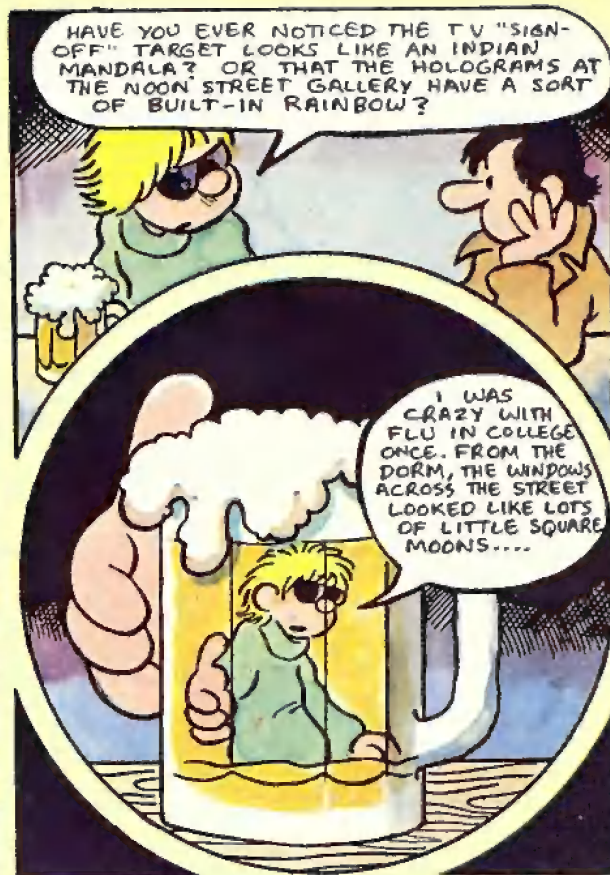
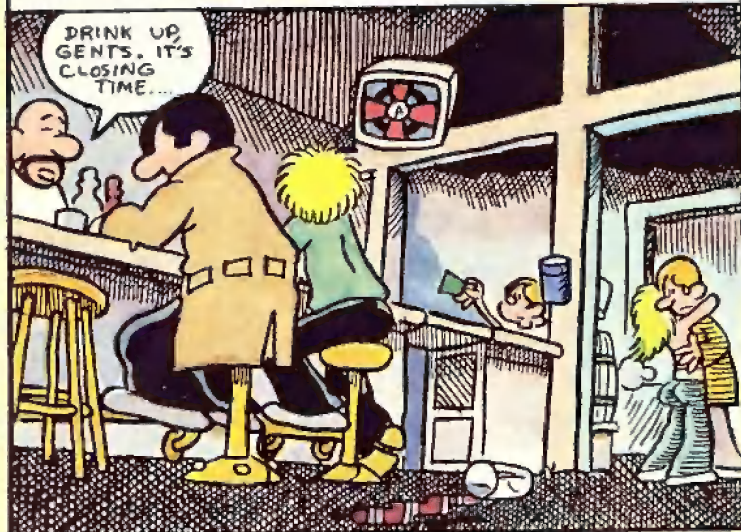
BY JOHNNY DART



PHARNUM PHILIGREW, THE MAN WHO CAN SEE THROUGH WOMEN'S CLOTHES.



CRUISER *by Christopher Browne*

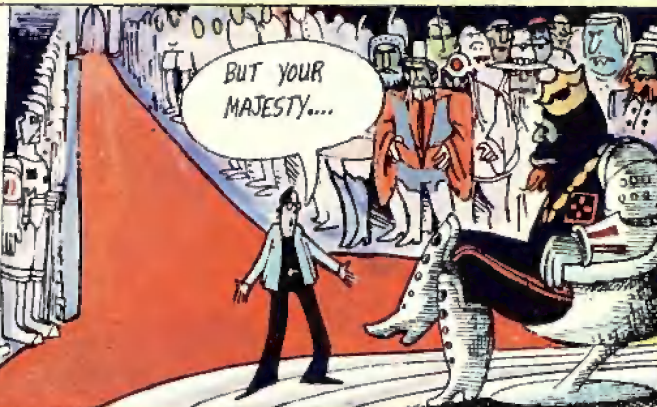


THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES

by
Randy Jones...
EUGENE SCHWIMMER

THIS MONTH:
THE "PEACEMAKERS"

TODAY OUR HEROES
ARE ON HINMOK, WHERE
THEY HAVE BEEN SENT
(RELUCTANTLY)
BY STAR COMMAND
TO PREVENT A MAJOR
CONFLICT WITH THE
NEIGHBORING PLANET
OF RORM.



THERE WILL BE NO
DISCUSSION!
IF THE ASHES OF
OUR GREAT GANOOGLE
ARE NOT RETURNED
IMMEDIATELY - IT
WILL BE WAR!!



BUT YOUR HIGHNESS,
THE ASHES HAVE
BEEN RETURNED!

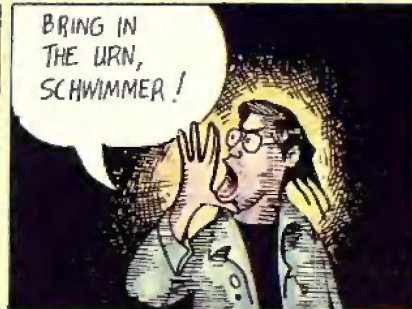
WHAT?



IT WAS ALL A
MISUNDERSTANDING
AND HIS HIGHNESS,
KING NORM OF RORM,
HUMBLY APOLOGIZES.



BRING IN
THE URN,
SCHWIMMER!



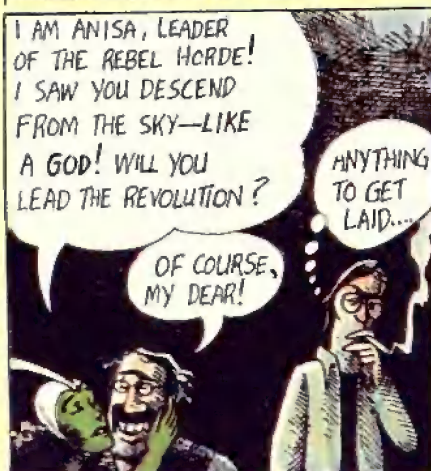
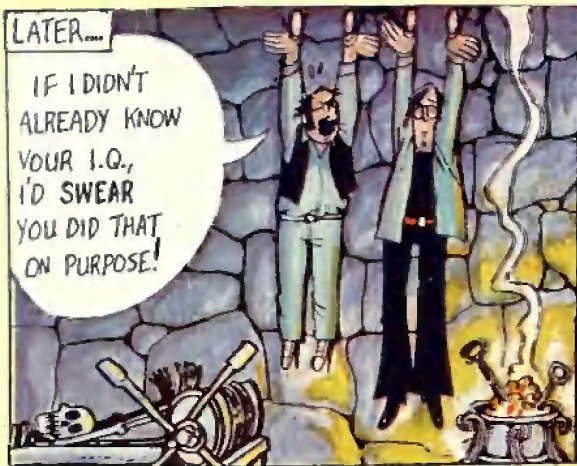
DON'T DROP IT,
YOU JERK....

HERE IT IS,
YOUR MAJESTY!

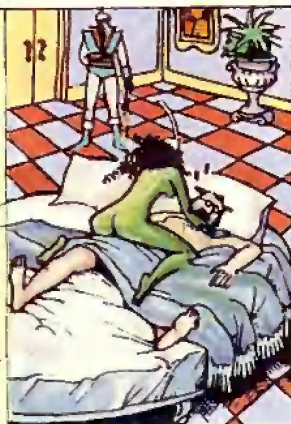


WHERE SHOULD I
PUT... WHOOPS!





AT FIRST, PALACE LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES FOR
OUR HEROES...



BUT EVEN THE BEST OF TIMES MUST END...



SO ONE NIGHT,
SCHWIMMER AND
JONES "QUIETLY"
LEAVE HIMOK...



BUT THOUGH OUR
HEROES ARE GONE...



...THEY ARE NOT FORGOTTEN!



SAUSAGES

(continued from page 153)

"The United States, with its multinational population, is sausage heaven, and some 200 types are available."

sloshed into a boat-shaped vessel and lit and the sausages are turned in the leaping flames. *Die Münchner* dote on their 11-A.M. *Weisswürste* break, wolfing sausages out of hand, sans roll, with perhaps a pretzel or a slice of white radish. And Hungaria, a spiffy caravansary in Manhattan's new Citicorp building, displays a sausage-festooned tree as its primary decorative theme.

Whatever their provenance, sausages were originally a product of necessity, a way of preserving meats in a prerefrigerator era, at the same time making delicious use of tough cuts, trimmings and leftovers. Then, as now, the meats were chopped, zapped with spices and condiments, stuffed into protective casings and divided into usable lengths. Preserving techniques were influenced by locale and climate. The weather of Mediterranean countries dictated sausages that held up in warmer climes—dry and semidry types such as the Italian salamis—preserved mainly with salt and spices. Conversely, chilly northern temperatures allowed development of more perishable fresh and smoked sausages. The Germans were particularly inventive, creating such temptations as delicate veal-and-pork *Weisswürste*, hearty *Bauernwurst* and *Bratwurst* and no fewer than 50 varieties of liverwurst!

Although sausage production is now highly mechanized, traditional curing methods are still employed, but changes are in the wind. Serious questions have been raised about the safety of nitrites and nitrates, historically used for preserving and flavoring, and a Federal panel is presently conducting a "slide by slide" review. However, it's not a simple matter, since nitrite protects against botulism, and the FDA will "never endorse an action that is going to cause more problems than it is going to cure." Meanwhile, a number of producers have voluntarily reduced nitrite content and there are even nitrite-free examples on the market. Anticipating change, the U.S.D.A. has launched an educational campaign alerting consumers to freeze cured sausage.

The United States, with its multinational population, is sausage heaven, and some 200 distinct types are available. Among them are such esoterica as German *Yachtwurst* (often studded with pistachios), savory Chinese *lop chong* (which come in pairs), small *chipolata* (used to garland the necks of British holiday

birds), French *andouillette* (made from intestines), Italian *cotechino* (fat, garlicky sausage similar to the French *saucisson à l'ail*) and the dry, peppery Hungarian *gyulei*. One sausage that never gained much popularity, and maybe it's just as well, is pemmican, an American Indian combination of chopped dried beef and dried berries.

Sausage buffs go bananas trying to classify this wealth of *Wurst* as to place of origin, prime ingredient, spicing or type of cure; but there are, essentially, two broad categories of sausages. *Ready to serve* sausages include such fully cooked items as liverwurst, bologna, salami, as well as tangy semidry and dry salamis and the less assertive *cervelat*—also called summer sausage. All of those slice well for sandwiches and platters. If you like your sausage by the chunk, get the small, zesty dry sausages—*chorizo* or *pepperoni*—and cut yourself a "chaw."

Many fully cooked sausages improve in flavor and succulence when heated. *Knackwurst* (it looks like a big frankfurter), coarse-textured, spicy *Bauernwurst*, smoked *Bratwurst* and Polish *kielbasa* may be simmered in water, wine or beer, grilled or pan broiled, while the unctuous blood sausages—French *boudin*, German *Blutwurst*, Scandinavian *blodpølse* and Irish blood pudding—respond nicely to browning in butter.

Raw sausages, both fresh and smoked, are the other basic group, and they require thorough cooking. In addition to the familiar breakfast links, there are sweet or hot Italian *salsiccia*—often spiked with fennel, parsley or parmesan cheese—the somewhat mealy British banger, served with a side of "mash," and parsley-flecked *Bockwurst*. Since so many sausages contain at least some pork, it's important to ask for cooking directions when buying a new item.

Specialty shops and ethnic delis are your best bet for unusual items, but well-stocked supermarkets and the gourmet sections of department stores offer a surprising choice. There are also mail-order sources for sausage. Schaller & Weber (1654 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10028) is famous for German-style *Wurst*; Fred Usinger, Inc. (1030 North Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203), offers a variety; Manganaro's (488 Ninth Avenue, New York, New York 10018) is known for Italian specialties. *Chorizo* and *lingüiça* are available from Casa Monco (210 West 14th Street, New

York, New York 10011); and McArthur's Smokehouse (Millerton, New York 12546) comes through with notable bangers and hickory-smoked breakfast links. That's it—the best of the *Wurst* and real good eatin'.

MAIFEST

Perhaps you won't make it to this year's *Oktoberfest*—Munich's annual sausage-and-beer blast—but you can stage a *Maifest* at your place. Invite all the hungry types you know and set out a variety of sausages, buffet style. Accompany with the appropriate trimmings—hot sauerkraut, cole slaw, pickles, an assortment of breads, several kinds of mustard (Dijon, coarse-ground Moutarde de Meaux, Dusseldorf), French potato salad and plenty of cold beer!

Cold Sausages: *Chorizo* and pepperoni cut in 1-in. lengths. Italian salami, *mortadella* and *Braunschweiger* liverwurst cut in thin slices. Arrange on platters and garnish with sliced pimientos.

Hot Sausages: Smoked *Bratwurst* and *kielbasa*—prick lightly, place in cold frying pan and sauté over medium heat, turning often, until browned. *Knackwurst* and *Bauernwurst*—cover with beer or water in a saucepan; bring to simmer and heat 10 minutes. Drain. Slice sausages, set on platters and top with sprigs of watercress.

FRENCH POTATO SALAD

(Serves six)

- 2 lbs. new potatoes
- Salt, freshly ground pepper
- 1/3 cup dry white wine
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
- 4 scallions, finely chopped (including some green)
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water until tender, 20 to 30 minutes. Drain, peel and slice into bowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add wine and stir gently. Let stand 1/2 hour. Combine remaining ingredients and fold into salad. Taste and add more salt and pepper, if necessary. Serve at room temperature.

CHOUCROUTE GARNI

(Serves six)

- 3 lbs. sauerkraut
- 3 tablespoons bacon drippings or salad oil
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, finely chopped
- 2 tart cooking apples, peeled and chopped
- 2 cups dry white wine
- 1 bay leaf
- 6 whole peppercorns
- 10 juniper berries (or 1/4 cup gin)
- 6 smoked pork chops



LEE FITS AMERICA

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6 Weisswürste
1 lb. kielbasa
½ lb. Knackwurst

Rinse sauerkraut in cold water; drain thoroughly, squeezing out as much water as possible. Heat drippings or oil in large, deep pot and sauté onions and garlic until softened. Add drained kraut, apples and wine. Tie bay leaf, peppercorns and juniper berries in cheesecloth and add to pot. (If juniper berries are not available, add gin.) Cover and cook over low heat for 1 hour. Add pork chops, cover and cook ½ hour longer. Meanwhile, brown Weisswürste in lightly greased skillet and cut kielbasa and Knackwurst into thick slices. Add all sausages to pot. Cover and cook another ½ hour. Remove seasoning bag and discard. Pile sauerkraut and sausage slices on big platter and arrange pork chops and Weisswürste around and on top. Serve with boiled potatoes, choice of mustards and dryish Riesling or Gewürztraminer wine.

Choucroute au Champagne: Daniel Fuchs, chef at Maxwell's Plum, has a spectacular way of presenting his native dish. Arrange *choucroute* in heatproof casserole and place on *réchaud* or alcohol burner. Make an opening in the center and set a split of champagne in the space. Remove the wire mask but hold your thumb firmly on the cork. When ready, remove your thumb. The heat will pop the cork and a gusher of bubbly will

erupt over the sides, into the dish. When foaming ceases, add remaining champagne and cook 10 minutes more.

KAPLAN'S SALAMI AND EGGS (Serves two)

A favorite dish often served at Kaplan's at the Delmonico, a luxury residence hotel in Manhattan.

¼ lb. kosher-style salami, thinly sliced
4 eggs
2 tablespoons water
Black pepper, optional

Remove outer casing from salami slices; cut each slice in half. Sauté salami in lightly greased skillet over medium heat until slices begin to curl. Salami should release enough fat to fry eggs, but you can add a little oil if needed. Beat eggs lightly with water and add to skillet all at once. As eggs set, lift sides so that liquid runs underneath. When omelet is firm but still moist on top, turn with spatula and cook quickly on flip side. Slide onto warmed plate. The salami provides enough salt, but you can add a grind of pepper, if you like. Kaplan's uses an extra-garlicky Knubblwurst salami, which is about half the diameter of the regular. If you can find this, don't bother cutting slices in half.

PORTUGUESE CHORIZO ASAZO (PORTUGUESE FLAMED SAUSAGES)

Cut *lingüiça* or chorizo sausages in 2-in. lengths. Place in pan with about ½

cup water. Bring water to boil, cover pan and cook about 5 minutes. Uncover pan and continue cooking until water boils away and sausages are lightly browned. Reduce heat. Add about a jigger of brandy (preferably marc or grappa) to pan and ignite. Stand back when adding spirit, as it can flame spontaneously. Shake pan slowly, turning sausages in flames. Serve as soon as flames die. Makes a tangy appetizer with cocktails or Portuguese Vinho Verde wine.

SAUSAGES AND PEPPERS, SAN GENARO (Serves two)

4-6 Italian sausages (depending on size)

½ cup water
½ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 large sweet red pepper, sliced
1 medium onion, thinly sliced
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
Salt and pepper, to taste

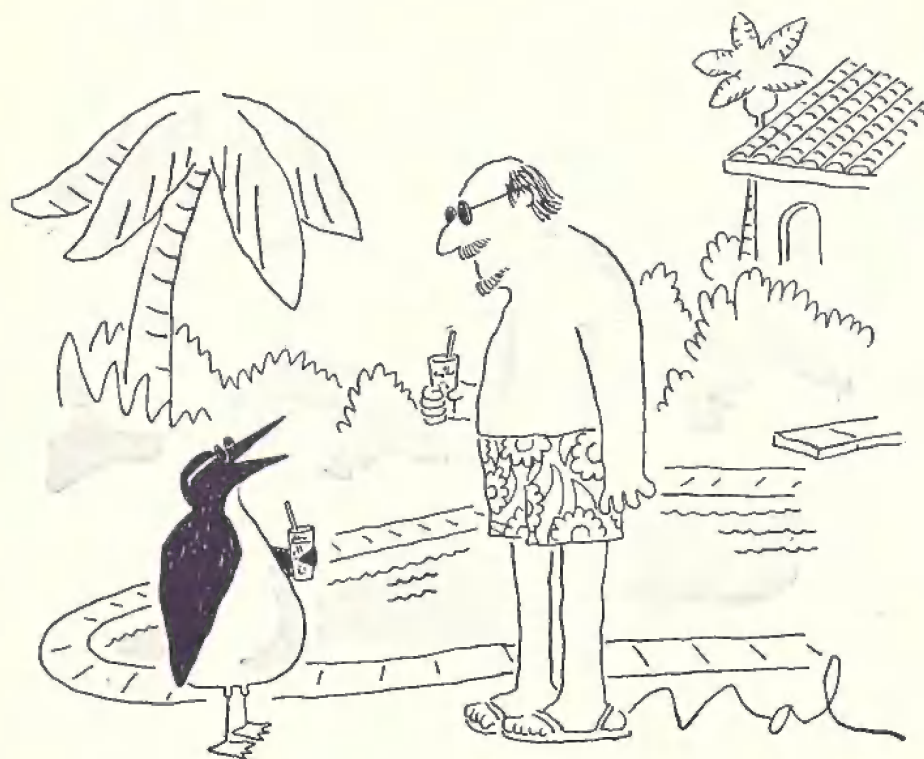
Use sweet or hot sausages or combination. Bring water and wine to boil in large skillet. Add sausages and cook, turning once, for about 10 minutes or until liquid in pan boils out. Add olive oil and brown sausages lightly on both sides. Add red pepper, onion, garlic, salt and pepper. Cook, stirring occasionally, until red pepper is tender and sausages nicely browned. This takes about 15 minutes, but you can speed things up a bit by covering pan for part of time. Uncover toward end, so liquid in pan can evaporate and vegetables take on glazed appearance.

LAYERED SAUSAGE AND POTATO HUNGARIA (Serves six to eight)

3 lbs. small potatoes
Salt
¼ lb. butter, melted
¼ lb. boiled ham, sliced
6 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and sliced
½ lb. fresh pork sausages, sliced
½ pint sour cream
1 tablespoon Hungarian paprika

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, peel and slice. Arrange layer of potatoes on bottom of large, well-buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and little melted butter. Cover this layer with ham slices and top with another of sliced potatoes. Sprinkle with salt and melted butter. Arrange egg slices and sausage slices on top. Finish with final layer of potatoes. Pour any remaining butter on top. Spread sour cream over all and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in preheated 350° oven for ½ hour.

Informal wine-and-sausage parties are popular in France, especially with students. It's an easy, lively way to entertain—which often leads to spicy conversation and amiable alliances.



"Then I discovered that the reason I was frigid was not psychological but geographical ... so I moved!"



NEW FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE DATSUN 310. 39 REASONS WHY YOU MUST TEST DRIVE IT.

The new Datsun 310 is the most extraordinary economy car Datsun has ever built. Here's why you must sample it yourself.

1 The front-wheel drive is hitched to an ingenious fully independent suspension system. You'll not only handle curves and turns. You'll enjoy them.

2 The exterior styling is an aerodynamic combination of the best of three continents. This car looks much more expensive than it is.

3 We believe the plush interior (offered as standard equipment) is easily the most comfortable, most luxurious in its class.

4 With all its style, performance and comfort, the 310 is still an economy car. The EPA estimated it at **27** EPA estimated mpg, **38** estimated highway on regular gas (except California). Use these numbers for comparisons. Actual mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less than EPA highway estimate.

5 Quality. Every Datsun 310 is carefully built by the Nissan Motor Company, Ltd.—a worldwide automotive leader whose very name means quality. And they go to incredible lengths to insure that quality.

27 EPA ESTIMATED MPG
38 EPA ESTIMATED HIGHWAY



Like taking extraordinary measures to fight rust—sealing the rocker panels with a zinc coating for added corrosion resistance, for example. But these are the kinds of things you do when you are dedicated to quality and driven to build cars that last.

6-39 Are standard features on the new 310 you may have to pay extra for on other cars. Like remote control rear windows, reclining bucket seats, split fold-down rear seats and steel-belted radials. And thirty other standard features your Datsun dealer will gladly show you.

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Follow the Canadian Superstar.

MAKING INFLATION WORK FOR YOU



Inflation is not going away. If you believe the politicians who tell you that *now* they're really going to stop it, don't read any further. Call me immediately about some fabulous beach-front property in Arizona. The only way to beat inflation is to have more money. But how do you accomplish that, you ask? You get on the waves of inflation and ride them, instead of getting buried by them. While you are relatively young, you can do much better financially than at any other time in your life. That's because your income will probably rise more dramatically during the period from the age of 25 to the age of 40 than at any other time in your life. It's during those years that you should get your plan started.

OWN YOUR OWN PAD

The most important thing to do is to buy a house or a condo or some other place where you will live. Houses have risen in price far faster than the cost-of-living index in the entire postwar period, but especially in the past ten years. Inflation has gone up by about 95 percent since 1967, but the value of the *average* private dwelling has gone up by over 150 percent in that time.

One reason for buying your own dwelling is that you're doing it with other people's money. Suppose you buy a \$50,000 house. Normally, you would pay \$10,000 down and finance the rest with a mortgage for 80 percent of the full price. You will pay about ten percent a year on the money you borrow. That is the current mortgage rate in most parts of the country.

But all the interest you pay on the mortgage, which is almost all of your first year's payments, is tax-deductible. So, for most people, the *real* interest rate on that mortgage is seven percent. The mortgage will cost you about \$2940 a year if you have a 30-year mortgage. But the house will be worth \$5000 more at the end of the first year. At the end of the second year, it will be worth \$11,500 more. In about seven years, it will be worth about \$50,000 more. Net result: You have lived in your house free and you have made a fortune.

By the end of the seventh year, you will have more than \$50,000 worth of equity in your house. Could you have saved that much? Probably not. Now, if you sell it and reinvest all of the proceeds (or more) in another personal residence, any tax you owe will be deferred. And if you keep trading up in property until you reach the age of 55, a new tax law allows you a one-time \$100,000 tax-free sale of a personal residence.

Because the biggest part of the mortgage payments on your house is tax-deductible, you can afford to spend

much more before-tax earnings on buying a house than you would on rent. Of course, there are other expenses associated with buying a house—taxes, utilities, etc.—but they are small potatoes, by and large. And the local property tax is Federal-income-tax-deductible, too.

Here is the real inflation kicker that makes it all so much more delicious: You borrow when you don't have many dollars and pay back when you have a lot of dollars. This is how it works: Suppose you start off earning about \$14,000 a year, or about \$10,000 a year after taxes. Your monthly take-home might be about \$800. If you buy a house that requires a \$300 monthly mortgage payment, that \$300 will be a good bite out of your take-home pay. But your pay is extremely likely to *double* in current dollars in less than four years, if you are a young hustler just starting out or in your early 30s. By 1983, you will have a take-home of about \$1500 a month, and you will not notice \$300 a month for the payments on that house that's then worth far more than you paid for it.

A TRUE GOT-RICH STORY

I have a schoolteacher friend who, back in 1966, when he was making \$9000 a year, took every cent he could borrow and bought a small house for \$30,000.

He watched it get to be worth \$50,000 in two years. He then had \$25,000 worth of equity in the house. He sold that house and bought another for \$75,000, and he could afford it, because he made a \$25,000 down payment. After 30 months, he had a house worth \$110,000. He then had \$60,000 worth of equity in it. So he sold it and bought a house in a better neighborhood that cost \$130,000. He had the money for a large down payment and his salary had gone up, so he could afford it. By then it was 1971. By 1973, that house was worth \$170,000.

The schoolteacher who never earned much money then had equity of a cool \$100,000. Then he did something really smart, which is only for those who really hate to be poor. He got a second mortgage on his house for \$50,000. (A second mortgage is a loan secured by the equity in a dwelling.) He took that \$50,000 and bought two beach-front condominiums. Each condo cost \$100,000 furnished. He was able to lease them for the summer for enough money to pay off the indebtedness on them and the debt for the second mortgage.

By 1976, each condo was worth a cool \$210,000. He had \$100,000 equity in each of them, and his house was by then worth \$225,000. And so, two years ago, he was worth \$375,000, and that was before the big inflation of the past two years. You can do the same thing. —BEN STEIN

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TUNING INTO THE VIDEO-TAPE SCENE



When home video-cassette recorders hit the market in 1975, manufacturers expected consumers to purchase those sophisticated and expensive gadgets to record programs for future viewing. Companies that sold prerecorded video cassettes struggled to gain a foothold in the infant market; and companies that produced programs for the home VCR owners were unheard of. But in the past year, as the number of owners of video-cassette recorders has grown impressively, the number of companies offering prerecorded programs to home VCR owners has multiplied dramatically.

SAY HELLO TO HOLLYWOOD

Today, there are over 600 copyrighted movies for sale on video cassettes throughout the country. Now the bad news. No, you can't buy *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Saturday Night Fever* or other current blockbusters. But there is a big demand for top-notch flicks by home VCR owners frustrated by the dearth of quality programs. So big, in fact, that last year one store in southern New Jersey even started advertising its illegal wares in a newspaper. The company attracted hordes of buyers—and the FBI.

Assuming you want to stay on the right side of the law, there are still plenty of programs from which to choose. Three movie companies have made films available to the home video market: Twentieth Century-Fox, Avco Embassy and Allied Artists. Each studio has dozens of feature-length movies on video tape that sell for between \$50 and \$75. Here's briefly what each firm offers.

Twentieth Century-Fox: This was the first studio to jump into video through distributor/duplicator Magnetic Video Corporation. (Its stock soared from \$3 to \$47.) Top titles include *M*A*S*H* and *The French Connection*.

Avco Embassy: Magnetic Video also distributes and duplicates this company's films. Three that are predicted to be the biggest sellers: *Carnal Knowledge*, *The Graduate* and *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*.

Allied Artists: Video-cassette-recorder owners can buy A.A.'s movies on tape almost as soon as they are theatrically released. Its titles include *The Wild Geese*, *Fedora*, *Papillon*, *The Betsy* and *The Story of O*.

X AND NOSTALGIA MARK THE SPOT

But those three companies offer only what is estimated to be fewer than a third of the available programs. What else can be purchased? Porno films on tape, for one. Already, some stores are reporting that X-rated programs are their hottest sellers. And just about every top-quality X-

rated movie made in the past several years can be legitimately purchased over the counter.

Two companies in Hollywood offer films on tape from the movie capital's golden age. The Nostalgia Merchant is selling fare such as the original *King Kong*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Citizen Kane*. Hollywood Film Exchange has put on the market several Alfred Hitchcock films, as well as an assortment from The Beatles and Rolling Stones to Sherlock Holmes.

OTHER PROGRAMS

While movies seem to be the predominant form of prerecorded program, they're not the only products available. Sports World Cinema in Salt Lake City specializes in video programs about skiing and motor sports. Long-time supplier of instructional sports films to schools and universities, School Tech of Ann Arbor, Michigan, is now offering on video cassettes all of its 31 programs that cover racquetball to weight training. Perhaps the most daring home video programmer of all, Video Tape Network in New York City, has made available 75 programs ranging from Jimi Hendrix to a Richard Pryor special.

WHERE TO BUY

It's almost certain that no retailer will carry every program from every company. First try the store where you bought your recorder. If its selection isn't diverse enough, try some of the larger stereo and electronic shops, as well as the more sophisticated department stores.

There also are other ways around the shortages. Magnetic Video Corporation (23434 Industrial Park Court, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48024) has formed a home video club to reach markets where dealers don't carry tapes. It costs ten dollars to join. Magnetic Video's main fare is the movies of Fox and Avco Embassy. Another way to acquire programs is through Video Corporation of America (231 East 55th Street, New York, New York 10022), which offers its programs to mail-order customers only. Video cassettes as diverse as a tour through Paris night clubs and Jack Nicklaus on golf can be rented for about ten dollars for a seven-day period. One enterprising company, Discotronics, Inc. (50 North Main Street, Cranbury, New Jersey 08512), has started a used-for-used video-cassette exchange whereby, for a ten-dollar (minimum) service fee, a customer can swap one used movie for another.

Starting a decent video library of Hollywood movies requires a Beverly Hills bank roll. A \$1000 collection buys 15 to 20 tapes. So carefully choose programs you'll enjoy watching over and over again. —HOWARD POLSKIN



O.J. DINGO

The man's all legs and knows everything about feet. Listen:

"Boots have to look great — but they also have to be made for whatever you're going to be doing in them. That's why, when you say boots, you gotta say Dingo®."

Like O.J. Simpson, we mean what we say, and what we say is: Nobody Puts Leather Together Like Dingo.

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dingo

Nobody Puts
Leather Together
Like Dingo.



HOW TO THROW A CATERED PARTY



Laziness and a disdain for the ordinary are two reasons to have your next party catered. A third reason is the human experience as it relates to the giving of parties. Most gatherings are conceived by a host who envisions no more than "having a few people over for drinks and a snack." Most gatherings end with the same host, shell-shocked, staring at rooms full of half-empty glasses and dirty dishes. As if his injury needed further insult, the stunned partygiver often realizes that he has spent more money than planned—or was required—for the festivities. On the spot, he swears that his next bash will be given with the aid and counsel of outside help. That resolution explains the existence of catering firms.

HOW TO CHOOSE A CATERER

The ideal way to find a caterer is through the recommendations of friends. Preferably friends who have had the good grace to invite you to the party at which they discovered this phenomenal surrogate host. Barring that, begin by simply looking up caterers in the Yellow Pages, calling them and gauging their response to your questions. If the response is brusque, filled with hints that your contemplated affair is a lesser event than those that light up the eyes of the firm's bookkeeper, hang up and keep dialing. You will eventually reach a voice that seems to understand exactly what you have in mind.

But don't make your decision solely on the basis of a telephone conversation. Visit the caterer's office, too (a move that will tell you more about the firm in a few minutes than will an hour on the phone). You should also ask the caterer for two references before signing on the dotted line and placing your party irrevocably in his hands. And after you've asked for references, *call* them.

WHAT'S IN THE CONTRACT

What should your catering contract contain? Everything up to and including the kitchen sink. And that is not a cliché used lightly. If you expect the caterer to clean up afterward, make sure it's down in black and white.

Your contract should also specify all of the other services and items you wish for the evening, including, of course, a menu tailored to your budget, your guests and the occasion. In these casual times, the seated dinner—not necessarily to our collective credit—has become a near anachronism. The buffet reigns, and that isn't all bad. Buffets create a free-form atmosphere that goes well with today's lifestyles.

If you don't have sufficient dishes, glassware or even furniture, the caterer can provide them—for a price.

Caterers don't have liquor licenses (at least the ones I know don't), meaning that you must provide the liquid life of the party. Whatever the source, be certain that only the best brands are provided; elegant parties have been spoiled by the look and taste of Old Degreaser on the bar.

The number, dress and source of serving personnel should be spelled out, together with the hours during which guests will be served. And the contract will, of course, contain the final price per guest. You can expect to pay about eight dollars a head for a small cocktail buffet offering hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, not including the cost of the alcohol and the help. The price per capita will go down as the group goes beyond 50, but it will go up accordingly in the case of a seated dinner. For 25 guests, a seated dinner will cost approximately \$25 per guest, exclusive of wine, liquor and servers.

As mentioned, the liquor will be an extra in most instances. A rule of thumb says three guests to each fifth, but that has been complicated by the growing popularity of wine as a drink. My rule for wine buying is to allow one bottle per guest. That way, you won't run short except in extreme cases. (And whatever is left will keep nicely in your wine cellar, anyway.)

OTHER ADVICE

If you offer an open bar—and you should—be sure that the bartender understands that anyone can have any drink he wants, just as long as the fixings are available. And you might also consider combining the open bar with a punch bowl; nothing can get a bash into orbit faster than a tasty concoction that's been liberally laced with several types of hard stuff. Being able to ladle out a liquid refreshment also frees the bartender for more involved creations.

A wise host also works out a contingency plan to put into action when the party becomes too great a success to close down on time. (Failure to agree on this in advance can result in huge prices being paid by a too-generous host.)

A point to remember: Many caterers will quietly vanish with the leftover goodies—which you, incidentally, have paid for—unless you specifically state in the contract that whatever hasn't been devoured belongs to you. That way, you won't see a mountain of cold lobster leave with your check at the conclusion of the party.

The end of your evening, if you have planned well, will be a joy. You will be left with a clean house, uncluttered by unwashed objects and overflowing ashtrays, and the leisure time to share an afterglow glass of cognac with your companion.

—WILLIAM JEANES



It tastes like real blackberry. Naturally. Because it's Leroux.

Leroux Blackberry Sour.

Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. lemon or lime juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Leroux Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 1 tsp. sugar. Shake, strain, garnish with orange slice, cherry.



Experience the Leroux Blackberry.

It's the one with flavor so natural you'll think it's right off the bush. That's because Leroux International Liqueurs use only true fruit flavors and the finest of natural ingredients. Once you've tasted Leroux, no other liqueurs will do.

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SEX IN CHICAGO

(continued from page 176)

On the second date, however, the majority do.

"We see a lot of girls here who come from the suburbs, girls from the western and southwestern neighborhoods, who've just gotten their first job and first apartment in this area. Girls who lived with their parents," says Larry, a bartender at P.S. Chicago who's also worked at Butch's. "They come in with low-cut dresses and crosses around their necks. They're so scared that they won't get picked up and even more scared that they will that they just sit and quake, literally quake, man."

On the other hand, there are women who make the men quake.

"I love to fuck," says a 28-year-old blonde secretary who lives in the professionally hip Old Town district, just northwest of the Rush Street area. She goes alone to She-Nannigans whenever she wants to pick up what she passingly refers to as "some hunk." "Trying to find a man who can just fuck without any problems is very hard in this scene. Fortunately, I like to get head more than I like to fuck, and *everybody*, I mean at least 90 percent of the guys down here, will give head. Not necessarily good head, but head."

But the discos and singles bars are, for most of Chicago's singles, a phase of their lives, to be endured until they can find a more or less monogamous relationship: love, at best; a satisfying one-to-one sex relationship, at least. And amazingly, they do.

The vast majority of young working singles are more inclined to look for love among their friends, in their neighborhoods or at work than in a disco.

Chicagoans find love at work so frequently that there are a number of restaurants whose primary function is to enhance intra- (and sometimes inter-) company romance. Among them are Sweetwater, Harry's Café, Arnie's, Melvin's Outdoor Café and The Brassary, all on the Near North Side. They're all your basic plant-and-tastefully-ornate-natural-wood type establishments, with clever menus to inspire clever conversations. For intracompany romance, lunch is a crucial repast in Chicago, and the restaurants can barely seat all the customers at noon.

Even more essential to the development of long-term one-to-ones than all the discos, singles bars and ornate restaurants are Chicago's neighborhood bars. It is Chicago's good grace to compensate for its puny and qualitatively mediocre singles-bar and disco scene by having every kind of neighborhood bar one could possibly imagine. In a

neighborhood bar, a casual familiarity can develop between men and women that easily leads to the friendship necessary for a long-term affair.

Chicago blacks have their own places, and the best of these are on the South-east Side, where most of middle-class black Chicago lives. Just as all the North Side bars have the same genuine-wood look, the popular South Side bars also have a standard look: pastel decors (with pink, white and red being a favorite combination), carpeting, lots of mirrors and an aquarium over the bar.

Four main bars support a good singles scene: the two Godfather taverns (Godfather I at 4640 South Cottage Grove Avenue and Godfather II at 1545 East 87th Street), the Dating Game at 8926 South Stony Island and the South Side's most famous bar, Flukie's at 8211 South Cottage Grove. Flukie's is solid mirrors, reflecting the red, black and white decor into infinity. There are bar counters along both walls and an oval counter in the center of the room. The counters are lined with thickly padded Naugahyde, so that anyone happening to pass out mid-drink can do so without banging his head. The pickup technique is the same as on the North Side: Buy her a drink.

Other similarities to the North Side scene are that fashionable and tasteful attire is preferred, that lawyers and doctors are extremely successful in picking up women and that oral sex, once considered by most Chicago black men to be a disgusting white perversion, has now become an essential technique in the repertoire of singles-bar movers.

Ralph, a 34-year-old used-car salesman who works the Godfathers I and II and takes some of the prettiest black women on the South Side to his one-bedroom \$300-a-month high-rise apartment, expresses the sexual shift this way: "Earlier in my life, I went by what the older men said. You'd hear 'em say, 'Afor I ate one, I'd fall in a hole,' and I thought it was filthy. But once I did it, I thought, 'Hey, this ain't so bad,' and the view of the chick from down there just killed me. I think more guys, particularly young guys, would have gotten into it sooner if it wasn't drilled into our heads so much that it's nasty. And the fact is, you get more young chicks that way. Seems like every chick I meet 25 or younger wants me to give her some cap [head]."

But despite the recent liberalization of sexual attitudes toward oral sex, Chicago's black community is still basically more conservative than the white one. Straight fucking without a whole lot of fooling around is the preferred sexual activity.

JoAnne, a 38-year-old black career

woman who admits to a healthy sexual appetite, sums up the general attitude this way: "Once I had this brother over who said he'd like to put whipped cream all over me and lick it off, and I told him there was a can in the refrigerator. Why didn't he just go and drink it straight, and when he'd had his fill, then, come back and make love?"

PROSTITUTION

While Chicago is, at the neighborhood level, a moral city, it is also a convention city; the number-one convention city, with the largest exposition center in America, McCormick Place. Last year, Chicago hosted 1089 conventions, 174 trade shows and 15,692 confabs, bringing a total of 2,500,000 people into the city to spend about \$525,000,000. If only five of every 100 male conventioners are looking for paid sex when they come to Chicago, the lack of it would disappoint some 125,000 male visitors a year. And Chicago likes happy conventioners. Thus, moral though Chicago is, it needs prostitutes to promote business. But it just doesn't want to see them.

Street hookers provide most of the sex for sale in Chicago, followed in order by B-clubs, massage parlors and discreet callgirl operations. Chicago vice policemen estimate that 80 percent of Chicago's prostitutes are black, 15 percent are white and 5 percent are Hispanic.

Most of Chicago's hookers come from the black ghettos and housing projects and from nearby poorer cities: Gary, East Chicago, East St. Louis, Moline. Compared with prostitute populations in other major cities, Chicago has fewer drug addicts. This is reflected in the relatively low number of crimes involving hookers robbing or pickpocketing Johns. And while most Chicago prostitutes have boyfriends, relatively few have pimps. Chicago's hookers tend to be independent businesswomen, fending for themselves in a legal and political atmosphere that demands that they be subtle, clever.

Chicago prostitutes cannot be too brazen, for brazenness is taken as a challenge by the police, who have developed an eerie sense of how obvious prostitution can be before it begins grating on a neighborhood's sense of morality. The mode of dress cannot be too whorish. A slightly short skirt, long hair or (as with most black prostitutes) a shoulder-length wig, boots in the winter, heels in the summer. The manner of pickup cannot be too obvious. The customer must make an offer first. No running out into the street and hawking from car to car, no congregating in bunches of 12 and 15. The girls generally travel in pairs (particularly after a couple of murders of prostitutes in 1977 on the Near North

Side) and take their stations on or near street corners, standing in doorways.

The most common piece of business is fellatio—first, because the customers want it and, second, because it often takes no more than five minutes and can be done in parked cars on side streets, gangways, alleys or basement parking lots. Some prostitutes don't take car tricks because they fear being picked up by an undercover cop. These girls like to work at intersections where there are three or four nearby points of rendezvous, or on major avenues or strips. The main areas, as of this writing, are:

- Rush Street, north of Chicago Avenue and south of Division and in the streets off Rush.

- In the four square blocks surrounding Dearborn and Oak, sufficiently west of the Rush Street section not to be included in it.

- Broadway, from Belmont north to Wilson Avenue, and in the side streets off Broadway, is the main street for prostitutes in Chicago. It cuts through Edgewater, New Town and Uptown, and most of the white streetwalkers work these neighborhoods, along with a considerable number of black and Latino streetwalkers.

Prostitution, like nearly everything else in Chicago, is divided racially. The trade on the South Side is all black, as is most of the West Side trade. In the black areas, prices are cheaper: \$25 gets you a hotel room and a fuck. The same \$25 in the Rush Street area or on Broadway will get you no more than a blow job in an alley. To lie with the North Side ladies costs a total of \$40 minimum, between the hotel room and the sex, and more, usually \$50 to \$75. On the South Side, extras (fellatio or letting a man perform cunnilingus) are \$10-\$15. On Broadway and on Rush, extras cost \$15 to \$25. Many white and Latino prostitutes don't take black customers, and if they do, charge them extra.

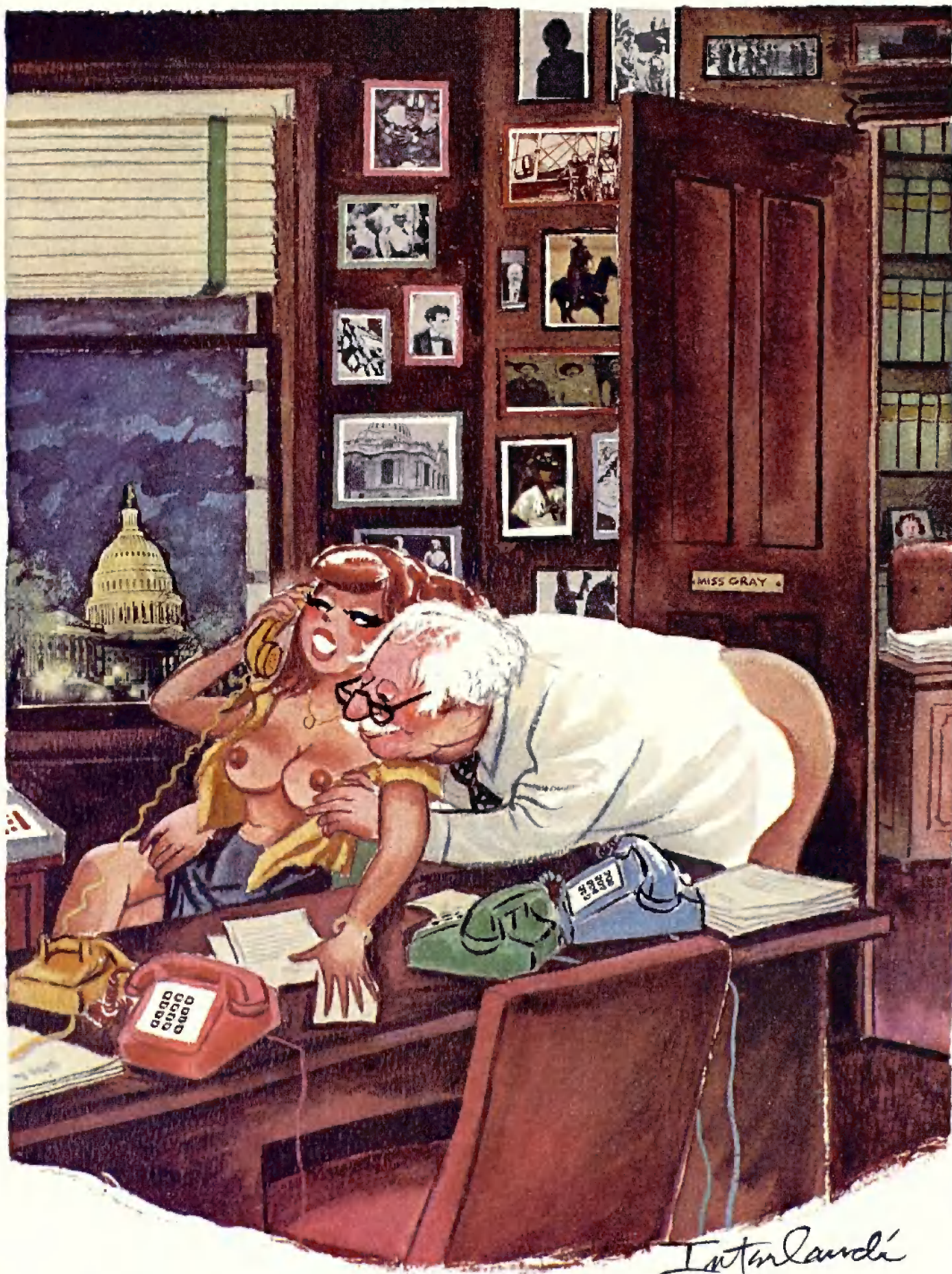
Obviously, conventioners have to vie with natives for the attention of Chicago's streetwalkers. But if they choose not to do so, they can always go to the B-lounges, those "clubs" that advertise bottomless dancers and charge incredible money for a glass of Seven-Up. Native Chicagoans seldom go to these places more than once or twice if they can find sex any other kind of way, because the B-lounges are unquestionably the least value for your money.

There are a few B-lounges scattered through Chicago's northwest suburbs, most notably Club Taray and the Roman House, which cater to the hotel trade around O'Hare Airport. But the largest concentration of B-lounges is, of course, in the Rush Street area. Within a one-block area, one can find more than a



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Intarlandi

"I'll have to hang up now. I'm about to get a Government grant."

half-dozen joints, replete with shills on the sidewalk, competing for the out-of-town dollar.

At a typical operation, one is escorted to a table after having paid six dollars at the door for the prerequisite two drinks (at some places, you pay four dollars at the door just to get in, then you have to buy two drinks). A young woman soon joins you and introduces herself. The next part is tricky. She whispers in your ear all the things she would like to do for you and offers you the opportunity to go to a back room with her to split a bottle of champagne.

A bottle of champagne usually runs about \$50. In some clubs, it goes for as high as \$150. In other places, you buy the champagne and, when you get to the back room, she tells you if you want to do anything except talk, you'll have to come up with more money. Often the B-lounges do not actually have liquor licenses, so the "beer" available is near beer, and the champagne is grape juice or soda water. After the proposition has been agreed on, comes a great moment in merchandising. Since most of the conventioners and salesmen who are the B-lounges' lifeblood don't have that kind of cash on them, the B-lounges put the total bill on a credit card. American Express, Diners Club or Carte Blanche are preferred.

A somewhat better deal than the B-lounges can be had in Chicago's massage parlors, though they're dying out fast. At present, there are only five well-known "leisure spas," and all but one are on the North Side.

Unlike New York and Los Angeles sex spas, Chicago's advertise little, picking up most of their customers from word of mouth and walk-ins. All five are private clubs, which means that before one can sample the goods, he must become a

member. To become a member requires a \$5 to \$25 fee and extensive identification, including proof of one's place of employment. The stringent identification requirements are primarily to weed out vice cops, who nonetheless manage to raid most establishments at least five times a year.

Once a member, one is offered fellatio or fucking for \$25 to \$50 "complete," which means that one can get satisfaction without tipping the girls extra. Most parlors offer kinky "extras" for extra money, and the most exclusive and well-appointed of them has rooms equipped with racks, chains and whips. There the specialty is "English"—the girls spank you or whip you lightly with thin wooden rods.

While Chicago's B-girls are generally pretty and the streetwalkers range from good to bad to ugly, the girls in Chicago's massage parlors (about half black and half white, with an occasional Latino) are among the plainest, most foul-tempered women in the world. We are told the story of one unfortunate man whose fetish involved dressing in a nun's habit and then being humiliated (spat upon, whipped, reviled, etc.) by a woman. He went to a North Side massage parlor with a paltry stable of four girls, was led into the back room with a girl and, after telling her about his fetish, changed into his habit. "Humiliate me," he said. She burst into laughter and shouted, "You want to be humiliated? I'll humiliate you, you sick motherfucker," at which she threw open the door to the room, ran out to the street and began calling to passers-by, shouting, "Hey, everybody, this nut here wants to be *humiliated*! We got some weirdo in here in a nun's outfit who wants his ass *humiliated*!" The customer, too horrified to enjoy his hu-

miliation, ran from the parlor, leaving his regular clothes behind.

The poor fellow should have known that there are better ways to act out one's sexual fantasies in Chicago. They are expensive, but worth it. They're called callgirls.

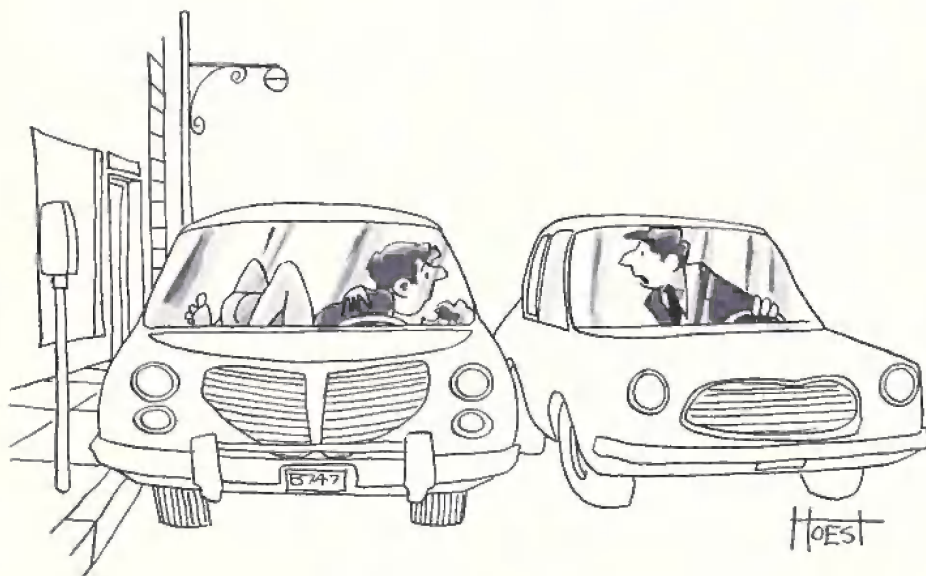
"I do not consider myself a madam," says tall, svelte, 36-year-old Geraldine B., Chicago's top organizer of erotic delights. "I prefer to call myself a fantasy broker. I can arrange anything a man wants for the right price. Anything."

For a city as large as Chicago, it's surprising that, according to Geraldine, there are only seven or eight women like herself, women who operate exclusive callgirl services for those who can afford to spend \$100 a flat hour, \$500 a night and \$1000 for a three-day weekend with a genuinely beautiful, fashionable and reasonably intelligent young woman who considers it her job to please her customer totally. Between them, these callgirl madams use the services of perhaps 250 girls. Each madam has six to ten "regular girls," who get the largest part of her business, and a list of 20 or so others who meet the standards expected of a high-priced callgirl and are willing to take occasional jobs. A large number of these part-time girls are stewardesses, secretaries and clerks in fashionable North Michigan Avenue stores. The standard arrangement between the madams (most of whom are in their mid-30s) and the girls is that out of every \$100, the girl gets \$60 and the madam \$40.

Geraldine sees her service as a broadening, educational experience for many of her clients. "Chicago executives are more uptight than execs in other cities, like New York and L.A. I have introduced many of them to the experience of multiple sex—threesomes, orgies. I have given them the chance to see two women making love. I have introduced hundreds of them to cocaine, marijuana, Quaaludes and poppers. They learn these things from me, then take them home to their wives. Many a businessman and his wife feel they have one up on their counterparts if they've snorted coke or smoked Maui Wowie. We teach our customers about fashion, new lifestyle trends, and so on. My customers are enriched by their experience."

According to Geraldine, most orgies and other forms of kinky sex occur in private homes. Her kinkiest customer by far is a fellow who lives alone and has a large house in an exclusive suburb. "He tore down all the walls on the first floor and put tracks in on the ceiling. He's got a harness rigged up so he can hang from the track in mid-air, push a button and float from one end of his house to the other. The service I provide is to send over three or four girls who

(Text continued on page 217, "Sex and the Law in Chicago" follows on page 212.)



"Pulling out soon, fella?"

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
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SEX AND THE LAW IN CHICAGO

Legally, Chicago is a fairly liberal city when it comes to sex. There are no laws that prohibit specific sexual acts between consenting adults and no laws aimed at homosexuals. The Chicago Police Department concentrates most of its efforts on holding down prostitution and pornography.

We say holding down rather than stamping out, because no one in the city government, least of all the cops, has any hopes of eradicating prostitution and porn. It's doubtful that they would even want to. Chicago is America's number-one convention city, and a bit of available sin is good for convention business.

The only time the Chicago Police Department goes into high gear against pornography is just before a mayoral election. It was a tradition under the administration of the late Mayor Daley and it was continued by his city council-appointed successor, Michael J. Bilandic, in the late spring of 1977, just before Bilandic went up for election.

Bilandic declared a much-bally-hooded "porn war," using the city's housing code to inspect adult bookstores, find minor violations and close them down. But a Federal judge ordered the reopening of most of the 34 stores closed down, saying the city was making selective use of the housing ordinance to attack the bookstores.

Two months later, the city council passed an antiporn ordinance (by a 45-0 vote) that requires that any new adult bookstores, adult moviehouses or nude and topless bars be confined to specially zoned commercial areas and not be located within two blocks of a church, school or residential area. In effect, the ordinance restricts porn shops to their present number (about 40) and location in Chicago, meaning that as far as the city council is concerned, Chicago has just enough porn to satisfy the local trade and the convention trade as well.

One administration official—who pleaded anonymity for obvious reasons—says the new attitude goes back to the death of Mayor Daley.

"The old man really hated pornography and he really wanted to get rid of it," he said, "but now he's gone—God rest him—and the new bunch isn't interested in being zealots. Live and let live as long as nobody complains too much—that's the attitude."

Whatever the official attitude, the vice-control division of the Chicago Police Department has to justify its pay checks, so somebody's got to get busted.

In 1978, vice cops made about 63 arrests on charges of selling or distributing obscene matter, and almost all of those resulted from raids on porn stores.

The boys in vice also conducted three raids in 1978 on the Festival, a porn moviehouse on the northern end of the Gold Coast at 3912 North Sheridan Road, where porn-film queens frequently appear in person to pose for customers with cameras.

But pornography is by far the lesser of two evils in the eyes of Chicago. The greater is prostitution.

After a series of scandals in the early Seventies concerning police corruption in tavern shakedowns (largely in the infamous 18th Police District on the Near North Side and in the West Side Austin District), then-police superintendent James B. Conlisk reorganized vice operations, creating an organized-crime division handling narcotics, prostitution and gambling. Because of the breakup of the old district-controlled vice units, organized prostitution—whorehouses, pimp stables, Mob-controlled prostitutes, etc.—cannot be assured of police protection. And because organized prostitution has pretty much died out, except for the B-lounges and a few exclusive callgirl services, the sex-for-pay field is left largely to the streetwalkers.

Police estimate that, including part-time callgirls, there are 1500 to 2000 women in Chicago who will sell their bodies for money. Of these, an estimated 1000 are streetwalkers. As a result, the majority of the more than 8000 arrests last year for prostitution were made by beat cops rather than by vice cops. (The Chicago Police Department also arrested more than 2000 men last year for prostitution-related charges, including pandering, pimping, engaging the services of a prostitute and prostitution. Few of those arrested were male prostitutes, and many of those were transvestites posing as women to heterosexual customers.) The 25-man vice-control unit specializes in underground and off-the-street prostitution, and by the end of 1978, vice officers had made 97 raids on B-clubs, 33 raids on massage parlors, 218 raids on callgirl operations (which could range from one girl to a stable of girls), 116 raids on houses of ill fame (many of these are included in the callgirl busts) and 114 arrests for pandering—the only felony in Illinois' prostitution statutes.

Soliciting is a class-A misdemeanor under Illinois law, punishable by a maximum \$1000 fine and one year in prison, and a minimum of time served—the 24 to 48 hours a hooker is jailed before she goes to court.

Therefore, 95 percent of the prostitutes arrested plead guilty for time served, and the judges usually let them go. The reality is that prostitution busts in Chicago are a mere ritual designed to keep both the girls and the cops on their toes. Until 1976, the C.P.D. placed more emphasis on arresting streetwalkers than on arresting customers. But increased citizen complaints from the districts where streetwalkers congregated compelled the C.P.D. to begin using customer arrests as a deterrent to street prostitution. From 1976 through last year, the C.P.D. has conducted at least two "John raids" a year using police decoys. The most massive one occurred last December. Code-named Operation Angel, the operation involved 100 police decoys and resulted in the arrests of 40 prostitutes and nearly 600 customers.

According to police public-relations director Lieutenant Dave Mozee, "We know prostitution can never be eliminated. But we try to keep the prostitutes in constant motion. We don't let them settle in one area too long. That way, they don't get to be a chronic nuisance in any single neighborhood."

B-clubs, those bars with nude dancers and sperm-stained back rooms, are considered a chronic nuisance. The Chicago City Council had a long-standing ordinance against B-girls until 1977, when the ordinance was ruled unconstitutional by a state court because it discriminated against women. Before then, undercover police agents played a cat-and-mouse game with B-lounge operators, closing them down occasionally in flurries of raids. But now, Chicago's dozen or so B-lounges operate freely until an ordinance to replace the first one is drafted under the post-Daley administration of Mayor Bilandic.

Prostitution and pornography will never flourish in Chicago. An assistant state's attorney who prefers to remain anonymous said: "Law-enforcement officials in New York and San Francisco consider us a Bible Belt town. But it's not that we have a moral war against sex traffic. It's that excessive prostitution and pornography lead to seedy neighborhoods and seedy neighborhoods are dangerous. We just want visitors to feel that Chicago's a safe place to walk around."

THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS. EARLY TIMES.



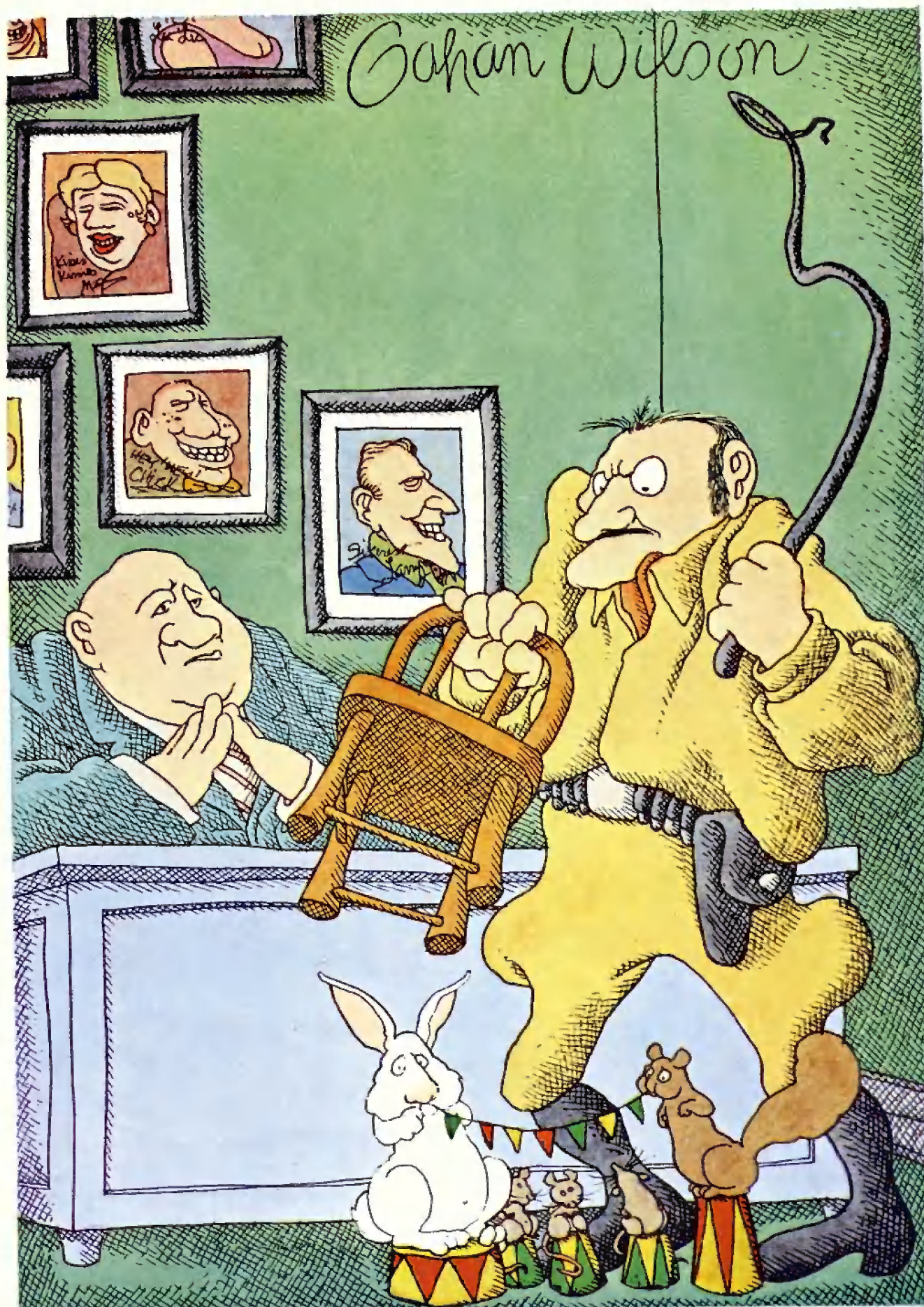
1870. The first transcontinental train trip.
On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

And when they gathered to celebrate in the mahogany-paneled smoker, what other Kentucky whisky would have been more appropriate than Early Times?

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1860 TODAY



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Canyon Cat.

When it comes to all-around performance, nobody out-performs Suzuki.

Case in point: The GS-550E. This popular middle-weight offers the best of two worlds: Small bike agility. And big bike power.

Its cat-like nimbleness is the result of several factors. Namely, a light but rigid chassis, well-balanced design and exceptional action from front forks and rear shocks.

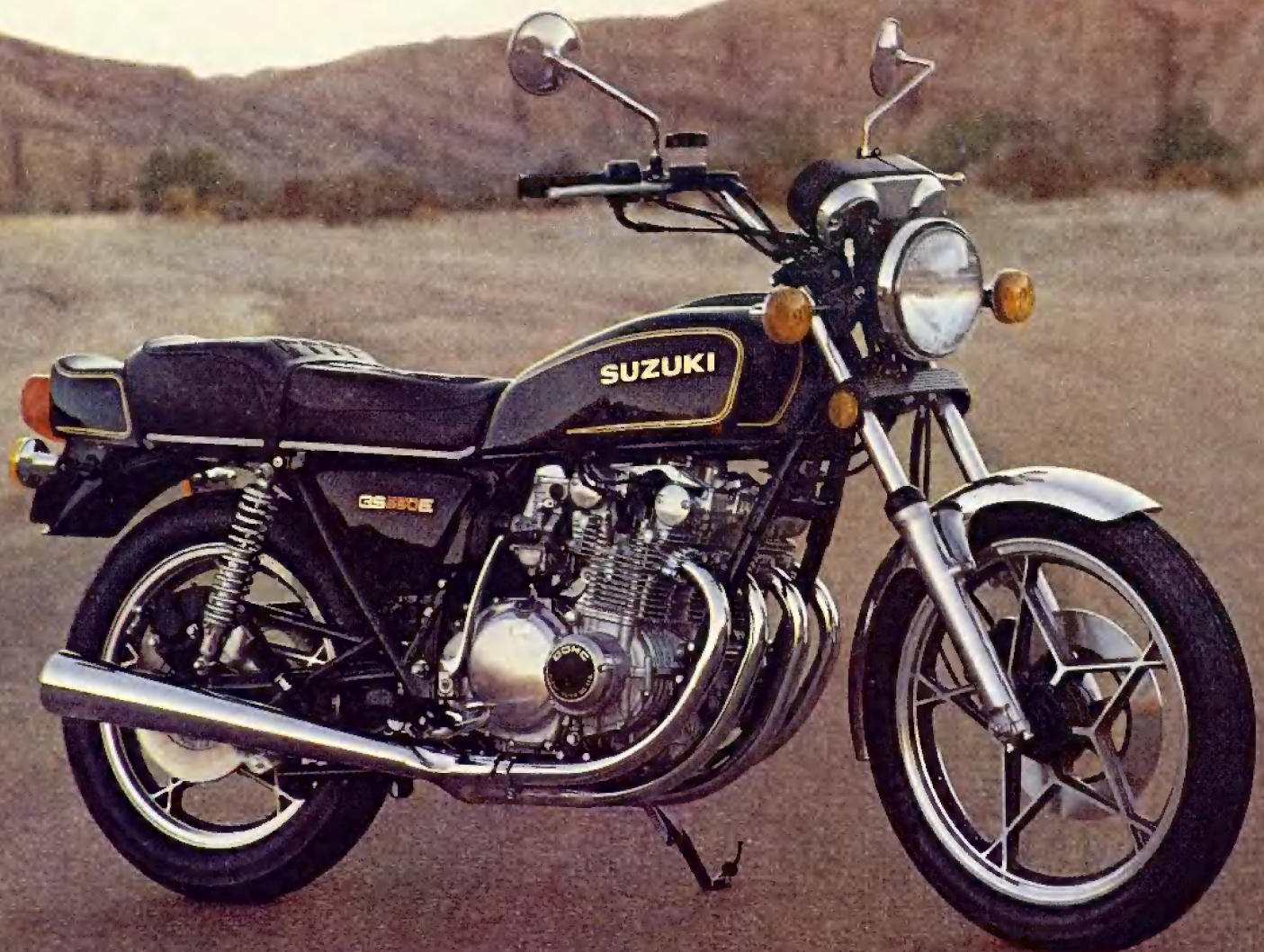
Its power comes from Suzuki's proven 4-stroke DOHC engine. Which delivers snappy acceleration for passing. And steady power for cruising. Matching gearbox is a smooth 6-speed.

Impressed? Heck, we just started. This baby is equipped

with beefy disc brakes front and rear. Sporty mag-type wheels. High-performance tires. Electric starting. Custom saddle. Digital gear indicator. And an electrical terminal for accessories. Fact is, it comes with most everything except a high price tag.

Now you know why the GS-550E is one of the world's great performers.

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Ride safely. wear a helmet, eye protection and appropriate riding apparel. Member Motorcycle Safety Foundation.



Escape to the Islands tonight.



Tia Maria and...

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dress up like flowers, with petals around their heads and everything, and stand on platforms alongside the track. Then this gentleman puts on a bumblebee outfit and flies through the air making buzzing noises with his penis out and 'pollinates' all the flowers. But please don't mention this, because he might recognize himself and I wouldn't want him embarrassed."

Suppose, we suggested, we change the story to his being a hummingbird, flying along, licking nectar out of the flowers?

"Well, I guess that's all right. He wouldn't recognize himself that way, I don't think."

We found one final comment from Geraldine interesting. She admits that despite her service, Chicago isn't really the place to be when one wants to blow one's circuits on sex. "When people with money in Chicago really want to go all-out sexually," she says, "they generally fly to New York."

SWINGERS

The right to remain anonymous is a cardinal law in Chicago's swinging underground. The Playboy Telephone Survey revealed that six percent of the adults in the Chicago area had been to sex parties at least once. There are probably no more than 6000 couples in Chicago involved in some sort of organized swinging, and the threat of discovery compels most of them to live double lives. Experienced Chicago swingers say they've met many a famous public figure passing himself off as John Smith, and even at swingers' "socials," where no one actually disrobes, an awful lot of couples are John and Mary Doe, who give out only a P.O. Box rather than a phone number or address.

Mike LaCroix is a rather anonymous type himself. He's of medium build but hard and lean, like a wrestler, and he wears his longish blond hair in the manner of Dennis Hopper, a droopy mustache rounding out his basic late-Sixties look. He wears tight-fitting clothes and leaves his shirt unbuttoned two-thirds of the way down. His girlfriend, Robin, is sleek and very sensual-looking, with dark hair, dark complexion and a small, erotic mouth with perpetually pursed lips. (She's also "versatile," meaning she swings both ways.) They look like any other mid-American couple on the way to a rock concert.

Mike, 36, makes his entire living off swinging. With Robin's help, he holds "socials," which are opportunities for swingers to meet other swingers. Working from a mailing list of 3000 (comprised of personal contacts, members of a club and bar he used to run and from a swinging magazine he used to publish), LaCroix invites 60 couples once a month to a suburban-hotel banquet room, usually in Rosemont, near Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Many times, couples arrange to rent

a room that night if they meet couples equally primed, while other couples merely go home with a few phone numbers and make their arrangements later.

For those hot to trot on the premises, LaCroix is prepared. He rents a large party suite along with the banquet room, and "in the party room," he smiles, "it's orgy time." In the orgy room, you don't have to swing, but you do have to take off your clothes at the door.

"Disrobing breaks the ice," says LaCroix, "but it also has its risks. It all depends on the first six or seven couples who arrive. If the first people up in the orgy suite are potbellied men smoking cigars, the good-looking people are going to say, 'This ain't for us.'"

Because Mike's is such a popular club, and because the people who attend his socials have a lot of money to spend, the hotels he operates in wink at the goings on. Mike collects \$15 per couple (\$20 if hors d'oeuvres are served) at the door, lets the hotel operate a cash bar and gets the banquet room free (the hotel knowing a lot of rooms will be rented that night).

Mike is an entrepreneur. His pride comes not from his sexual prowess ("For me, twice in one night is a good night") but from his ability to get rich off Chicago swingers. He now nets about \$800 to \$1000 a month from Executive North, the name of his swinging club, but he says he has the backing to open the first on-premise swing club in Chicago, modeled after Plato's Retreat in New York. He'd charge \$25 per couple, which he figures would net him about \$20,000 a month. Mike says he's completed all the legal research; the only thing he sees standing in his way is Chicago's conservative political atmosphere.

"Chicago is five years behind New York, ten behind Los Angeles. Running an on-premises club in Chicago will be difficult until the Daley-created Irish-Catholic machine cracks. Cardinal Cody dictates the sexual attitudes of Chicago, not Bilandic. Anything else, crime, murder, can run rampant here, but not sex."

Once a month, at nine p.m. on Saturday night, 50 or 60 people, mostly married, mostly in their late 20s to mid-40s, gather in Don Jameson's four-bedroom bungalow in a predominantly Polish neighborhood on the Northwest Side of Chicago. At the door, each couple gives Don \$15. Don, a 40-year-old former semi-pro football player, is holding an orgy.

For their \$15, couples get a few drinks in Jameson's basement bar, where socializing and negotiations for the evening are conducted. Occasionally, someone will walk into the basement without clothes, but most nights, it's like any other cocktail party down there.

Upstairs is where the action takes

place. Two of the bedrooms have no doors. "Those are for foursomes to eight-somes," Don says. "Anybody can just walk by and climb in." One of the rooms is equipped with two double beds. Another is all pillows and carpeting. "I get a lot of people who come to watch," he says. "Why should I care if a guy just wants to watch?"

Don's about 6'2", a rugged 190 and something of a peacock: His clothes fit perfectly, he wears expensive jewelry and perpetual sunglasses. A native Chicagoan, Jameson has been swinging for nine years and says he knows 2000 swinging Chicago couples. He admits that swinging is "85 percent of my existence," and his total income comes from his parties and a few real-estate investments. He has no regular job but drives a white Cadillac.

Don has seen it all. It is mere routine when one of his friends calls to invite Don over to watch a dog fuck the friend's wife. It is just another day's work when he picks up a girl, blindfolds her, ties her up and delivers her to a friend's house with a dungeon in the basement, where the girl (whose fantasy he's creating) is chained to a gigantic wheel and tortured by Don's friend. Meanwhile, Don goes upstairs and, along with another friend, sandwiches the wife of the man who owns the house. "We have had fantastic times," says Don, "and we always part friends."

Don has seen so much, in fact, that your ordinary kink hardly moves him at all anymore. "Like, I was in my friend's dungeon one night and he's chaining his wife to a cross. He put a hood over her head and a rubber dildo in her mouth. Then he put her in this corset that shrunk her waist and pushed her hips out. Then he used a vibrator on her. It was interesting, you know, and I kind of got involved, but it wasn't the kind of thing where I thought, 'Gee, I can't wait to do it again.'"

Since blacks in Chicago are virtually excluded from the organized swinging circuit, they have to swing on their own. Most orgies are held by private men's clubs, which invite an assortment of free-thinking women and prostitutes to a jointly kept secret apartment (if any club members are married) or a hotel or motel. Live sex shows are popular warm-ups for these orgies, along with fun contests such as "whose dick can fill a shot glass." There is a certain sense of humor about the whole thing on the South Side that the North Side swingers lack.

The Gents are a club whose members are mostly professional or managerial blacks between the ages of 30 and 40, who live in or near the upper-income residential section of the South Side called Charham. When the Gents hold a "club set," they charge \$10 per person at

PLAYBOY'S CHICAGO TELEPHONE SURVEY

Chicago is the birthplace of PLAYBOY. We've been here for over 25 years, but we feel that we are just beginning to get to know the city. The rest of the country thinks of Chicago as the second city, the place where your luggage gets lost. The city of wide shoulders and the women who like to ride them. The Chicago Seven. The Democratic machine. The city that works. We wondered what our neighbors thought of themselves, and so we commissioned an outside firm to conduct a telephone survey of 554 randomly selected people between the ages of 18 and 40. We wanted to define the community standards of our home town, to ascertain the sexual temperature of the Windy City. The results, when compared with our first telephone survey of Miami, were enlightening.

How do Chicagoans rate their city? We asked people to estimate the sexual temperature of Chicago and four other major cities. Chicagoans were fairly restrained. They ranked Miami a frigid 65, placed themselves at a moderate 70, behind New York (74) and Los Angeles (77). Las Vegas was given a warm 83. Apparently, Chicagoans are used to the cold. The average of their ratings (73.8) is a good deal cooler than the average of the temperature ratings given by Miami-ans (their average—an astounding 82.8). A bare majority (52 percent) thought that Chicago had become more sexually permissive in the past five years, and 56 percent thought that the over-all temperature was on the rise. Once again, we found a high degree of loyalty: 24 percent thought Chicago was their kind of town and a great place to live. Forty-nine percent thought that it was a good place to live. And 83 percent thought there was a lot to do.

What kind of things? We asked the citizens to agree or disagree with various statements about Chicago.

Sixty percent thought that organized crime had a free hand in the Chicago area. So much for The Untouchables.

Eighty-two percent thought that drug use had increased over the past five years.

Eighty-nine percent said that if a person wanted to, he could find a place to gamble in the Chicago area, even though it was illegal.

Sixty-six percent thought that there had been an increase in the number of adult bookstores.

Ninety-four percent acknowledged the existence of gay bars in the area.

Eighty-one percent knew of places where prostitution was openly practiced. Fifty-seven percent noted that the number of massage parlors had increased over the years. An astonishing 46 percent thought that police were closing their eyes to prostitution in the Chicago area.

Those figures give a rough picture of the general moral climate of the city. How comfortable are Chicagoans with that climate? Not very. The Miami telephone survey revealed that our Southernmost city was surprisingly tolerant of homosexuality, prostitution and porn. In contrast, Chicagoans revealed a strong urge to repress the sexuality of their brothers. Graft and corruption are business as usual. Sex is not. Consider:

Adult movies: Fifty-nine percent of our sample thought adult films should be allowed in the Chicago area. Seventy percent knew someone who had been to an X-rated flick, while 53 percent had gone themselves. Of the latter, only a third reported that they had enjoyed the experience. Chicagoans, apparently, know what they don't like and, not liking it, are less inclined to subject their neighbors to it.

Pornography: Only 48 percent of the people with whom we talked thought that adult bookstores should be allowed in the Chicago area. Fifty-one percent said they knew someone who has used a porn shop and one third reported having browsed in them. Thirty-two percent of those confessed to having purchased erotic material and 68 percent said they had found those purchases stimulating. Only 23 percent of the people we polled had ever opened a sex manual, such as *Masters and Johnson's* or *The Joy of Sex*.

Prostitution: Only 47 percent of the people we interviewed thought massage parlors should be allowed to exist—a slightly higher percentage than those who tolerated the women on the street (37 percent). Twenty-seven percent knew someone who had been to a prostitute, but only 1.7 percent had been themselves.

Homosexuality: Sixty percent of the people we interviewed thought that gay bars should be allowed to exist. Twenty-eight percent knew someone who had been to a gay bar, while a surprising 17 percent had gone to a gay bar themselves.

the door (many single men come, since the Gents make sure there are extra women there) and \$15 per couple.

"Black swingers are even more cool about their thing than the whites," one member says, "and a lot of the black swinging isn't really organized at all. Two dudes decide to do it to one of their girlfriends. Or a pair of couples just decides to trade off. Or a party with a bunch of folks inclined to get naked suddenly becomes an orgy. That kind of thing. But when blacks swing, they sometimes go on for two, three days. They don't do it so often, but when they do, one comes to such a party prepared to savor flesh with people also there to savor flesh. We immerse ourselves in flesh until we are satisfied."

Black swingers are more wary of newcomers than are whites. "You have to be around for a while," the member says. "We get to know someone in, say, a bar. If a couple keeps dropping hints that they're looking for a scene, eventually someone who's connected to a scene will subtly question them until everybody has an understanding. Then, maybe the new couple gets invited to a party."

GAYS

Chicago has always had a surprisingly liberal attitude toward the estimated 160,000 homosexuals who live in the area. The state legal code is more protective of gay rights than are the laws of most states. But everything in Chicago hinges on discretion, and in return for its benign neglect, Chicago has asked only that the gays refrain from running it, so to speak, into the ground.

Most Chicago homosexuals work, and many in high-paying jobs. Most of them live on the North Side and, like every other special group in Chicago, they have their own neighborhood. Gay real-estate developers have nearly taken over a roughly mile and a half square area of the North Side called New Town. New Town (not to be confused with Old Town or Uptown) was once called Lakeview, and it died as a neighborhood ten years ago, as whites were replaced by transient black, Latino and American Indian families. Rents were cheap, the apartments large; the buildings were rich in architecture and there were plenty of empty storefronts available. Its nearness to the lake gave it great investment potential, which gay businessmen immediately recognized. Gays began buying up New Town property, restoring it, and very soon, property values in New Town began to skyrocket. Apartments that ten years ago rented for \$120 a month now rent for \$400 a month. Almost overnight, New Town became the gay ghetto, "Homo Heights" as some call it. About three quarters of New Town's population is male, between the ages of 17 and 40. Their salaries range from \$12,000 to \$60,000 and many of them have college



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It could well be the practical side of Spitfire. A seven-cubic foot lockable trunk and storage space behind the seats. The incredible 24-foot turning circle (over seven feet shorter than a VW Rabbit) which makes parking a breeze. And the optional electric overdrive transmission.

Perhaps the reason is as simple as the convertible top,

which makes Spitfire one of the few classic roadsters.

Or maybe it's the competition proven sports car features of Spitfire. Fully independent suspension, front disc brakes, a rugged 1500cc engine, rack and pinion steering, and radial ply tires. And Spitfire's record of 13 national racing championships.

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THIS MONTH IN
oui**FROM JULIA IN THE
CENTERFOLD TO THE
NEW JAMES BOND GIRL,**

you'll meet the loveliest people in the pages of *oui* this month. Beatrice Libert, a former Miss Belgium, makes her screen debut in the new James Bond flick *Moonraker* this Christmas. But *oui* readers don't have to wait until the holidays. They can see all of Beatrice in the April *oui*. The April *oui* also: warns you of new ways science can play with your brain; rates the new superbikes; profiles weird Edward Gorey, the man behind *Dracula*; teaches you how to cheat at cards, so you'll know if someone is hustling you; plays straight man to Frank Zappa; and shows you how to make a few bucks off the new airline discount fares. This month, *oui* will leave you shaken and stirred.

AT BETTER NEWSSTANDS

degrees that are doing them no visible good, since most gay men in Chicago strive to obtain "creative" jobs that allow them flexible hours: hair stylist, photo stylist, creative director, art director, window-dressing consultant, etc. Chicago gays have learned New Town's lesson well, and the single most popular goal for working gays is to purchase a piece of property. Chicago respects property.

Because of the high rents in the areas where gays choose to live, many share apartments with one or two other men, not so much for love as for sex and economics. Having relatively high combined incomes and no families to support allows them to spend a considerable amount of money on their sexual lifestyles; in New Town, the average pair of gay roommates may, between them, have three to six sexual partners during any given week.

Because Chicago is a two-season city, gay cruising also has two seasons: indoor and outdoor. The outdoor season is summer and, aside from the streets of New Town, the main cruising areas are (where else?) along the lake front. There are two hot spots, one major and one minor. The minor one is the rocks at Belmont, which has become Chicago's first real gay beach. Both gays and lesbians go there, and police make very rare visits, despite the fact that dope is smoked openly.

The major spot for men is Lincoln Park, which, like Griffith Park in Los Angeles, has been a gay cruising ground for many years. But each year, as Chicago gays have felt a little more powerful, a little more daring, the scene in Lincoln Park has gotten a little closer to the edge. Most of the action takes place at night behind a refreshment stand at the north end of the park, where pathways so worn they will never grow grass lead in and out, around, and up and down two small hills (dubbed "homo hills" by park regulars). Most of the sex is oral, the ever popular group grope (three or more men feeling each other's crotches) and ass fucking, which gays say is somewhat of an art form. Those into getting fucked are easy to spot because they never drop their pants and wear long raincoats to conceal the fact that their pants have a split seam in the back.

Male prostitution is also an outdoor activity, and historic Bughouse Square, the nickname for the park in front of the Newberry Library on Walton Street, where people used to gather to hear public debates on weighty social issues, has now become a prime location for gay hustlers. Most of those who hang out there are young runaways and men trying to look younger than they are. The boys, ranging between 15 and 18 years of age, are for sale. The men who drive to the park to purchase their services are from the suburbs or from farther out of town. Many of them are married and only have homosexual sex far from home.

Probably the number-one indoor cruising arena on the North Side is The Century, a multilevel indoor shopping mall just north of Diversey on Clark.

"You're just not gay if you haven't cruised The Century," says a 34-year-old gay waiter. "I mean, The Century has all but saved the life of the diehard winter cruising gay. You take the elevator to the top, then slowly come down the circular ramp or pose on the rail. And try to make eye contact with someone."

Just as there are two heterosexual Chicagos, the white and the black, so there are two gay ones. "There's a lot of ethnic pride among black gays," says a black 34-year-old bisexual teacher, "and the blacks who go to the North Side are just trying to get away from momma." (The pressures of the neighborhood again.)

Black gays seem to feel that black straights are more tolerant of them than white straights are of white homosexuals. "I'll put it this way," says the schoolteacher. "If a black faggot accidentally hits on a straight black man in Chicago, he's less likely to get his head beat in than if a white faggot hits on your average white straight. It's just safer to be homosexual in the black community."

There aren't many exclusively gay black bars, because (unlike the North Side) gays and straights mingle fairly comfortably in the popular South Side singles bars. The Godfather bars are prime places for gay pickups as well as straight. The most popular black gay bar is the Jeffery Pub, a very ordinary-looking small room with one counter, seats along the walls and a narrow aisle between. The atmosphere in the Jeffery Pub is usually subdued, reflecting the generally casual and low-key style of most Chicago black gays. Gay life on the South Side does have its kinky moments, however. One South Side proctologist who has a number of gay patients recalls removing ten ping-pong balls from one patient and three navel oranges from another. Has Anita Bryant heard about this?

In closing, one observation: Although Chicago is the sex capital of the Midwest, one probably has to be a Midwesterner to appreciate it. It's a cool city, surprisingly reserved for one of its size. Between the cold winters and the pervading influence of Catholic morality, people don't readily remove their clothes together. And when they do, it's not the casual sex one finds in warmer climes. It's sex for a payoff: money, security, marriage.

More than any other single ingredient, Chicago sex is fueled by money. No matter how a man looks or makes his living, he's bound to have better luck if he's upwardly mobile. Or, put simply: If you're looking for sex in Chicago, you not only have to work *at* it, you have to work *for* it. Only the flush survive.



ESS Wins On Campus

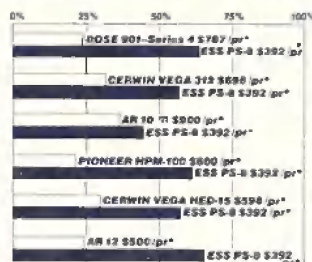


In comparative tests, students attending U.C.L.A. judge ESS superior to JBL, Bose, Pioneer, AR, and Cerwin Vega.

In a recent blind listening test involving hundreds of students attending U.C.L.A., ESS speakers were judged superior in overall performance to other top speaker brands, sometimes by margins of nearly 3 to 1. The controlled test was conducted under the supervision of an independent national testing laboratory.

The participants compared ESS against comparably priced models from Bose, JBL, Pioneer, AR and Cerwin Vega, in an environment designed to simulate home listening conditions. Loudness differences were electronically equalized.

For three continuous days, groups of up to 30 students listened, without knowledge of the speaker model or brand, to the same musical material played on all the



speakers. They were then asked to choose which speaker, in their opinion, sounded best. Tests were conducted for clarity, accuracy and freedom from distortion.

Students repeatedly selected ESS speakers in 13 out of 14 head-on comparison tests—even, as the graph above reveals, when compared to far more expensive competitive brand models.

ESS project technicians acknowledged that they were not surprised. "We would not have conducted such controlled, precisely monitored tests, had we not been confident of the superiority of the ESS Heil Air Motion Transformer." The Heil Air Motion Transformer midrange tweeter, invented by Dr. Oskar

Heil, creator of the FET, is a unique principle of sound reproduction licensed exclusively to ESS. By squeezing the air instead of pushing it, the Heil achieves degrees of clarity, linearity and airiness unattainable with conventional drivers."

ESS will be conducting the same comparison test on college campuses across the nation. Watch for the dramatic results from the University of Wisconsin at Madison to be unveiled in coming weeks. Or better yet, visit your local ESS dealer and ask him to let you take the ESS Listening Test personally. See if you, too, can't hear the difference.



Take the ESS Listening Test yourself

ESS
sound as clear as light

YEAR IN MUSIC

(continued from page 190)

"Crossover was the Holy Grail for the folks in the burgeoning Latin-music industry."

a onetime Presidential candidate, played *Salt Peanuts* at the White House. And a new college-bred audience gave such stalwart support to resurrected beboppers such as Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins and Johnny Griffin, who came back from 15 years of voluntary exile in Europe, that work began on a film biography of the greatest bebopper, Charlie Parker, with Richard Pryor cast as the bedeviled saxophonist. Black music also got recognition from the National Educational Television network, which contracted Ashford and Simpson to host a 20-part history of same, and from the industry itself, as Kenny Gamble and Ed Wright founded the Black Music Association of America in Philadelphia, where disco is king; ironically, Philadelphia also saw the establishment of the nation's first all-black symphony orchestra.

Unlikely as it seems, the country-music business was in a position analogous to that of jazz in 1978. Like jazz, country music was received at the White House. And the key word in Nashville was also crossover, as the music business worked hard all across the board to break down the categories it had worked so hard to establish. Dolly Parton went mainstream

front and center as a media heroine; country records suddenly accounted for more than 20 percent of what was played on middle-of-the-road radio stations; and it seemed as if the death of Mother Maybelle Carter during the year signified the passing of an era, as Nashville got its first discos, its first disco production company (Dillard & Boyce) and even its first disco hit, Bill Anderson's *I Can't Wait Any Longer*.

Speaking of disco, it looked a little shaky early in the year, as gay discos in Philly admitted straight patrons and discos in the New York area were resorting to gimmicky extra attractions such as strippers, jugglers, mimes and sex-fantasy parties in order to lure customers. Insiders were also warning that the growing parochialism of disco music would limit its appeal and its future, and one prominent New York disco jock went into the recording, production and mixing business himself because he was so turned off by the quality of product he was getting. People in the biz, if you can believe this, were talking about the need for disco to establish crossover appeal. But, of course, everything got straightened out. New discos opened from Kuala

Lumpur to Las Vegas, where Paul Anka had his own \$3,500,000 disco and restaurant, called Jubilation. Studio 54 got a \$500,000 face lift. Syndicated how-to-do-it shows brought disco to television. Small's Paradise went disco. So did roller rinks around the country. And the Cultural Affairs Council of the city of Philadelphia replaced its free open-air rock concerts with disco, to eliminate those rowdy rock audiences (disco crowds are presumably more passive). By June, *Billboard* was able to report that disco was grossing an estimated four billion dollars a year, courtesy of a world-wide audience of 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 people.

Crossover was also the Holy Grail for the folks in the burgeoning Latin-music industry, and the people at the big record companies were paying more and more attention, especially at CBS, which staged a two-day free festival and talent hunt in Havana, finally signing a local group called Irakere.

But if any special-interest group had a banner year in 1978, it was the lawyers. Maybe it was because the stakes were getting higher; maybe the industry was just following the rest of society in becoming more litigious. But everywhere you looked in 1978, music-business people were in court, for one reason or another. CBS and Bob Dylan ganged up on little Folkways Records to stop distribution of an LP called *Bob Dylan vs. A. J. Weberman* (Weberman was the "garbologist" who raided Dylan's cans; see *Playboy After Hours*, page 28). Dylan and CBS sought \$7,500,000 in damages. The executors of Terry Kath's will joined the surviving members of Chicago in suing to get away from the group's longtime producer, James William Guercio, claiming he had wrongly withheld royalty money for administrative fees and asking for \$10,000,000 in damages. Chicago and CBS together sued several manufacturers in the U.S. and Canada to halt sales of an LP based on a concert the group gave in Toronto in 1969. The Grateful Dead, Round Records and two music-publishing companies sued United Artists for \$290,000 in record royalties, \$180,000 in publishing royalties, \$407,000 in "net profits," \$50,000 in unreimbursed advertising costs and \$5,000,000 in punitive damages. Mike Roshkind, a Motown vice-chairman, was indicted by a grand jury for, and later convicted of, income-tax evasion in 1972 and 1973. Former Beatles manager Allen Klein was trying to avoid a second trial on similar charges at year's end, after being mistried once. Marvin Gaye filed bankruptcy papers. Fania Records, tops in the Latin field, sought \$2,000,000 in compensatory and punitive damages from 13 New York-area retailers who it claimed were selling pirated material. Olivia Newton-John and MCA sued each other for breach of contract;



BOOTH

"I'm going to need a barf bag."

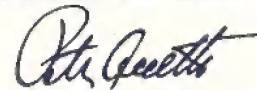
'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."



Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL:
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Olivia claimed damages in excess of \$10,000,000, while the company asked for a measly \$1,000,000. Gato Barbieri's neighbors went to court to stop him from practicing in his New York apartment. Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé also went to court, charging Columbia with failure to account for some \$500,000 in royalties. RCA and Vernon Presley, Elvis' father, went to court to stop distribution of *Tell Me Pretty Baby*, a record that the producers claimed was cut by Elvis on a visit to Phoenix, before he began his documented career at Sun Records in Memphis. Gladys Knight sued Buddah, Arista and, yes, her supposedly indispensable Pips for a total of \$23,250,000, hoping to get away from them and start over as a solo act with Columbia. Naturally, Jerry Lee Lewis went to court, too; he was fined \$200 and given a year's probation, plus a 30-day suspended sentence, on a charge of driving while drugged. Four Brunswick execs were acquitted of charges that they sold records under the counter, thus depriving musicians of their royalties. And a projected Warners LP based on the Nixon tapes, with narration by George C. Scott, was killed when the Supreme Court ruled against any release of the tapes until Government archivists had first crack at them (the producer of the LP was so enamored of the project that he distributed 200 copies of a mock-up, with blank spaces surrounding Scott's narrative bits, to people in the industry).

All of which suggests that for young people hoping to make it in music today—and, according to a 1978 Gallup

Poll, there are 50,000,000 amateur musicians honing their chops outside the door—the most logical path might not be to learn to play an instrument, or to write a song. Or even to visit a plastic surgeon. It might simply be to hit the books hard and get into the best law school possible.

And now here at last, the results of your voting:

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP: *Aja* / Steely Dan (ABC). Thinking man's pop/rock that last fall cut through the sludge accumulated at the top of the charts and floated up to number one. Not bad for a group named after a dildo.

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP: *All 'n' All* / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia). On the soaring strength of *Serpentine Fire*, this album became an enormous crossover hit—and helped to make E.W.&F. the biggest money-maker on Columbia.

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP: *Heartbreaker* / Dolly Parton (RCA). What can we say? She surely is.

BEST JAZZ LP: *Feels So Good* / Chuck Mangione (A&M). The man with the golden Flügelhorn tore up the charts with this one. Rochester, New York's favorite son obviously has found the magic formula.

BEST POP/ROCK LP

1. *Aja* / Steely Dan (ABC)
2. *Darkness at the Edge of Town* / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
3. *Running on Empty* / Jackson Browne (Asylum)

4. *Saturday Night Fever* / Bee Gees (RSO)
5. *Some Girls* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stone Records)
6. *The Stranger* / Billy Joel (Columbia)
7. *Who Are You* / The Who (MCA)
8. *Don't Look Back* / Boston (Epic)
9. *Double Vision* / Foreigner (Atlantic)
10. *Fifty Second Street* / Billy Joel (Columbia)
11. *Out of the Blue* / Electric Light Orchestra (Columbia)
12. *Stranger in Town* / Bob Seger (Capitol)
13. *Living in the U.S.A.* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
14. *Hot Streets* / Chicago (Columbia)
15. *City to City* / Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)
16. *Rumours* / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.)
17. *Tormato* / Yes (Atlantic)
18. *London Town* / Wings (Capitol)
19. *The Last Waltz* / The Band (Capitol)
20. *Even Now* / Barry Manilow (Arista)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

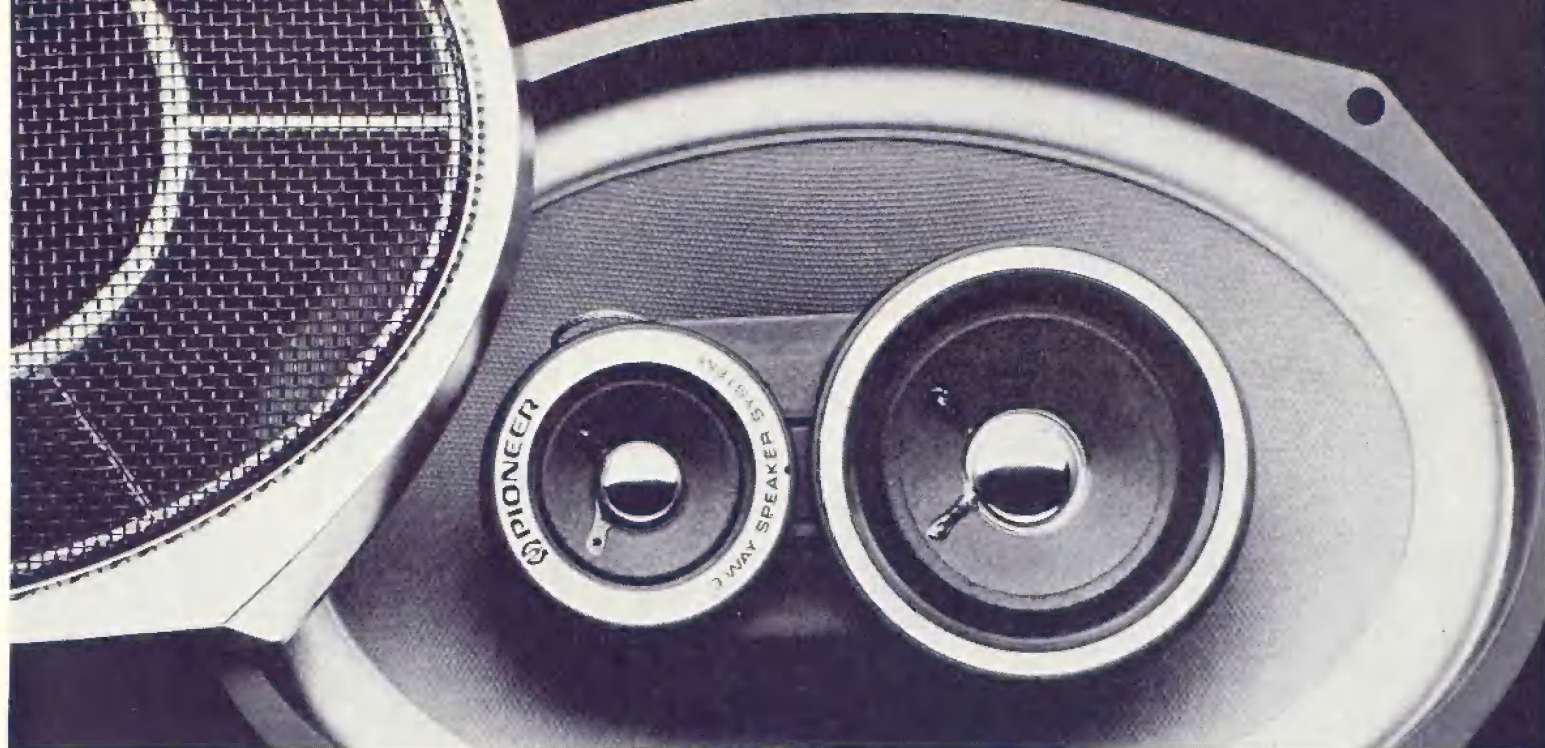
1. *All 'n' All* / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
2. *Commodores Live* (Motown)
3. *Donna Summer Live & More* (Casablanca)
4. *Natural High* / Commodores (Motown)
5. *Weekend in L.A.* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
6. *Songs in the Key of Life* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
7. *Some Girls* / Rolling Stones (Rolling Stone Records)
8. *Saturday Night Fever* / Bee Gees (RSO)
9. *Breezin'* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
10. *Kaya* / Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island)
11. *Earth, Wind & Fire* (Columbia)
12. *Bob Marley & the Wailers* (Island)
13. *Champagne Jam* / Atlanta Rhythm Section (Polydor)
14. *Once upon a Time* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
15. *Showdown* / Isley Brothers (Columbia)
16. *Aja* / Steely Dan (ABC)
17. *Natalie Cole Live* (Capitol)
18. *I'm Ready* / Muddy Waters (Blue Sky)
19. *Blue Lights in the Basement* / Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
20. *Life Is a Song Worth Singing* / Teddy Pendergrass (Columbia)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. *Heartbreaker* / Dolly Parton (RCA)
2. *Here You Come Again* / Dolly Parton (RCA)
3. *Living in the U.S.A.* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
4. *Stardust* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
5. *Waylon and Willie* / Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson (RCA)



"The massage parlor has been good to us, Joe."



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Better than anyone else's. Including the other leading brands.

Here's why: Theirs has a bridge plate across the top to hold the midrange and tweeter in place, blocking some of the woofer's sound.

We took the bridge out. So our bass comes through loud and clear.

Their woofer magnet is two 10 oz. magnets glued together. While ours is a solid 20 oz. ferrite magnet. So there's smaller flux leakage and less loss of energy.

Our 3.5 oz. midrange magnet is more than twice as heavy as theirs and drives a

free edge cone. (Theirs has a fixed edge cone.) So the music comes through with each instrument clearly defined.

Our tweeter has a cone speaker with an alnico magnet dynamic tweeter. Theirs has no magnet at all. Can you guess which one has less distortion in the high end?

There's more.

Ours can handle 40 watts. Theirs, only 30. Ours is twice as sensitive and operates at 4 ohms instead of 8. So you get twice the volume at the same power.

We think the TS-695's are pretty hot stuff.

But if you still aren't sure about which three-ways to buy, take your ears into your stereo store. And let them decide.

SUPER SYSTEMS BY PIONEER.®

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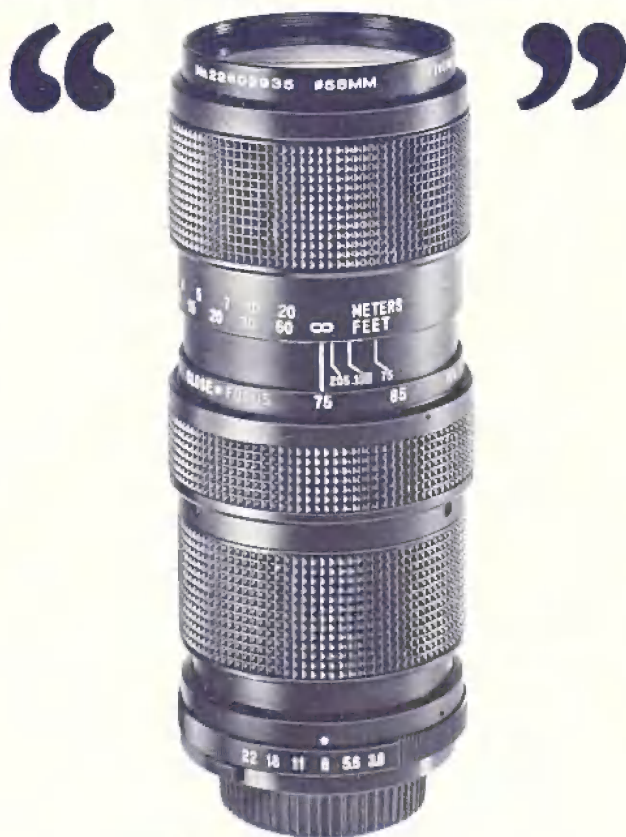
What Canon, Nikon, Minolta, Pentax, and Olympus never told you when you bought a new 35mm SLR.

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6. *Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town* / Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
7. *Endless Wire* / Gordon Lightfoot (Warner Bros.)
8. *When I Dream* / Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
9. *Bruised Orange* / John Prine (Atlantic)
10. *Simple Dreams* / Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
11. *Dolly* / Dolly Parton (RCA)
12. *Crystal* / Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
13. *The Outlaws* (RCA)
14. *Anytime . . . Anywhere* / Rita Coolidge (A&M)
15. *Ol' Waylon* / Waylon Jennings (RCA)
16. *Son of a Son of a Sailor Man* / Jimmy Buffett (ABC)
17. *Olivia Newton-John's Greatest Hits* (MCA)
18. *Ten Years of Gold* / Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
19. *We Must Believe in Magic* / Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
20. *Love or Something Like It* / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *Feels So Good* / Chuck Mangione (A&M)
2. *Weekend in L.A.* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
3. *Children of Sanchez* / Chuck Mangione (A&M)
4. *Casino* / Al DiMeola (Columbia)
5. *Carnival* / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)
6. *Breezin'* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
7. *Chuck Mangione* (A&M)
8. *Mr. Gone* / Weather Report (Columbia)
9. *Modern Man* / Stanley Clarke (Columbia)
10. *Cosmic Messenger* / Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)
11. *Electric Guitarist* / John McLaughlin (Columbia)
12. *Heavy Weather* / Weather Report (Columbia)
13. *Images* / Crusaders (ABC)
14. *Pat Metheny Group* (Warner Bros.)
15. *Sounds and Stuff Like That* / Quincy Jones (A&M)
16. *Songbird* / Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
17. *Friends* / Chick Corea (Polydor)
18. *Aja* / Steely Dan (ABC)
19. *Heads* / Bob James (Columbia)
20. *New Vintage* / Maynard Ferguson (Columbia)

MUSIC HALL OF FAME

It's been sad but true over the years: One fine way for a musician to be voted into the Hall of Fame is to die prematurely. That's how too many of them have arrived, and this year we say goodbye and hello to Keith Moon, one of the




Our recording tape is considered by most audiophiles to be the world's finest tape.

Our tape window is welded in to keep dust out.

Our pressure pad is locked into a special four-sided retainer to maintain perfect tape-to-head contact.

Our slip sheet is made of a substance that's so slippery, even glue can't stick to it.



Our leader not only keeps you from making recording errors, it also keeps your tape heads clean.

Our cassette is held together by steel screws to assure precise alignment and even distribution of pressure on all sides of the cassette.

Our Delrin guide rollers make sure our tape stays perfectly aligned with your tape heads.

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Our tape is anchored to our hub by a special clamping pin that makes slippage impossible.

There's more to the world's best tape than the world's best tape.

Our reputation for making the world's best tape is due in part to making the world's best cassettes.

In fact, we put more thought

and more work into our cassettes than most manufacturers put into their tape.

We do all this, because at Maxell

we believe in a simple philosophy.

To get great sound out of a cassette takes a lot more than just putting great tape into it.

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true original rock'n'roll crazies. Neil Diamond in second place is up from third last time; maybe next year his bridesmaid status will change. Barbra Streisand in third is also always well up in the voting, but the hot surprise entry in fourth—Bruce Springsteen—didn't even make the top 20 last time around.

They are this year:

1. Keith Moon
2. Neil Diamond
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Bruce Springsteen
5. Jimmy Page
6. Billy Joel
7. Neil Young
8. Willie Nelson
9. Peter Dinklage
10. Jackson Browne
11. Chuck Berry
12. Buddy Holly
13. Frank Zappa
14. Ian Anderson
15. Keith Richards
16. Ronnie Van Zandt
17. Chuck Mangione
18. Terry Kath
19. Jim Croce
20. Barry Manilow

READERS' POLL

After a couple of years in which the top spots seemed to be the permanent turf of the same superstar repeaters, the voting results this time brought us some changes and new faces.

The hottest newcomer appeared in the Pop/Rock category. No stranger in town anymore, Billy Joel took top slot in the male-vocalist, keyboards and composer categories—not bad at all, considering

that a year ago his name didn't appear among the finalists in any of the three. Once again at the top of their categories in Pop/Rock were vocalist Linda Ronstadt and bassist Paul McCartney. Steely Dan, up from number five, grabbed top group honors away from Fleetwood Mac, but Mick Fleetwood jumped from number 13 last year to the top of the drums heap.

In the R&B category, you stuck with more old favorites. In his continuing seesaw with Stevie Wonder as best male vocalist, George Benson came out on top this time—and Johnny Mathis appeared for the first time in a while at number four. Welcome back. The big news in R&B was Donna Summer, who came from 16th place last year to displace Natalie Cole as best female vocalist. Stevie Wonder did it yet again as best composer, and for the second year in a row, Earth, Wind & Fire was counted best group.

You jazz lovers apparently stick by your guns—or axes. In no less than seven categories, you renewed the lease at the top. One especially strong finisher was Chuck Mangione, who took both best composer and brass player and knocked Weather Report down a notch to number two in the best group category.

Good news for Austin and environs in the Country-and-Western voting. Up from number five last year, Willie Nelson was named top male vocalist—and we'd like to thank him personally for *Stardust*. Otherwise, it was pretty much business as usual, with Linda Ronstadt, Roy Clark and Gordon Lightfoot doing it again in their respective satrapies.

1979 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. Billy Joel
2. Jackson Browne
3. Bruce Springsteen
4. Barry Manilow
5. Mick Jagger
6. Neil Diamond
7. Paul McCartney
8. Robert Plant
9. James Taylor
10. Jimmy Buffett
11. Andy Gibb
12. Gerry Rafferty
13. Roger Daltrey
14. Rod Stewart
15. Boz Scaggs
16. Neil Young
17. David Bowie
18. Bob Dylan
19. Elton John
20. Ted Nugent

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Stevie Nicks
3. Olivia Newton-John
4. Barbra Streisand
5. Ann Wilson
6. Donna Summer
7. Carly Simon
8. Joni Mitchell
9. Bonnie Raitt
10. Patti Smith
11. Christine McVie
12. Grace Slick
13. Phoebe Snow
14. Joan Baez
15. Cheryl Ladd
16. Bette Midler
17. Melissa Manchester
18. Yvonne Elliman
19. Judy Collins
20. Carole King

GUITAR

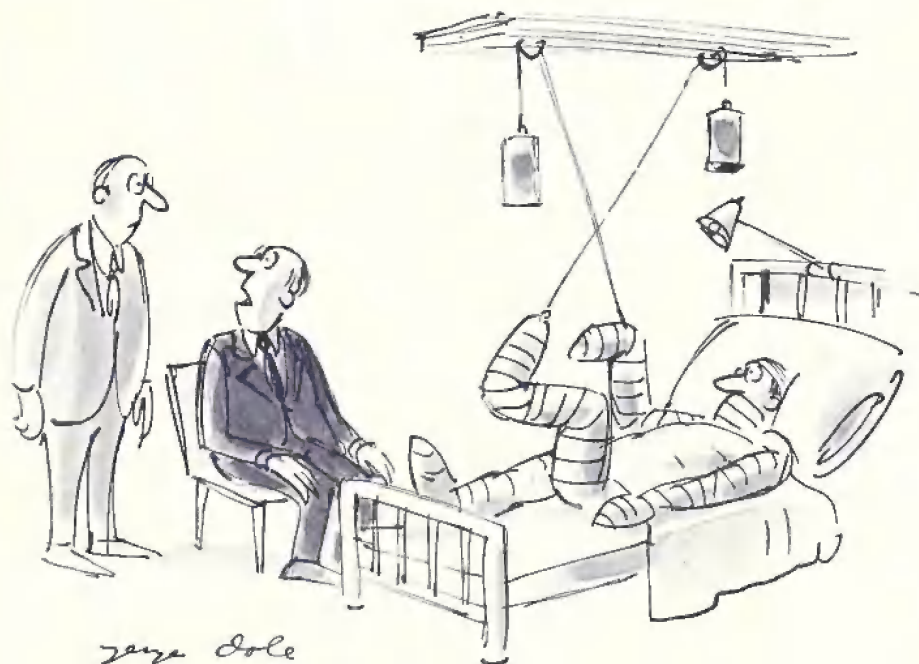
1. Eric Clapton
2. Carlos Santana
3. Joe Walsh
4. Jimmy Page
5. Ted Nugent
6. Peter Frampton
7. Jeff Beck
8. Keith Richards
9. Peter Townshend
10. José Feliciano
11. Chuck Berry
12. Frank Zappa
13. Boz Scaggs
14. Steve Howe
15. Cat Stevens
16. George Harrison
17. Waddy Wachtel
18. Jerry Garcia
19. Robbie Robertson
20. Stephen Stills

KEYBOARDS

1. Billy Joel
2. Keith Emerson
3. Rick Wakeman
4. Jackson Browne
5. Barry Manilow
6. Elton John
7. Todd Rundgren
8. Billy Preston
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Nicky Hopkins
11. Leon Russell
12. Chuck Leavell
13. Roy Bittan
14. Robert Lanum
15. Gary Wright
16. Neil Young
17. Brian Auger
18. Gregg Allman
19. Bill Payne
20. Booker T.

DRUMS

1. Mick Fleetwood
2. Carl Palmer
3. Ringo Starr
4. Charlie Watts
5. John Bonham
6. Russ Kunkel
7. Danny Seraphine
8. Buddy Miles
9. Peter Criss
10. Ginger Baker
11. Stevie Wonder



Jerry Cole

"It was a skiing accident. Her husband returned to the lodge unexpectedly."

12. Nigel Olsson
13. Aynsley Dunbar
14. Karen Carpenter
15. Bill Bruford
16. Max Weinberg
17. Jai Johanny Johanson
18. Levon Helm
19. Bill Krentzmann
20. Jim Capaldi

BASS

1. **Paul McCartney**
2. Greg Lake
3. John McVie
4. Chris Squire
5. Gene Simmons
6. Peter Cetera
7. John Entwistle
8. John Paul Jones
9. Bill Wyman
10. Rick Danko
11. Jack Bruce
12. Lee Sklar
13. Larry Graham
14. Phil Lesh
15. Garry Tallent
16. Klaus Voormann
17. Freebo
18. Jack Casady
19. Donald "Duck" Dunn
20. Chuck Rainey

COMPOSER

1. **Billy Joel**
2. Bruce Springsteen
3. Jackson Browne
4. Barry Gibb
5. Stevie Wonder
6. Neil Diamond
7. Ian Anderson
8. Paul McCartney
9. Bob Dylan
10. Frank Zappa
11. Neil Young
12. Peter Townshend
13. Jimmy Buffet
14. Paul Simon
15. Warren Zevon
16. Karla Bonoff
17. Neil Sedaka
18. James Taylor
19. Elton John
20. John Lennon

GROUP

1. **Steely Dan**
2. Bee Gees
3. Rolling Stones
4. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
5. Fleetwood Mac
6. Chicago
7. Electric Light Orchestra
8. Led Zeppelin
9. Heart
10. The Who
11. Boston
12. Eagles
13. Abba
14. Foreigner
15. Yes
16. Crosby, Stills & Nash
17. Santana
18. Wings
19. Kansas
20. Pink Floyd

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. **George Benson**
2. Stevie Wonder
3. Ray Charles
4. Johnny Mathis
5. Bob Marley
6. B. B. King
7. Barry White
8. Al Green
9. Marvin Gaye
10. Smokey Robinson
11. Sly Stone
12. James Brown
13. Bill Withers
14. Billy Davis, Jr.
15. Bo Diddley
16. Bobby Bland
17. Isaac Hayes
18. Donny Hathaway
19. Curtis Mayfield
20. Bootsie Collins

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Donna Summer**
2. Natalie Cole
3. Joan Armatrading
4. Diana Ross
5. Phoebe Snow
6. Roberta Flack
7. Chaka Khan
8. Tina Turner
9. Marilyn McCoo
10. Aretha Franklin
11. Gladys Knight
12. Dionne Warwick
13. Thelma Houston
14. Deniece Williams
15. Minnie Riperton
16. Vicki Sue Robinson
17. Esther Phillips
18. Melba Moore
19. Maxine Nightingale
20. Gloria Gaynor

COMPOSER

1. **Stevie Wonder**
2. Bob Marley
3. Nicholas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
4. Barry White
5. Smokey Robinson
6. Isaac Hayes
7. Al Green
8. Allen Toussaint
9. Bill Withers
10. Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
11. Curtis Mayfield
12. James Brown
13. Thom Bell
14. Johnny Bristol
15. Bobby Womack
16. Willie Hutch
17. Eugene McDaniels
18. Norman Whitfield
19. Frank Wilson
20. Bobby Eli

GROUP

1. **Earth, Wind & Fire**
2. Commodores
3. Bob Marley & the Wailers
4. Average White Band
5. War
6. Gladys Knight & the Pips
7. Isley Brothers
8. Spinners
9. Pointer Sisters
10. Sly & the Family Stone
11. Temptations
12. Parliament/Funkadelic
13. Ohio Players
14. Rufus
15. Supremes
16. O'Jays
17. Emotions
18. Love Unlimited Orchestra
19. Stylistics
20. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. **George Benson**
2. Lon Rawls
3. Al Jarreau
4. Ray Charles
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Johnny Mathis
7. Sammy Davis Jr.
8. Gil Scott-Heron
9. Tony Bennett
10. Mose Allison
11. Mel Tormé
12. Brook Benton
13. Joe Williams
14. Jimmy Witherspoon
15. Bobby Bland
16. Billy Eckstine
17. Johnny Hartman
18. Milton Nascimento
19. Jon Hendricks
20. Leon Thomas

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Barbra Streisand**
2. Phoebe Snow
3. Roberta Flack
4. Ella Fitzgerald
5. Nancy Wilson
6. Cleo Laine
7. Flora Purim
8. Liza Minnelli

9. Esther Satterfield
10. Sarah Vaughan
11. Shirley Bassey
12. Pearl Bailey
13. Della Reese
14. Melba Moore
15. Peggy Lee
16. Dee Dee Bridgewater
17. Lena Horne
18. Esther Phillips
19. Odette
20. Urszula Dudziak

BRASS

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Doc Severinsen
3. Maynard Ferguson
4. Herb Alpert
5. Miles Davis
6. Dizzy Gillespie
7. James Pankow
8. Freddie Hubbard
9. Randy Brecker
10. Donald Byrd
11. Junior Walker
12. Nat Adderley
13. Bill Watrous
14. J. J. Johnson
15. Blue Mitchell
16. Thad Jones
17. Jon Faddis
18. Wayne Henderson
19. Chet Baker
20. Clark Terry

WOODWINDS

1. **Edgar Winter**
2. Benny Goodman
3. Tom Scott
4. Grover Washington, Jr.
5. Herbie Mann
6. Stan Getz
7. Walter Parazaid
8. Ronnie Laws
9. Woody Herman
10. Hubert Laws
11. Stanley Turrentine
12. Wayne Shorter
13. Sonny Rollins
14. Gerry Mulligan
15. Chris Woods
16. Joe Farrell
17. Yusuf Lateef
18. Junior Walker
19. Scott Hamilton
20. Zoot Sims

KEYBOARDS

1. **Chick Corea**
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Herbie Hancock
4. Keith Jarrett
5. Sergio Mendes
6. Ramsey Lewis
7. Eubie Blake
8. Jan Hammer
9. Bob James
10. Oscar Peterson
11. Eumir Deodato
12. George Duke
13. Joe Zawinul
14. Les McCann
15. Earl "Fatha" Hines
16. McCoy Tyner
17. Bill Evans
18. Mary Lou Williams
19. Ahmad Jamal
20. Johnny Hammond

VIBES

1. **Lionel Hampton**
2. Roy Ayers
3. Gary Burton
4. Keith Underwood
5. Milt Jackson
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Victor Feldman
8. Cal Tjader
9. Buddy Montgomery
10. Bobby Hutcherson
11. Mike Mainieri
12. Tommy Vig
13. Red Norvo
14. Emil Richards

GUITAR

1. **George Benson**
2. Jeff Beck
3. Al DiMeola
4. José Feliciano

5. John McLaughlin
6. Larry Coryell
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Joe Pass
9. Earl Klugh
10. Eric Gale
11. John Abercrombie
12. Gabor Szabo
13. Tony Mottola
14. Phil Upchurch
15. Kenny Burrell
16. Barney Kessel
17. Herb Ellis
18. Jim Hall
19. Grant Geissman
20. Rucky Pizzarelli

BASS

1. **Stanley Clarke**
2. Ron Carter
3. Charles Mingus
4. Ray Brown
5. Carl Radle
6. Joe Byrd
7. Rufus Reid
8. Carol Kaye
9. Walter Booker
10. Eddie Gomez
11. Art Davis
12. Bob Cranshaw
13. Monk Montgomery
14. Keter Betts
15. Cleveland Eaton
16. Mike Bruce
17. Jim Fielder
18. Miroslav Vitous
19. Jimmy Garrison
20. Bob Haggart

PERCUSSION

1. **Buddy Rich**
2. Billy Cobham
3. Lenny White
4. Hal Blaine
5. Mongo Santamaria
6. Stix Hooper
7. Harvey Mason
8. Elvin Jones
9. Airtio Moreira
10. Willie Bobo
11. Jack DeJohnette
12. Jimmy Cobb
13. Jo Jones
14. Tony Williams
15. Mel Lewis
16. Max Roach
17. John Guerin
18. Art Blakey
19. Joe Morello
20. Alphonse Mouzon

COMPOSER

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Quincy Jones
3. Chick Corea
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Herbie Hancock
7. Keith Jarrett
8. Miles Davis
9. Bob James
10. Michel Legrand
11. Joe Zawinul
12. Gil Scott-Heron/Brian Jackson
13. Eumir Deodato
14. Antonio Carlos Jobim
15. Mose Allison
16. Horace Silver
17. Wayne Shorter
18. Theloniou Monk
19. Thad Jones
20. Ornette Coleman

GROUP

1. **Chuck Mangione**
2. Weather Report
3. Doc Severinsen
4. Return to Forever
5. Crusaders
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
8. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88
9. Count Basie
10. Ray Charles
11. Quincy Jones
12. Dave Brubeck
13. Deodato

14. Jan Hammer
15. Buddy Rich
16. Ramsey Lewis
17. Herbie Hancock
18. John McLaughlin
19. Miles Davis
20. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Willie Nelson**
2. Gordon Lightfoot
3. Waylon Jennings
4. Kenny Rogers
5. John Denver
6. Kris Kristofferson
7. Glen Campbell
8. Ronnie Milsap
9. Roy Clark
10. Jerry Jeff Walker
11. Johnny Cash
12. John Prine
13. Mel Tillis
14. Charley Pride
15. Johnny Paycheck
16. Merle Haggard
17. Mac Davis
18. Steve Goodman
19. Jerry Reed
20. Jerry Lee Lewis

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. **Linda Ronstadt**
2. Dolly Parton
3. Crystal Gayle
4. Emmylou Harris
5. Olivia Newton-John
6. Rita Coolidge
7. Anne Murray
8. Judy Collins
9. Barbi Benton
10. Jessi Colter
11. Barbara Mandrell
12. Loretta Lynn
13. Tanya Tucker
14. Tracy Nelson
15. Mary Kay Place
16. Tammy Wynette
17. Donna Fargo
18. Mary MacGregor
19. Brenda Lee
20. Linda Hargrove

PICKER

1. **Roy Clark**
2. Leo Kottke
3. Chet Atkins
4. Jerry Reed
5. Earl Scruggs
6. David Bromberg
7. Doc Watson
8. Ry Cooder
9. John Hartford
10. Lester Flatt
11. Sonny James
12. Reggie Young
13. John Fahey
14. Pete Drake
15. Charlie McCoy
16. Amos Garrett
17. Lloyd Green
18. Johnny Gimble
19. Ralph Stanley

COMPOSER

1. **Gordon Lightfoot**
2. Willie Nelson
3. John Denver
4. Dolly Parton
5. Waylon Jennings
6. Kris Kristofferson
7. Mac Davis
8. John Prine
9. Hoyt Axton
10. Michael Murpley
11. Tom T. Hall
12. Steve Goodman
13. John Hartford
14. Merle Haggard
15. Shel Silverstein
16. Roger Miller
17. Townes Van Zandt
18. Danny O'Keefe
19. Guy Clark
20. Johnny Rodriguez



Burger Court (continued from page 120)

"Burger came out of the closet to reveal his belief that the press should get no special privileges."

not shield the press from such probing. But in the same ruling, the Court suggested that states could help reporters protect their notes and sources by enacting shield laws. Twenty-six states, including New Jersey, took the suggestion and by now have passed shield laws. But when Farber was ordered to cough up his notes in the "Doctor X" murder trial and refused to do so, claiming protection under the shield law, the New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that the law did not apply to him. At that point, the United States Supreme Court—if it wanted to be consistent with its 1972 suggestion—should have spoken up on Farber's behalf. Instead, goaded by Burger no doubt, it refused to listen to his appeal. The ominous silence was accurately interpreted by Columbia law professor Benno

Schmidt: "When journalists rely on the First Amendment in these cases, they'd better face the fact they aren't going to get much help from the Supreme Court."

As far as Burger was concerned, that had been obvious from the beginning of his reign.

Not long after he had been boosted onto the highest bench, Burger was confronted with the famous Pentagon-papers case. Daniel Ellsberg had leaked to *The New York Times* 47 volumes of classified documents that showed how the Government had deceived the American public in promoting the Vietnam war. Attorney General John Mitchell asked the Court to force the *Times* to stop publication. Unfortunately for Burger, the full complement of Nixon appointees had not yet reached the Supreme Court. So the ma-

jority vote went against him—the *Times* was permitted to continue publication of the Pentagon-papers series—and Burger was reduced to frothing anger at the press's impudence. How dare the *Times* use those purloined secrets! That a newspaper "long regarded as a great institution" had failed to turn over the secret documents to the Government was shocking to him—as though the *Times* were no different from taxi drivers, who are expected to turn over stolen property they find in the back of their hacks. "It is hardly believable," Burger gasped.

The absurdity of such a position, of course, arises from the fact that the best part of the relationship of Government and press in Washington is based on "stolen goods"—leaks. The press is a fence. Everyone knows that, and it is a good thing. The public is the beneficiary. Reporters would get precious little important news if one Government official or another didn't want to leak information to win propaganda points. The fact that many of the leaks are "secret" in the sense that some goofy bureaucrat has used his rubber stamp to mark them so makes no difference at all. Nobody takes the SECRET stamp seriously—except when it allows some press baiter like Burger to strike a posture of pious outrage.

The Pentagon-papers case was the first time Burger really came out of the closet to reveal his belief that the press should get no special privileges under the First Amendment. This philosophy would ultimately prevail, as shown by the Court's infamous 1978 decision in *The Stanford Daily* case. The quarrel began in 1971. In a riot on the Stanford campus, several policemen were injured. They thought the student newspaper had taken some photos of their attackers, so they wanted to look through the *Daily's* files. Since the newspaper itself had committed no crime and was not suspected of committing a crime, the cops should have asked the city prosecutor to issue a subpoena for the photos. That way, *The Stanford Daily* would have had an opportunity to go into court and argue why it thought the cops shouldn't be allowed to have the material—if it existed. But instead of taking the subpoena route, the cops got a broad search warrant—a fishing-expedition kind of search warrant—and suddenly descended on the newspaper's office and began ransacking its files. They came up empty-handed.

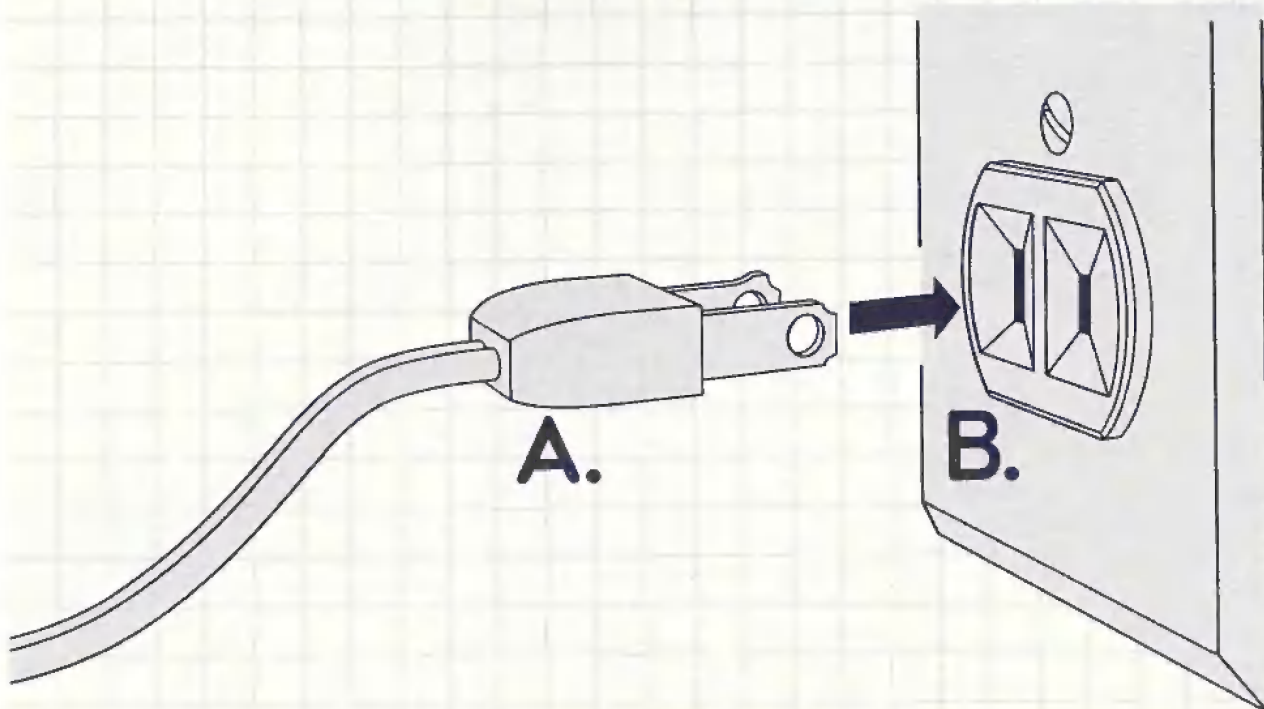
The Stanford Daily, feeling that it had been raped, went to court. When the case finally wound up in the Supreme Court seven years later, the Nixon-Burger bunch were waiting with lead pipes. They ruled, five to three, that newspapers do not have any special right to a warning of a court-approved search by police, nor do newspapers merit an opportunity to contest such a search in court before it occurs.

The Burger Court has also significantly



"'There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.' Shakespeare."

All you need to know to hook up a great stereo system.



And you thought you had to have a degree in engineering to do it. Nope! And you don't need to jog around half the city to get all the pieces for this system either.

This is Sony's new AM/FM stereo with built-in cassette recorder/player. It's as easy to buy as it is to put together. That's because it's a compact. And not just a compact (because, after all, it *is* a Sony), but our most powerful ever.

And that translates into better and fuller sound for you. And because great sound is what you buy a stereo for — and because everyone's idea of great sound is different, we give you a choice of three sets of speakers. (You *do* have to hook them up to the system; but that's just as easy as putting a plug in a socket.)

Our system has a built-in component quality cassette recorder. (You can get an 8-track cartridge, if you prefer.) Which is nice if you want to tape some-

thing directly from the radio or record player. It has a control panel you'd expect to find on components. There's separate bass and treble. A built-in loudness control. A separate on-off control for optional remote speakers. And a flywheel tuning mechanism for smooth tuning. What's more, they're all easy to read. So no more fiddling around trying to find out what is where.

All in all, we give you quite a lot. A compact stereo you'd swear sounds as good as components (although the price sounds better), a choice of speakers that up till now you could get only with components, and, because it's a Sony, we give you a system that will make you as proud of the way it looks as it does of the way it sounds.

Your first good stereo system doesn't have to come in pieces. And now, thanks to Sony, putting together a great system is even easier than ABC. It's as easy as AB.



SONY HMK-339 COMPACT STEREO
"IT'S A SONY."

Model No. HMK-339 with SS-440 Speakers.

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weakened the press's protection against libel suits, but as Floyd Abrams, probably the nation's most respected libel lawyer, has said, it isn't libel law but the Court's expansion of privacy law that poses "more of a threat to the press than any other." Privacy is such a vague area that a judge could easily twist the concept of privacy in such a way as to give the court the power to decide what is news and what isn't.

The Nixonburger Court made such a decision in 1977. A local TV station had telecast, on its nightly news show, the 15-second act of Hugo Zacchini, a human cannon ball. The station made no effort to exploit commercially the brief showing of Zacchini's act; it had been presented as straight news. But Zacchini sued, charging an invasion of privacy—the right to sell one's talents as one sees fit—and this Court decided that he was right (there was, let us hasten to point out, a very sound dissent by Nixon appointee Powell). The Court thereby set a standard by which a network could be successfully sued for, say, filming Fanne Foxe's burlesque routine while Wilbur Mills cavorted in the background or for filming one of Billy Carter's stand-up comedy acts. The obvious threat that emerges from such decisions is, to quote Abrams again, that they move toward "the possible substitution of an official governmental view—of legislators or judges—for the judgment of editors as to what is 'newsworthy.'" Another is that the more privacy cases that are decided against the press, the more the press will be inhibited in gathering news; as a conse-

quence, much important news gathering may become all but impossible."

It might be stretching a point, but a reasonable argument could be made that the Nixonburger Court's attitude toward free speech and free press is most clearly seen in its handling of the obscenity question. John Shattuck, head of the American Civil Liberties Union's Washington office, has said that obscenity is "the pre-eminent political test. It provides," Shattuck says, "the sharp dividing line. Except for civil libertarians and journalists, just about everyone seems to think you should be able to prosecute the purveyors of pornography." It comes down to this: If you believe—as the late Justice Hugo Black and former Justice William Douglas did—that the First Amendment means exactly what it says, that the Government "shall make no law" interfering with free speech and free press, then you will be perfectly willing to include the smuttiest smut under the "no law" guarantee. Porn—much more than sedition, which rarely raises its fiery head in America—is the ultimate litmus test of faith in the First Amendment. To the extent that one is willing to suppress smut, to that extent, one simply does not believe in the First Amendment as an absolute.

A majority of the Warren Court did not believe in the absolute application of the First Amendment to cover pornography. But neither did they believe in launching a major crusade to stamp out porn. They compromised between freedom and suppression by coming up with

a criterion that was so vague as to be virtually useless. Something could be punished as obscene, they said, only if its basic theme pandered to lewd instincts and if it was totally devoid of any "redeeming social value." They also said that the standard for measuring lewdness must be national, not local, which meant that the people of Plains, Georgia, or Whittier, California, could not send publishers to jail who were operating out of New York or Chicago and whose products were accepted by millions of readers there and in other parts of the country.

The Warren Court's standard was sufficiently benign that, despite some rocky going in courts in the early days, magazines such as the one you now hold in your hands managed not only to thrive and grow rich but to become accepted as a solid part of Americana. The national standard for obscenity prescribed by the Warren Court kept Hugh Hefner out of jail in Peoria and PLAYBOY on the newsstands in Lubbock.

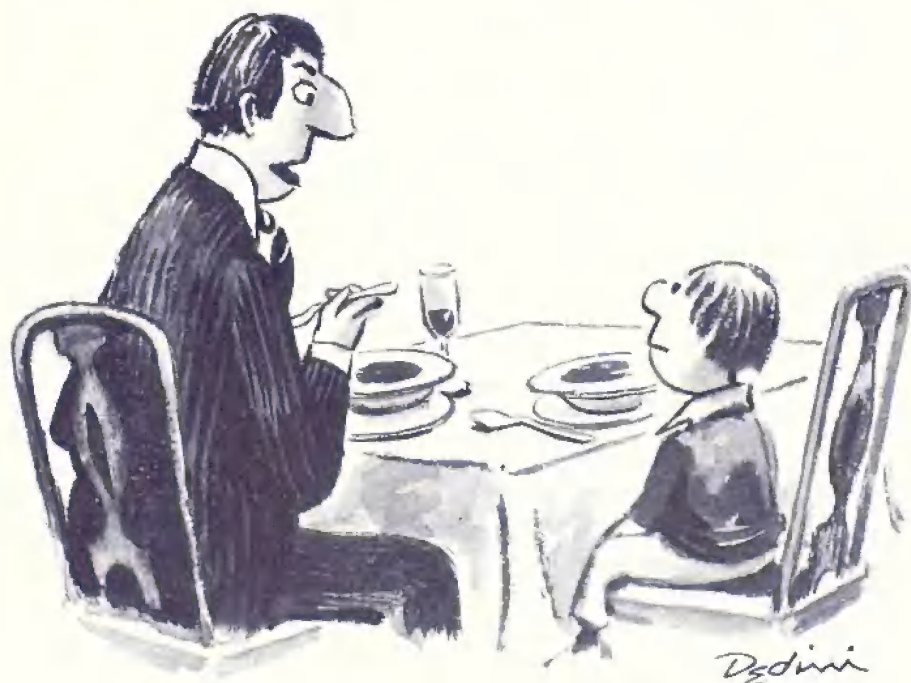
Herald Fahringer, an attorney with considerable fame among the publishers of girlie magazines, remembers his standard technique for winning back in those happier days: "One of the things we used to do: Every time you'd win a case, you'd save the magazine. You would have to save them, because they, ah, went out of circulation very quickly. So you'd go to your files and find really objectionable magazines that had been found not obscene by another respectable court, and show them to the judge. And on a national standard we were getting cases thrown out all over."

It was a situation that annoyed the hell out of Nixon and Burger and Rehnquist and the conservative lot. Clearly, the situation was just as they had been claiming all along: Liberal, permissive, raunchy, sassy, disrespectful, flesh-revealing Americans had too much freedom for their own good. So in 1973, the Burger Court cracked down.

The case used for the crackdown, *Miller vs. California*, arose from the conviction of a businessman who had mailed five unsolicited advertising brochures that a California jury judged to be obscene. Before coming to their conclusion, the jury had been instructed by the trial judge to evaluate the material by the moral standards of their own community—not by the moral standards of the nation. Because the judge had issued those instructions, the pornographer appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court.

He lost. And a new definition of obscenity came into being.

The Court divided on the case five to four, with Chief Justice Burger and Justices Blackmun, Powell, Rehnquist and White carrying the day for purity. No longer, as in the Warren days, would the key test of obscenity be whether or not the work was "utterly without redeeming



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Do you use such sayings as: "Would you like to go out tonight?" — or, "Want to go to my apartment for a drink?" — or, "May I have your phone-number?"

Most men do. And it's amazing that so many men actually think they can get anywhere with girls using such colorless, flat, ordinary expressions.

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It's really quite sad — because it doesn't have to be that way. Most men could easily have all the girls they want ... if they just knew how "not" to act with them.

A MOST VALUABLE LESSON

We are going to show you why you are having so much trouble getting girls.

You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with your looks).

You will learn why you have a hard time meeting girls (it has nothing to do with your personality or age).

You will learn why girls won't go to bed with you (it has nothing to do with money ... or any of the above reasons).

You will learn *exactly* what you are doing wrong.

This could easily be the most valuable information you will ever receive. Because once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will be in a perfect position to start meeting and dating girls galore.

Once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will quickly begin to meet and date great-looking girls. Girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. Girls who wear the newest, sexiest styles in clothes. Girls who you only looked at and dreamed about up until now.

But that's not all. Once you find out what you are doing wrong, it will automatically become "super easy" for you to get many of these beautiful girls to *sleep* with you (think about that).

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU

Through many months of research — including personal interviews with dozens of beautiful girls — we have learned the most common mistakes most men make with girls. Mistakes that you are making right now.

Several of the girls frankly admitted that if it weren't for these silly mistakes, most men could easily meet and date just about any beautiful girl they want to.

It would take us forever to teach you every single mistake you may be making with girls. So what we have done is developed a system that will allow you to check yourself whenever you approach a girl — to make sure you are not making any



Lyn A., student, Fla.: *"I don't even care what guys look like anymore. I get approached by at least a dozen guys a month. Out of them, only about two end up taking me out. These are the guys who know enough not to make the usual dumb mistakes most guys make."*

"mistakes" that could blow your chances with her.

THE ALL NEW 100% SELF-CORRECTING SYSTEM

Wouldn't it be great if we could stand beside you, like an invisible man, and correct you every time you started to make a blunder with a girl?

Well this is exactly what our 100% Self-Correcting System does. It is our silent voice behind you ... ready to *speak out* whenever you are about to make a costly mistake with a girl.

Our Self-Correcting System actually stops you *before* you make the mistake; *before* you ruin your chances with the girl you have your sights on.

CAN BE LEARNED IN JUST ONE DAY

There is no hard work involved. There are no boring details to remember. In fact, our 100% Self-Correcting System can be completely mastered in just one day.

This System has been *tested and proven*. It works. It works because it is based on facts ... not guesswork. So if it's girls you want, *girls are exactly what you will get.*

"DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK" IF OUR SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU

Are we crazy?

Not really. We're just so darn sure that you'll meet dozens of girls using our System that we're willing to stick our necks out to prove it to you.

What we are going to do is let you use our 100% Self-Correcting System for a full year. Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you a lifetime, return our material to us. We will send you back a check for *double* the amount you paid for it.

Our book, *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System*, costs 10 dollars. Think about it. A 10 dollar investment may bring you more beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. And — if for any reason you don't end up meeting and dating all the girls you have your heart set on, you'll get back double the amount of your investment (and we'll cry a lot).

Maybe we *are* sticking our necks way out. But we're willing to take that chance.

So if you seriously want to find out why you are having so much trouble getting girls, send in the coupon now. You will soon find it *easier-than-heck* to meet and date girls (and even to get girls to sleep with you).

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I may use your material for a year. Then, if I haven't met and dated all the girls I have my heart set on, I may return it for *double-my-money back*. (We will send you a check for 20 dollars.)

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

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like the Playboy Club to play. It's an entertainment mecca under one roof... with

super food and drink, great name entertainment in our great showroom and now the Disco.

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Make your move

today. The Customer Service Representative can issue you a Key on the spot. It's just \$25 for the first year, and the Playboy Club accepts American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, Master Charge and VISA/BankAmericard.



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social value"; from now on, any work being weighed must, as a whole, show "serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." In the Warren era, the burden was on the prosecutor to prove a lack of value. In the Burger era, the burden would be on the defense attorney to prove a "serious" quality.

The Court also ruled that no longer would national standards prevail; from now on, material would be judged by the morality of states and cities and towns. Burger, who wrote the opinion for the majority, said he wanted to free normal communities from "conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City." Legislatures in Kansas and Alabama and Idaho could ban books, plays and movies whether or not they were tolerated, even admired, in the dirty big cities.

Not wanting to appear too open-ended, the Court offered two examples of the kinds of materials that legislatures could proscribe with the Court's blessings: "Patently offensive representations or descriptions of ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated," and such stuff as "masturbation, excretory functions and lewd exhibition of the genitals."

And who was to decide what was "patently offensive" and what was "serious"? Who would decide on the relative lewdness of genitals? It would all be in the hands of a jury of plain home folks.

Just one year later, the Court had to tacitly concede that its *Miller vs. California* ruling was as stupid as all previous obscenity rulings had been. Its failure was revealed when the Georgia Supreme Court, acting within 12 days after the Nixonburger Court handed down the new community-standards edict, ruled that an Albany, Georgia, jury was justified in convicting a theater owner who had shown *Carnal Knowledge*, the 1971 film for which Ann-Margret had received an Oscar nomination and which got on many Ten Best lists.

When the Albany case finally wound its way up to the U. S. Supreme Court, the Justices dutifully retired to the basement of their building for a private showing of the film. That's where they view most of the movies that come for judgment. Burger, who is, or pretends to be, overwhelmingly offended by the stuff, rarely attends and prefers to base his judgments on hypothesis and legal technicalities. To him, as he has repeatedly indicated, any crucial area of the body not covered by a fig leaf is obscene. Washington reporter Nina Totenberg says that only Justice Thurgood Marshall, blessed with a Chaucerian wit, is ever heard to laugh at the lascivious huffing and puffing on the silver screen. The other Justices are reported to sit at prim attention, only occasionally making a disrespectful comment about the producers' taste. *Carnal Knowledge* certainly didn't measure

down to most of the other films shown in that room.

When it came time to write the opinion, Justice Rehnquist had to do the embarrassing chore for everybody (the verdict was nine to zero), virtually conceding that the Court had given the sloppiest kind of guidance in *Miller* and angrily urging other localities not to go off half-cocked like Albany, which had no right to be so hard on *Carnal Knowledge*, because, said Rehnquist, it contained "no exhibition whatever of the actors' genitals, lewd or otherwise."

Let us take our leave of the Burger Court on that note of low comedy—the spectacle of these sober, elderly judges sitting in a darkened conference room, watching for the flash of genitalia and trying then to decide whether or not that flash—if seen at all—qualified as functionally lewd; perhaps trying to decide, on other occasions, whether or not the

sexual antics of three gays and a python should be considered "serious," whereas the relationship between two lesbians and a coke machine should not. The difference between the Warren Court and the Burger Court is that the former seemed to realize it was impossible to answer such questions and the latter does not. It goes on tinkering. It was tinkering again with obscenity last year, this time to instruct the lower courts not to take the sensibilities of children into consideration when they were setting the standards of the community. That, wrote Burger, would be too delicate a matter. Instead, he suggested that the juries keep a special watch for material that might excite "deviant sexual groups" such as sado-masochists and homosexuals.

The Chief Justice still had faith that a typical all-American jury would be able to recognize the stuff that appeals to pervers.



"I'm sure the ambassador
would be most willing to discuss
terms for the safe release of our attaché . . .
but I'm afraid he's just been
abducted himself."

CAPTAINS OUTRAGEOUS! (continued from page 178)

"People who live on boats eventually become the victims of something called yacht madness."

the beach and into town, dragging the poor bastard and his dinghy up the main street. The cops pick him up, don't believe a word he tells them and throw him in jail for wearing his underpants on a public street."

"That's the oldest sailing story in the world. Rags is an Australian, right? You know how Australians are."

"And what are you doing for laughs on your boat?"

"Oh, we're waiting for money."

Waiting for money! That is the authentic cry of the ocean wanderer. You can go to any anchorage anywhere in the world, and sooner or later you will meet someone sitting on a boat, staring at the water.

"What are you doing?"

"Waiting for money."

People spend months in remote ports, waiting for money that's been sent to them but has by some cunning process been diverted to Tasmania or Chile. That is what happens to lucky people, those who still have money to be sent to them. Sometimes, even for the lucky

ones, the day dawns when there's no more money, and there the poor yachtsman sits, unemployed, with no resources in the world and a food supply consisting of half a tin of yeast and a clove of garlic.

At times like those, those who are ambitious and unafraid may decide to go into the shipping business: guns on the African and South or Central American coasts, booze in Brazil (where whiskey fetches around \$30 a bottle) or dope from North Africa and South America. Some people carry diodes and transistors between Fiji and Australia, others run porn in the Red Sea and rock records in the Baltic and Black seas. Three years ago, an 80-year-old Swiss naturalist chartered a 35-foot sloop to smuggle a consignment of 28 illegal parrots from Colombia to Guadeloupe, and tried to talk the skipper into making an Atlantic crossing from Africa with two gorillas and a pair of rare ducks. The skipper had found the parrots rather trying during the two-week run to Guadeloupe, so he declined and took up chartering in the Virgin Islands instead.

Most sailing people would no sooner deal in drugs and guns than the average citizen would choose to rob a bank or open a zoo, and when they run out of cash, they often start selling off bits and pieces of their boats or work ashore for a few months to earn something to keep the boat going.

Others become professional "traders" like the resourceful chap with the unidentifiable accent who arrived in the islands last season in a battered old schooner, selling diesel engines that had been removed at night from construction sites in Canada. This gentleman also dabbled in Trinidad teak and the Dominican coffee-bean market for a while, and in lean times he made a modest seasonal income by agreeing not to drag the sharks he occasionally caught onto the crowded beaches of various resort hotels. He and his crew of unquestionably psychotic deckhands had begun to upset the visitors when they went ashore in the ship's boat, towing a string of dead sharks and loudly assuring some defenseless honeymoon couple from Nebraska that those were just the babies, the big ones had got away.

This fellow describes his occupation as "discount shopping." When last heard of, he had run into a spot of bother in Antigua, involving a collision and the brandishing of firearms, and had gone west to the Panama Canal, bound for California, where, as he confided just

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To make good Scotch, the whiskies comprising the blend are aged then blended together. To make Cutty Sark the whiskies are aged, blended together and then returned to cask to "marry" for up to a year and a half longer. And only then bottled. This contributes to Cutty Sark's unusually well-rounded taste.

One sip and you will discover that Cutty Sark, like its label, is truly an original.

before leaving, there was sure to be "a bit of this and that, know what I mean?" going on.

It may not be generally realized that all people who live and work on boats eventually become the victims of something called yacht madness. That affliction shows itself in many ways in the sailing world but in the ocean-racing scene most of all, because that is where the aristocrats of yacht madness dwell.

Such people spend their lives racing around the world, across the Atlantic or the Pacific, around Cape Horn, between Sydney and Hobart, from Newport to Bermuda, around the British Isles, from France to Martinique, between the English Channel and the Azores, from South Africa to Brazil. A navy of niggers on the move. One man races across the Atlantic, singlehanded, in a yacht the size of a naval fighting ship; some of his rivals, also singlehanded, are in boats not much bigger than a service elevator. Here we come close to the essence of yacht madness. When racing sailors are not racing, they talk about it, about boats, skippers, crews, rules, rigs, sails, navigation, wind, sea, tactics, mathematics and stainless steel. And women and fishing.

The rules of yacht racing provide clear evidence that sailors actually appoint madmen to office, so it is pointless to try to explain them. It is enough to say that

nobody knows or understands the rules and that they are changed constantly, usually in dead of night. The reason that racing sailors spend so much time arguing about them is that they hope to confuse slower-minded rivals, especially just before a race. The general rule in all sailing is: Take no prisoners.

The extent to which the sailing community accepts and respects racing rules may be judged by standing near a race-committee desk, listening to the opinions expressed by people who feel they've been unfairly done down by the decision of some cretinous geriatric on the committee. Disputes are adjudicated by the protest committee, an assembly of typically flinty types who must decide which of the two liars involved in a protest is telling the most truth: It is rather like the Nuremberg war trials.

Supporters of the rules claim that their stunning complexity keeps the sport free from corruption by the Mafia or the Communists, all of which may be true; but one of their main functions is to divide competing boats into classes and, within those, to assign handicaps to compensate for differences in size and design. After that, all hell breaks loose.

Antigua week has six racing classes, and those cover everything from the biggest and fastest ocean-racing boats in the world, the maxiboats of around 80 feet, to multihulls, traditional boats and other

categories in the racing and cruising classes. It is an impressive display that unfailingly stimulates the same old disputes among those so inclined about the merits of different boats. The multihull crowd, for example, can get very touchy about criticism of trimarans and catamarans by monohull sailors. Multihull racing crews have been known to wear dramatic costumes in matching colors and identical crash helmets, pretending they're in rockets.

As a sport, yacht racing might be compared to horse racing, which has many thoroughbreds, not just one. Unlike boxing, which strives to produce a single world champion—and compels all but two men to become spectators, screaming for more pain—sailing in boats, whether you race or cruise around the world in them, is mainly about having a good time. However, anyone seriously committed to vengeance as a way of life will have ample opportunity to develop a deeper understanding of the concept if he or she takes up ocean racing or any other branch of sailing.

Halfway through Race Week, one begins to notice that many celebrants show fresh scars. The Frenchman, whose little wooden bateau was so horribly crunched by that big cruising ketch that came rearing up on a rising sea and smashed down bow first across his

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stern, still limps. A woman has her arm in a sling after a collision between two boats in the traditional class. One fool wears a patch over his right eye, where he was flailed by a snapping wire cable on a flogging headsail. Very few racing people are unmarked after a week in good winds off Antigua.

After a hard day at sea, the survivors seem especially pleased with themselves and with life, win or lose. An end-of-race party is always a joyful affair that radiates a feeling of gratitude and simple happiness, which is what happens when people get drunk and have a good time.

During Race Week, sailing people exploit the communal appetite for having a good time by holding an uncountable number of celebrations involving drink, food, music and naked wet people. There are end-of-race parties on the beach nearest the finishing line of each day's race, parties at the Admiral's Inn, at the Catamaran Club, at the Yacht Club and at hotels around English Harbour.

It is well known that yachting folk have highly sophisticated parties. One of the sophisticated things they like is the two-man upside-down margarita, where one man lays his head back on the bar and another man pours a margarita down his throat. A leading figure of the Antigua social scene, owner and skipper of a converted mine sweeper, plays military music and drills his guests in marches around the saloon table. Perhaps the most distinguished and original sophisticate to appear on the yachting stage in many a season was the English rock-'n'-roll drummer who was in the islands in 1976, idling away a year's enforced exile from British taxes on his yacht, with paid crew. He would entertain dinner guests by standing on a chair, dropping his trousers and manipulating his genitals to represent what he called living sculptures. "Ere, look at this, then: flamingo in flight, how about that? And my masterpiece, last chicken in the shop." He also used his navel to demonstrate a movement called "lady hurdler" and was for those and other reasons a celebrated host.

It is probably not unfair to suggest that by the standards of normal people, sailors might be described as loonies. All people who live and work on boats eventually turn into loonies, because of prolonged exposure to the deep and dangerous trouble, frequently attended by maximum panic, that now and then lashes out at them just to keep them on their toes. The finger from the deep, some call it, and during Race Week, one meets many victims who have felt its prod. That experience makes some people philosophical and reduces complicated human issues to simple formulas.

"What is it all about?" a man asked a veteran Atlantic sailor, a lady, at last year's Yacht Club party.

"Bucks and fucks," she said.

Maynard, a shipping consultant who



*"It's the folks downstairs. They want to know what
the hell we're watching."*

had been cruising around the islands for a month, waiting to sail south on Colombian business, disagreed with that analysis. "It ain't bucks and fucks, man, it's toot and scoot."

Maynard works and prospers in the big-money, big-risk field of business boating, has a cold that he never seems able to shake and supports deep thinking. About his craft, his livelihood, he says:

"This is a thing you either want to do or you don't want to do, dig? Ain't no middle ground. I do it as a career, full time. I'm not one of these guys who do it for the one-time quick shot and end up in the slammer. My advice to people who get busted is the same as my advice to my friends: Stay loose and remember that when God made time, He made a lot of it. We're all just sitting here in the middle of eternity, so what's the big deal about jail?"

Maynard *never* has to wait for money.

On the last day of Race Week, the dockyard is one big open-air party, revolving around the final race, which is open only to boats that (A) have never been launched and that (B) do not exceed about \$20 in materials to build. Many of the entries disintegrate at first contact with the water and sink, leaving the crew boatless. It is one of the few races in the world in which it has become necessary to introduce a rule against piracy.

In the late afternoon of that Saturday, the Antigua Police Band parades around the dockyard flagpole, plays a few marches and anthems and fires off a rifle volley at sunset. Some say that

is in memory of the poor thirsty souls who died waiting for service at the bar of the Admiral's Inn. The premier and the bishop take the salute, deliver speeches and lead the prayers, but it has been a long day and the sound system's not working too well, and while whole-some people may find it a stirring ceremony, others are no longer capable of decent behavior. Those who were there three years ago have not forgotten the young Englishman who climbed the mainmast of a big ketch that was tied up opposite the dignitaries' gallery and removed all his clothes—a disgraceful incident that created an outcry in the press. People said he should have been flogged. One well-known charter skipper in Antigua, an infamous English nitwit, thought the swine should have been hanged. As it happened, he was arrested on the spot, thrown into jail for the weekend and sentenced to two months' hard labor, later reduced to a bribe of \$68.

If you get locked up before Saturday night, you miss the last fling of Race Week, the ball at the Admiral's Inn. That is when the prizes are given out, champagne flows and the crowd dresses up and dances under spinnakers that have been suspended above the floor and ripple in the evening breeze. A long table is loaded with silver trophies under bright lights and the winning boats in each class are anchored just off the dock at the foot of the inn's lawn, spotlighted from the shore.

A brief, tactful speech is delivered before the prize giving, a tribute paid to the noble themes of good sportsmanship and friendly rivalry. Next to specu-

lating about the broader implications of Liberian highway drainage, and brooding about the private lives of celebrities, racing sailors give a lot of thought to those topics and often talk about them in private.

It is not the sort of thing they talk about at the ball, however, where some people don't look at all well in the strong light.

"I can't talk now, my mescaline just kicked in."

"Judy split with some Italian boat to Panama right after breakfast. I wonder if she knows she's got my passport."

"Nobody can get sense out of him when he's like that. He just rolls his eyes and says he's got a loose cannon on deck."

"But if you just stick to rum on its own, you don't get the same kind of hangover you get when you mix rum with champagne, beer, whiskey, gin and tequila. That's what made you want to eat crickets."

"There's nothing we can do to help, he's so far gone he's on the way back."

"She had a T-shirt, ONLY SAILORS GET BLOWN OFFSHORE, so I asked her if she made house calls and she said, 'Bite my box, creep.'"

"Or I could go to Bermuda and do the dinghy races, if I could get a lift there. Failing that, Camelot leaves for the Pacific on Monday, and they're still looking for a couple of guys. And there's a delivery to Venezuela, which I'd really like to get. . . ."

Ah, yes, the romance of the sailing life, and the enduring magic that we see in our ships.

It was J. P. Morgan, or one of those people, who once remarked, "I don't know what all the fuss is about. Give the swine a yacht to run, that'll stop their whining." A beastly man, no doubt, and one with a sense of values that can only be described as deranged. But not entirely wrong. As everyone knows, it was also J.P. who said that if a man can't afford to keep a yacht, he should be taken outside and thrashed.

It's not the romance of the sea that draws sailors, it's the reality, and one of the more obvious realities is that a boat, no matter what the size, means freedom. If you've got one, you just have to climb in and shove off. At Antigua Race Week last year, there was a smallish boat that did well in her racing class. She was called Fujimo, and her owner was a middle-aged American who was, in a modest way, justly proud of her performance.

"Fujimo. Is that a Japanese name?" he was asked.

"No, it's American," the man courteously replied. "It means Fuck You, Jack, I'm Moving Out."



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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

THE GREENING OF ENGLAND

The aristocrats of England aren't like us. Not only are they richer but they also have magnificent country homes that few ever get to see. Now, Hanns Ebensten Travel, 55 West 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036, is offering a Heart of England tour for this summer that will take 12 paying house guests to four palatial manors, where they'll be wined and dined for about two weeks by the local hosts for only \$2745 per person, plus air fare. No bread-and-butter presents, please.



NOW YOU'RE SMOKING!

A woman is only a woman, a good cigar is a smoke and a 12" x 8 1/2" x 3" solid-walnut humidor with a vintage Alvis automobile carved by laser beam into the wood is one of the best-looking boxes we've seen for storing cherished cheroots. The humidor, which sells for \$95, postpaid, is available from Smaug's Laser Works, P.O. Box 428, Redondo Beach, California 90277; or supply Smaug with camera-ready art and it will custom laser-carve you a walnut, maple or oak humidor for about \$275.



HAT TRICKS

If you'd like to celebrate the rites of spring in a silly style, Freemountain Toys, 23 Main Street, Bristol, Vermont 05443, has just the caps for going bonkers. Some have antlers, others ram horns, curved horns, feelers, wings, lightning bolts or Teddy-bear ears sticking out of them—and they sell for only \$8 each, postpaid, in adjustable small/medium and medium/large sizes. (Freemountain chooses the colors.) Man, are you *horny*!



KEEP YOUR GINSENG UP

Seventy years ago, sarsaparilla laced with ginseng was a favorite call at soda fountains everywhere. Now Corr's Ginseng Beverage Company, 1925 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614, has created a bittersweet pop called Ginseng Rush that's a carbonated copy of that early soft drink. Ginseng Rush is sold at health/specialty stores nationwide or write to Corr's for the name of your nearest purveyor. It's also great with hard stuff.

BOYLAND'S TOYLAND

It's been said that the difference between men and boys is the price of their toys. And if a shop called The Price of His Toys at 9559 Santa Monica Boulevard, in Beverly Hills, California, is any evidence, there must be a lot of rich boys around. The Price of His Toys is stocked with such expensive playthings as \$150 imported dolls for men and a \$5000 replica of an antique steam engine that actually runs. It's the place for the man who has everything—including a fat wallet.



HORSE SENSE

Remember the days when you could buy a used 250 GT Ferrari for \$3200? That same machine today would probably go for \$15,000 to \$30,000—if you could find one. Ferraris now are hoarded like gold and the cult that's sprung up around them is almost as fanatical as the Bugatti freaks who still kneel and pray to Molsheim each morning. So if Ferraris are in your blood, there's a new slick magazine called *Cavallino* that's devoted solely to them. Six issues annually cost \$18 sent to *Cavallino*, 2 Spencer Place, Scarsdale, New York 10583. Vroom!



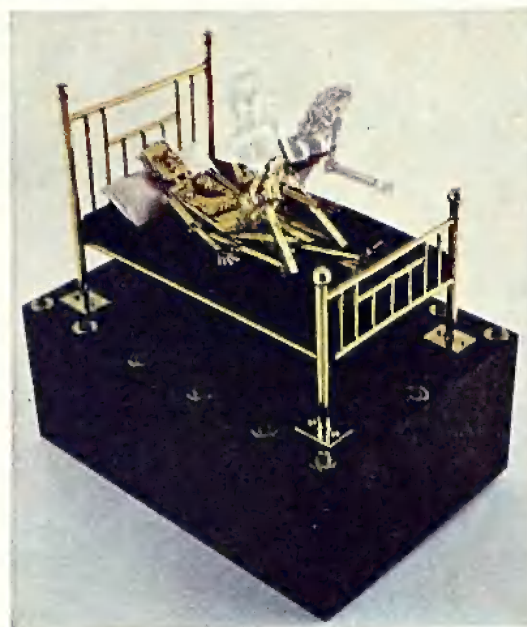
RUNAWAY FAVORITE

Now that jogging is catching up with sex in popularity, all manner of runner's products are sprinting to the market place. One of the handiest we've seen is a lightweight nylon, water-resistant "runner's wallet" with a Velcro closure that you lace into your shoe tops. It's available from The Country House, P.O. Box 44, Southport, Connecticut 06490, for \$4.95, postpaid. Stuff the pocket with a key, phone change, a bill or a waterproof identification card. And don't forget to stick a pencil behind your ear to jot down the phone numbers of distaff joggers you meet.



DIRTY LITTLE PEOPLE

West Coast sculptor Michelle Greene digs watching little people do it to music. Her little people, that she's lovingly crafted out of brass and sterling silver, all merrily humping to *Strangers in the Night*, *Tea for Two* or *More*, atop Plexiglas music boxes that pulse with flickering lights. But even mechanical sex doesn't come cheap; the bed scene pictured here is \$500 sent to Greene at 625 Post Street, Box 598, San Francisco, California 94109. We wonder if little ladies get headaches, too.



DEEP IN THE HEART OF TAXES

Everybody hates taxes, but nobody does anything about them. Nobody, that is, except Jim Davidson, a *PLAYBOY* contributor who's also part of an organization called the National Taxpayers Union at 325 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Fifteen dollars sent to the union will get you a year's worth (ten issues) of its newsletter and the knowledge that your bucks are going to fight Government waste and reduce the chunk Uncle Sam is taking from your check. But don't hold your breath.



GOOD AS GOLD

(continued from page 152)

"Andrea now was baking at a sensuous temperature. A soft groan broke from his lips at her advances."

With failing courage, he watched Andrea's incisive doubt grow more manifest with every word exchanged. Another grueling test awaited him at the registration desk in Mexico, where all rooms, through some staff oversight, he shakily surmised, were reserved in his name, and just as this delicate contretemps was almost successfully untangled, Spotty Weinrock, of all people in the world, was standing there before him in a luminous golden cotton sweat suit, irreversibly intent on going jogging with him on the small oval track two floors above.

"We can have a nice long talk while I'm learning how."

"I come at this hour to be alone." Gold should have remembered he had no chance ever of staring this otiose, imperious childhood friend out of countenance. "You shouldn't jog, not without a doctor's examination and a stress test. It's dangerous. OK, then, but don't try to keep up with me or run as long. You're overweight and out of condition and I'm not. I mean it—you wouldn't be the first one to drop dead."

"There's a guy with a heart attack upstairs in the gym now."

"I don't care about him!"

"Is this what you call fun?" asked Spotty Weinrock with a hateful smile, pulling alongside Gold and running with him easily through the second lap.

"Slow down, you fuck, or you'll soon have to stop," Gold warned. "I don't want to talk. You're not allowed to run side by side. Just fall back behind me and take your time."

"Is this how slow you always go?" asked Spotty from in back.

The effect upon Gold was excruciating. "I don't want to talk!" he yelped in a squeezed-out scream through a neck in which every vein and muscle was stretched in fury. His heart was beating with a louder noise than his pounding feet were making against the track. The grotesque ordeal was afflicting him rapidly with an enervating anemia of the will, and he sat down to rest in a cushioning armchair as soon as he was alone in the center suite after each of the women had been installed in a room on either side without further conflict. Both thought he was transacting confidential official business with Washington. Linda's children were no longer there. His composure restored, he was able to have a banana daiquiri from room service with Linda, a banana daiquiri alone and a banana daiquiri with Andrea when he'd completed another lap and again was with her. He fucked Andrea first to get

that out of the way and was unable to perform with Linda when she rang him for that purpose on the telephone in the middle room.

"Fag!" cried Spotty Weinrock cheerily and went flitting ahead of Gold like a sunbeam in his golden track suit, as though Gold were standing still.

Gold was flabbergasted by this blinding display of speed but held morosely to his own dogged pace with something scarcely human in his contorted visage. The pain that always rose in his chest at the beginning was intensifying, rather than subsiding, and he lost count of the number of laps he had run and was forced to start all over just when, with a violent start of tremendous surprise, he heard the phone in his room again.

"It's the White House," he lied with a leap out of bed.

It was Andrea, with whom he then had a light lunch in the patio dining room. Then he had a heavy second lunch with Linda in the bedroom that he consumed without appetite. The waistband of his walking shorts was turning sharp as an iron file. In less than two hours, he had nurtured a cumbersome paunch that bounced when he moved and made jogging this afternoon an arduous chore instead of the strenuous and salutary regimen he normally found it. His breathing was more labored than usual and his pulse rate felt swifter than he knew was good for him.

"Fag!" sang out Spotty Weinrock playfully and sailed by him again.

Gold kept his eyes down and pretended not to notice that Linda was restless and growing insurgently fractious at being kept under wraps. Andrea, too, was tired of being kept under wraps and already was phoning about the area to people she knew with vacation homes. Linda wanted to carouse at the pool and Andrea wanted a drive into town. In a backward glance as the car pulled away, Gold took a mental snapshot of Linda at poolside in close conversation with a slender, tall, lithe, insultingly good-looking Mexican youth with gleaming teeth, and he experienced, to his chagrin, that jealous debilitating pang that is recognized universally as heartache.

"Fag!" denounced Weinrock and passed him again as airily and blithely as a spirit with feet skimming on air.

Gold's own legs felt leaden, and he forced his gaze further downward into a dejected mode of inflexible concentration as Spotty ran from view while he had dinner with Linda and dropped her at a *discothèque* and had a second dinner

with Andrea before driving with her to a party. Both women were complaining at the amount of time he was spending on the telephone with Washington.

"Fag!" called Weinrock and flew by him again.

"You'll drop!" Gold yelled reluctantly, but was too late to be heeded, so he stole unhappily from the party to look in on Linda at the *discothèque*. Linda was encircled now by four handsome dancing young men, all courting her rhythmically with the seductive, possessive allure that is the exclusive property of the self-assured scions of very rich Latin American millionaires. It was not necessary, all let him know, to trouble himself with getting her back to the hotel.

"Fag!"

And when Gold drove at breakneck speed to return to the party, he was dismayed to find Andrea surrounded by several loud and drunken burly men from the Southwest who were trying to solicit her participation in a group-sex supper dance together with a number of stunning models with whom they'd arrived while Gold was absent.

"I'm here with my fiancé," Andrea was trying civilly to refuse as Gold came up vengefully behind her, "and I'm not sure he'd approve."

"Oh, don't worry about him," said the largest and most muscular, sliding his arm around Andrea's shoulders with the lewd self-assurance of the impervious extrovert. "We'll take care of him."

"How?" said Gold curtly, with his hands hunching into fists. "How will you take care of me?"

"Any way we want to, little man," said another of the group in a husky outburst of laughter.

"You think you can stop us?"

"That's an awful lot of woman there for a little fella like you."

A brawl would be futile and he took Andrea's arm and backed away.

"Fag!" cried Spotty, and it was just about midnight when Linda Book returned to her room and sent Manolito away without even a peck on the cheek when she saw Gold stewing there in a raw humor. They made love then with results that were mutually sublime. Spotty slid through the bedrooms sideways with another provoking reiteration of that homosexual epithet as Gold trudged back to bed with Andrea. As he dreaded most, Andrea now was baking at a sensuous temperature. A soft groan broke from his lips at her advances. He was not lying when he spoke briefly of a splitting headache and nausea and of an over-all fatigue. At three in the morning, he was awakened in agony from a troubled sleep by the telephone ringing again in the middle room.

"It's the goddamned White House again."

Still grumbling, he limped through the rooms to explain to Linda in a haggard

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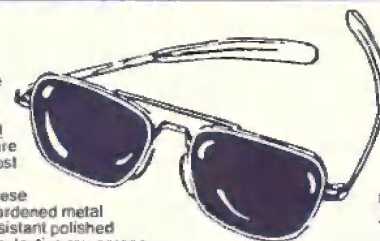
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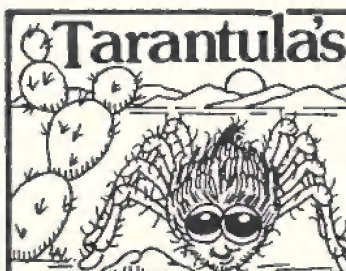
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voice that he had to spend every night with Andrea because they were engaged to be married.

"Fag!" called out Spotty Weinrock and this time skipped by in the springy, floating gait of the male ballet dancer in black leotard who was also on the track. A mustached fuck was running backward, infuriating Gold; every eccentric distraction on the track always infuriated him. The basketball players on the courts below were screaming at one another in brutal argument again.

Gold held adamantly to a determination to ignore them all the next morning when he sank down to rest in darkest spirits in his own room after breakfasting twice. His ankles were hurting terribly and he was sweating profusely. His future had never looked worse. Then the passionate Mexican television actress arrived, as did shortly afterward her hot-blooded Mexican airline pilot, who prowled the grounds for Gold to avenge his honor in the most primitive and unspeakable ways imaginable. Just as the Mexican television actress was ready to go off like a string of firecrackers, the jealous lover learned Gold's room number and came charging up the stairs. When Gold rushed to the window to jump to escape, he was horrified by the curious sight of a taxi arriving with Belle, who'd journeyed all the way after him with the thought they might still patch things up if they were off together. The crazed lover was banging both fists on the door. Notoriety would be disastrous to him. He berated himself mercilessly for his indefensible folly. What was he going to do?

"What am I going to do?" he helplessly wailed to the four walls.

"Go to the temple and say prayers," directed Greenspan coolly, materializing from one of the side rooms attired in Acapulco sports clothes.

"I'll do no such thing."

"Then go past the temple to the airfield," continued Greenspan, "and take the first plane out for anywhere. Get back to Washington however you can. I will tell them about your urgent business one at a time and send them out without meeting one another. Oh, Gold, Gold, you're such a *shonda*."

"And you, Greenspan, are such a credit." Gold clasped him gratefully to his breast in the Russian manner and hugged him about the shoulders with strong feeling.

"Fag!" chirped Spotty and breezed by him once more.

That fuck! cried Gold inwardly with the fiercest scowl, as common-sense reality exposed itself to him suddenly with the force and flashing illumination almost of a bolt of lightning. Spotty had been doing two laps to his one, sometimes three, sometimes four. Oh, that base cocksucker—no human on earth could run that fast!

Gritting his teeth and breathing wrathfully through his nose as he maintained his even pace, he watched stealthily with murder growing in his heart. There were four landings in each corner of the room where the track curved, and on each landing was exercise equipment or a stair well. Spotty ran off the track to a landing and hid until Gold went by, then came down in back to pass him again. The maleficent motherfucker had been hiding, resting, and waiting on the landings all along in the cruelest, most insensitive prank Gold could conceive of.

"Fag!"

Gold mistimed the lunge he made for Spotty Weinrock's throat with his left hand, broke stride, and stumbled. Anguish exploded in his chest then with an immense, cramping, darkening pain. The room began spinning, the lights dimmed. The ground rose to meet him with sways and undulations as he felt his legs wobble and give way, and, like a wounded warrior plucky to the last, he ran almost 15 more yards on his knees before toppling to the track and lying still as a stone with his eyes staring, as though he had been brought to his doom by a mortal fright.

"Are you all right?" someone said.

His hearing was unimpaired.

"Give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," suggested the ballet dancer.

"I will not. That's disgusting."

"Boy, are you lucky," Spotty said in his golden uniform. "The ambulance just came for that other guy."

His vision remained also.

"Doctor, can he be moved now?" a strange voice complained. "The rest of us want to jog."

"Put him in a private room," said Spotty Weinrock. "He's a very important person."

Gold felt his heartbeat falter critically again. "I'm not! Spotty, tell not a soul."

He could speak, too, and he screamed blue murder the next morning in Roosevelt Hospital when he saw he was still not in an oxygen tent.

"Doctors say you don't need one," explained the phlegmatic black male orderly who brought him his breakfast.

Gold was appalled by what he saw on the tray: scrambled eggs that glistened, bacon that dripped, four pats of butter—enough cholesterol to lay waste a generation of Marines. "It's a mistake, I tell you, I'm not going to eat it."

The orderly smacked his lips when he'd finished it all. When a woman came for information, Gold would not give even his name. He was wary with the doctors and requested permission to call his own physician. The pay phone was in the hall.

"Can I get out of bed by myself and walk there?"

"It's up to you."

He needed a dime. They gave him a dollar. Mursh Weinrock was there at

noon and conferred with the medical men in undertones while preparations were made for Gold's transfer to a private room.

"What do you want an oxygen tent for?" said Weinrock when they were alone. "It's cheaper this way. Did you trip and fall or did you collapse? What'd you feel?"

"I felt like murdering him, Mursh, with my bare hands. I kept getting madder until I couldn't stand it, and then this thing went off in my head and my chest. I was scared. Then I got weak suddenly and everything went black. I didn't trip. It was your fucking brother Spotty. I'm going to kill that bastard someday."

Weinrock was nodding. "He breaks my mother's heart a thousand times a week. There's no sign of cardiac damage. It sounds more like anxiety, but we can't be sure. I've had many a patient drop dead right after showing a perfect electrocardiogram. It's a reason I don't like to take on sick people." He recommended a ten-day stay for observation. Few visitors, few phone calls. "No one will know you're here unless you tell."

No visitors, no telephone calls, no letters, no flowers, no greeting cards, no bananas in baskets of fruit—the ten days that followed were the most forlorn of Gold's life. How many people wondered where he was? He pondered also, with bewildering compunction, the moral mystery originating in his final words to Spotty Weinrock at the gym: "Tell not a soul." A heartbeat away from death and his dominant concern was not life but that corrupting illusion of triumph, public success.

And so it was still.

Gold contacted nobody until about to be discharged in health that was certifiably excellent. He called Belle first.

"What hospital?"

"I've been sick, Belle. I'm getting out tomorrow."

"With what?"

"Nothing. Where did you think I was? I've been away for almost two weeks."

"You told me you had to go off somewhere to straighten yourself out," said Belle. "So I thought you were probably straightening yourself out."

"I'm OK," he quickly assured Andrea. "The doctors are positive it was nothing."

"What doctors? Where are you?"

"In the hospital, darling. In New York. Didn't you even miss me?"

"With what?"

"With nothing, darling. I just told you. It was just a checkup."

"Why didn't you tell me, darling?"

"I wasn't allowed any calls or visitors."

"With nothing?"

"Where did you think I was, Andrea? It's been ten days. Didn't you notice I was gone?"

"I knew you had to go back to your wife one more time to work out the

Devil's Backbone Reef hides the world's strangest shipwreck... and a case of Canadian Club.



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Since Columbus first came ashore here, sailing men have been littering the brilliantly blue Bahamian waters with shipwrecks. Some carried treasure, some crowned heads. But the strangest of all carried a train.

Hell for ships, heaven for divers.

The train lies off Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef. At least six wrecks are strewn here: a diver's paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Romora Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the

reef. Nearby Dunmore Town could offer Bahamian entertainment, complete with Canadian Club. But no one could provide us with a reliable story of how or when the train had sunk on the reef.

Seek groupers, and bring muscles.

We combed Devil's Backbone till we found a devilish place to hide our Canadian Club.

To raise the C.C., you'll need scuba gear, guts and muscle: it weighs 200 pounds. Start where a "dinner boat" went down on Devil's Backbone. Follow a channel across the reef to an old Ward Line steamer wreck (try this only in bright sunlight or you'll lose your boat). Take a bearing from its bow. Not more than 200 yards along, where the reef slopes into deep water and a big Nassau grouper lives, we sunk the watertight case of Canadian Club.

May your seas for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or local package stores by just saying "C.C., please."



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7

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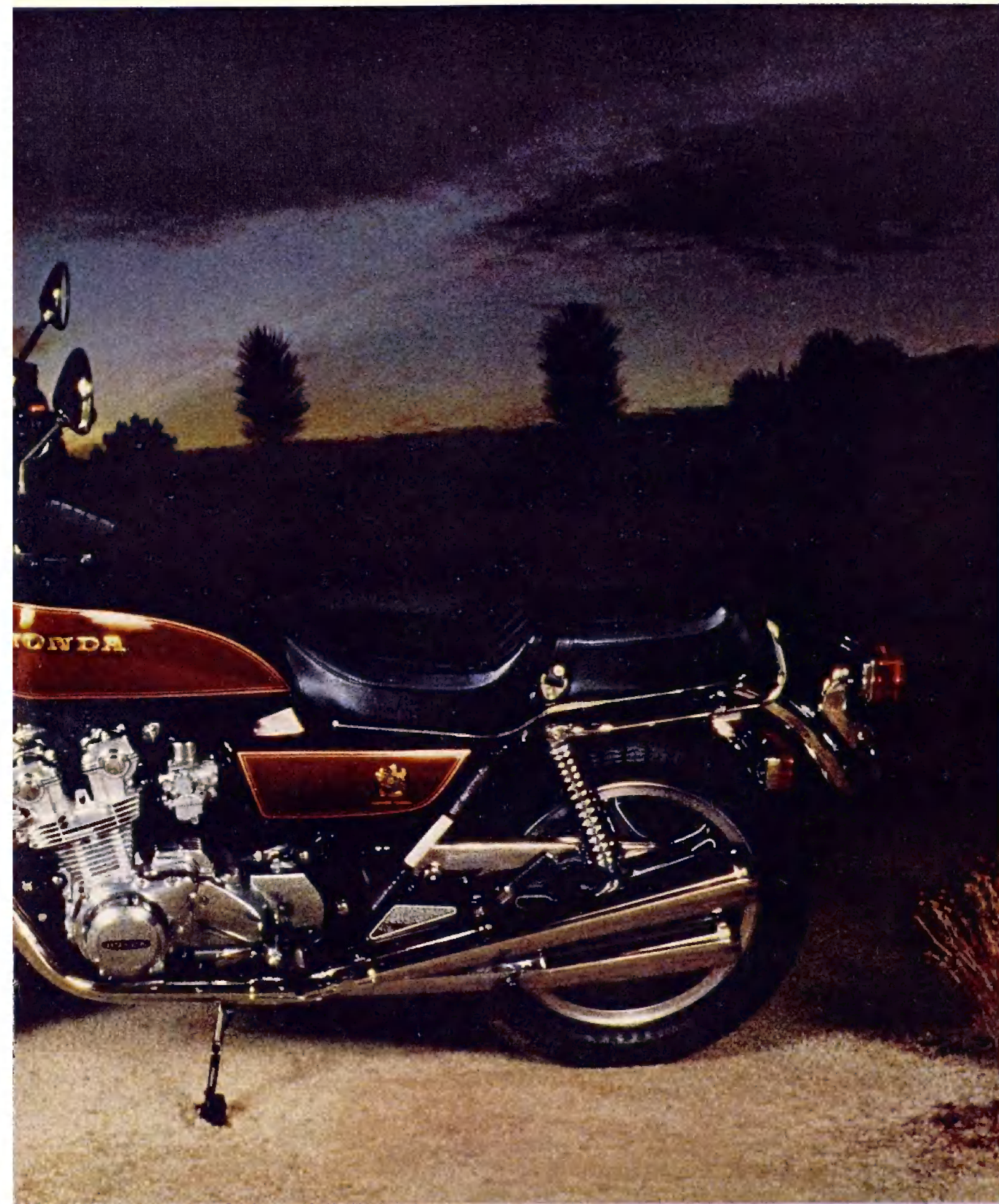
to be produced this year only. But it is much more than a bike for the collector. It's a motorcycle for a rider who truly loves the sport. The Limited Edition's outstanding power, performance and road-wise agility will make other riders doubly jealous. The 1979 Tenth Anniversary CB750K Limited Edition. For

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Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978. Golden Lights: Kings Regular and Menthol—8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

divorce," said Andrea. "I thought you were working out the divorce."

His call to Ralph was crucial. "Something personal came up and I had to go away for a while. I'm sorry I haven't been able to be in touch with you."

"About what?" asked Ralph.

"About everything. You told me things were starting to happen."

"And they are, Bruce," said Ralph. "Conover is pushing strongly in your behalf. The President asked to meet you."

"I can come tomorrow."

"I think he's busy tomorrow. The Embassy Ball would be a good place to meet."

"The Embassy Ball?"

"I hope you'll come if you're invited. I told the President that you were writing some important position papers. So try to draw up a few."

"On what?"

"On any positions you choose. I don't think anyone's going to want to read them. Where are you now?"

"At my studio," lied Gold. "Ralph, didn't you miss me? Didn't you notice we were out of touch?"

"I missed your hotel room," said Ralph. "I can tell you that. Sleeping with just my wife and Misty, Candy, Christie and Tandy for almost two weeks hasn't been easy. You ought to try it some time and see. You and I have to get together very soon to talk about the Embassy Ball and what you should say to him there if you're invited."

"Tomorrow?" asked Gold.

"I'm busy, too," said Ralph.

"How can I get invited to that Embassy Ball?"

"It's practically impossible."

"Fuck him," said Gold for the first time as he crossly dialed another number. Neglect, moped Gold, abounding everywhere, closing me in like a poisonous tide, drowning me, closing over my head, filling my nose with fetid—

"Spot Modes," greeted the girl on the telephone brightly. "May I help you?"

"Mr. Weinrock, please. Bruce Gold calling."

"Mr. Weinrock is in the market."

"What the fuck does that mean?"

The girl hung up. Gold reached him at the gym.

"Spotty, you bastard, nobody knows I'm even in the hospital. I told you not to tell anyone, so you didn't, huh? Not my wife, not a single soul, did you?"

"I can keep a secret," said Spotty Weinrock.

"Not a person in this whole world knows what I went through. Was there anything in the newspapers?"

"I don't read the newspapers."

"It shows how people care. I could drop dead tomorrow and no one would even notice."

"I can follow instructions when I have to."

"Did you have to, you prick? And you

didn't even come to visit, did you? Suppose I died, you son of a bitch? Would you have told anyone then? My wallet was still at the gym with all my clothes and they wouldn't even know who I was. You can keep a secret, all right. How in heaven's name can you keep such a secret?"

"To tell you the truth," said Spotty Weinrock, "I forgot."

"You forgot?" The painful words were still sinking in.

"I got kind of busy, Bruce, and I forgot you even had a heart attack."

"It was not a heart attack!"

"I was pretty scared, anyway," said Spotty Weinrock. "I couldn't stop worrying about you."

"Till when?" scoffed Gold with a bitter laugh.

"Till I forgot."

Gold thrust his face toward the telephone as though it were the enraging incarnation of the person he was addressing. "You forgot?" he repeated through tightened jaws in a voice quivering with a black storming anger that sifted through his entire system and caused every muscle to tremble. "Money, Weinrock, money, you cocksucker. How much do you owe me now?"

"About two thousand."

"Pay up, you lousy bastard."

"OK."

"This minute, you fuck. Or I'll put you in prison. I'll get liens. I'll serve papers. Spotty, Spotty," said Gold with a catch in his throat as his voice cracked and he tried without succeeding to fight back the tears rolling from his eyes, "how could you be so insensitive? Why didn't you at least come to visit, just to see for yourself I was alive?"

"I tried, Bruce. Three times I was going to visit and made up my mind that nothing was going to keep me away."

"And what happened?"

"I forgot."

"Do you know what it feels like?" said Gold with a sob. "Do you know what it feels like to have to lie in a hospital day after day without visitors or phone calls, with what might have been a fatal heart attack, and have nobody care? It feels like shit. Suppose I died?"

"I cared," said Spotty.

"You forgot."

"Somebody would have reminded me."

"Nobody else knew," Gold reproached him further. "I would have been buried in a pauper's grave. Even I would have been more thoughtful than that."

"I have to go jogging now. I belong to this group."

Gold washed his face before telephoning next the one person he thought of who might have missed him most.

"I called you at your studio only yesterday," she said. "I left a message on your machine."

"Only yesterday? Where'd you think I was until then? It's been ten days."

"I thought you were busy with your wife and with your fiancée."

"Is Dina back in school?"

"And doing beautifully," said Linda Book. "I've been doing her homework. Tell me what hospital you're in. I have this dental bill I want to mail you."

"I'll be getting out tomorrow," said Gold. "I want to see you first."

In a fevered ecstasy of abandonment and slavish indiscretion, he could now easily picture all his carefully laid plans flying asunder into a bohemian muddle of debauchery and irresponsible disgrace, and he did not care. He wanted her in his arms, wanted her body beneath him, covered by his own. What would Conover say when he found out? How many people who ever read about him would truly believe that a thinking adult like him would endanger his marriage—nay, two marriages—and a brilliant budding political career for a lascivious fling with a married woman with four children with whom, as was also true of Andrea, he could never become in any other way intimate? That didn't seem to matter.

"I love you very, very deeply, darling, and I wish so much that I didn't." Gold could safely afford the luxury of such lavish words and sentiments, because he knew that the emotion in which they had their birth was not going to last. He did not dream, however, that the demise of this tender feeling lay as near as the dental bill she handed him. He calmly mixed a gin and tonic for each. By then, his agitation had lessened. "How come your husband isn't paying for any of these? I thought he was such a good provider."

"He isn't going to pay for anything anymore, since he found out we're together."

Several questions rose simultaneously in Gold's mind and broke into pieces against one another in the burbling struggle to get out. "Together? Found out? How? How together? Are? What do you mean found out? What do you mean together? How are we together?"

"Like this. He knows all about us."

"Knows all about us? How did he find out?"

"From the children."

"From the children? How do the children know?"

"I told them."

Gold looked at her steadily with a troubled eye. "You told them? You told your children? What did you tell your children?"

"That we're lovers."

"Lovers?"

"You keep repeating everything I say."

Gold was lacking the necessary equilibrium for timely repartee. "Is that what we are, lovers?" he asked credulously.

"Of course, darling," answered Linda with a smile. "I'm your lover and you're mine. What did you think we were?"

Gold did not hesitate to give the answer



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that first sprang to mind. "Fuckers."

"Lover is so much sweeter," said Linda Book with the ethereal sensitivity of a poetess, "so much richer in meaning and value. don't you think?"

"Don't you have to be very seriously in love to be a lover?" asked Gold.

"Oh, no," she corrected him. "All you have to be is a fucker."

Gold had never looked at himself as a lover before and was not altogether convinced he liked the idea now. "So that's what I am, huh? A lover."

"Of course you are, you fucker," said Linda Book. "And a darling, too. I rate you an A minus." Gold was stung only superficially by this backhanded tribute, for there was the impact of catastrophe in the words that followed. "And I'm so proud that someone as intelligent as you finds me sexy and attractive. Even my husband is impressed."

"Good God!" Gold hurtled to his feet. "He knows my name?"

"Gold is a very nice name," she said. "And I wouldn't be ashamed to have it as my own."

"Jesus Christ, Linda, that's not the point." Gold lifted a pillow from the bed for the sole purpose of having something in both hands he could slam down. "Where the hell are your brains? I'm a very distinguished man. Next week, I may even be invited to the Embassy Ball. Why the fuck did you have to tell anybody about me at all?"

"Because I believe in the truth."

"Why?" he insisted on knowing.

"Why?"

"Why in this case couldn't you believe in a lie? Why in the world did you have to tell your children anything?"

"Because in our family," retorted Linda Book without any trace of concession, "we don't believe in keeping things from one another."

"Do they understand what being lovers means?" Gold demanded scornfully. "I didn't."

"Oh, yes. The older two did."

"What did they say?"

"My son said he would kill you," she said. "My daughter wanted to know if you were any good. I told her you were an A minus who would probably graduate to an A if you could last. The younger two were more accepting."

"Oh, were they?" said Gold with a rather wild shake of his head. "I'd like to know how you explained to them what lovers are."

Linda Book met the challenge with unconcern. "Oh, we have this illustrated German sex book for children. It shows a little boy with his penis erect and a little girl with her vagina exposed and it explains in simple language any child can understand that he shoves it in."

"Shoves it in?" Gold's voice nearly failed him.

"Yes. And I explained to them that



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"Goddamn it, Martha, if I don't use it, I'll lose it."

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PB79-4

you and I do the same thing with our pence and that's why we're lovers."

"They understood?"

"Immediately. They said we were fucking."

Gold stared at her with bulging eyes for a moment and then went plunging about the room in shocked silence for several seconds. "Linda, you're a schoolteacher?" he addressed her with his jaws knotted and with his mouth drawn back as far as a human mouth could go, and all at once he looked as though he were congenitally snaggle-toothed. "You went to college, got your degrees? You completed education courses? You got your license, a nice shiny diploma?"

"Oh, yes," said Linda with the same collected smile. "I communicate very well with children. Your daughter will vouch for that."

"My daughter!" Gold's voice was a hysterical cry. "Holy shit! She's friends with your kids. She sleeps at your house, Dina. Do you think they told her, too?"

"I should hope they did," said Linda. "Our children are all very open with one another about sex."

Gold moaned and shivered in terror. "I didn't want her to know!"

"It will bring you closer together."

"It will put us at sword's point at each other's throat. Goddamn it, she'll tell my wife."

"It will bring you and her closer together, too."

"I'm leaving my wife to marry Andrea. Is there no way you can get word to her as well? Listen, Linda, marriage for us is out of the question, definitely out."

"Oh, we agreed on that," said Linda. "I could never afford to give up my support or my alimony."

"Which you are now not getting," said Gold with an uncordial gleam of triumph, pacing. "Because you believe so much in the truth. What is this horrifying obsession with the truth that all you women seem to be in the grip of these days? Where does it come from? Goddamn it—I may be Secretary of State soon. Do you think it's helpful for a thirteen-year-old child to know that the Secretary of State is fucking her schoolteacher? Can't you imagine what will happen to my home life and divorce if my wife does find out?"

"It will clear the air," said Linda. "When my husband found out, it certainly cleared a lot of air."

"And he stopped giving you money. How do you think my wife will feel about all these dentist's bills when she finds out they're for you and your kids?"

At last the seriousness of the matter impressed itself upon her. "Do you think we shouldn't have told him?"

"What did your husband say when you told him?" asked Gold.

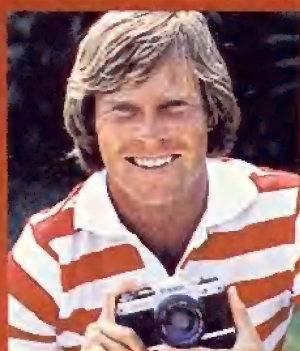
"He said he was going to kill you."

"You shouldn't have told him. Green-span, you fuck!" he shouted in violent

Winners pick a winner.



22
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11
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12



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anxiety as soon as he found himself alone with a wall he could talk to. "Where the hell are you?"

"I know, I know," said Greenspan when Gold began relating his troubles. "It's why I say you're a *shonda*."

"Her husband wants to kill me."

"It's a Federal offense to kill a public official, but you're not a public official yet."

"Tell him I'm about to become one," Gold begged. "Go see him for me. Take a gun."

"He says you're fucking his wife," Greenspan reported back.

"Tell him I'll stop if he promises not to assassinate me."

"He wants you to marry her and take full financial responsibility for her and all four children," Greenspan reported back.

"He's out of his fucking head," said Gold. "I thought he was madly in love with her and would never let her go."

"He'll let her go, he'll let her go," said Greenspan.

"It's out of the question," said Gold. "I'm already married to one woman and about to marry another, and we Jews don't take our marriages lightly."

"I told him that."

"Tell him I'll go for the dental work for all of them until it's completed, but that's all."

"He says it's a deal," Greenspan reported back. "I had to threaten to shoot him." He declined without words the drink Gold offered in celebration. "Now, Dr. Gold, what about you? Do you really think you have the right character to be Secretary of State or any other high Government official?"

Gold considered the matter. "What do you think?"

"Are you really going to stop fucking his wife?"

"No."

Greenspan surveyed him with a look holding generations of disappointment. "You're no worse than the rest," he decided, "but certainly no better. He doesn't think you will, either."

"Greenspan, we can drive a better bargain. Tell him I'll really stop if he picks up all the dental bills."

"Now it's a deal," Greenspan reported back. "Just a little wine, please. *L'chaim*."

"*L'chaim*," Gold toasted him in return.

"But what I said still goes," Greenspan stressed at the door.

"What's that?"

"I forget. Let me think. Oh, yes. You're a *shonda*."

"You're a credit."

The way was clear now, Gold saw, for his triumphant return to Washington.

This is the second of two excerpts from Joseph Heller's forthcoming novel, "Good as Gold."



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A friend of mine, a graphic designer who lives with his wife and Jeep in suburban Dallas, told me that he really liked the looks of my winch and that he'd buy one if they made a nonfunctional model out of molded plastic for under \$100. That model would've suited me just fine. All I'm lacking is a C.B. radio, and I haven't bought one for the same reason I seldom read best sellers: I'd rather invest my C.B. money in a pair of ostentatious chrome stacks with diesel flippers.

I painted a NOT FOR HIRE sign on the

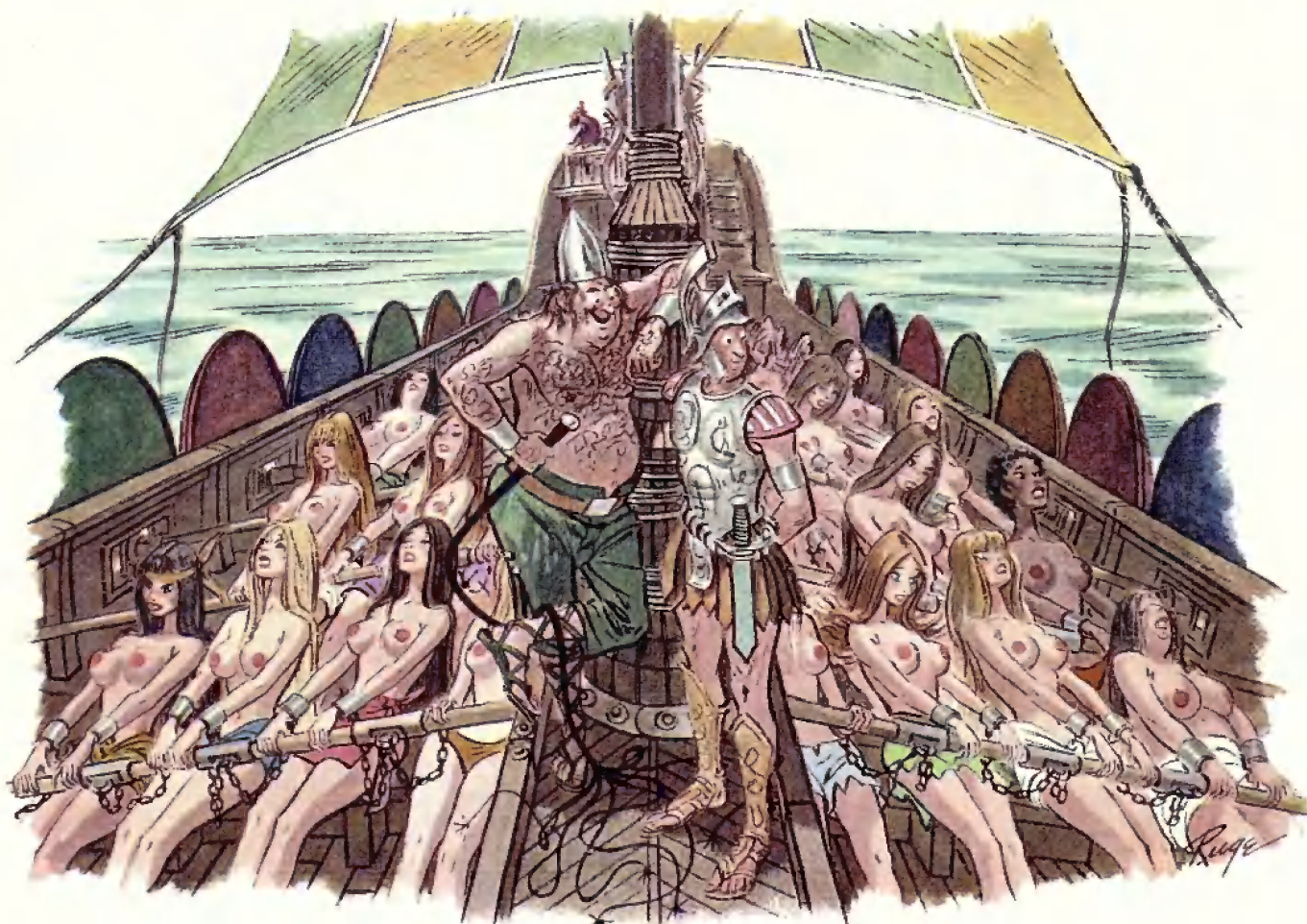
(continued from page 127)

door of my truck, not because I'm not for hire, which I'm not, but because I'm into truckin', and that's what most *real* trucks, the ones I see hauling pig iron, logs, gasoline or dog food, carry on their doors. I have a bank of toggle switches, each of which ignites a neatly embedded indicator light in a panel on the ceiling. It makes the cab of my truck look like the cockpit of a 747, or, well, maybe a 737. The toggle switches control nothing, and that's why I love them. Each bogus toggle switch represents an automatic sprinkler, a heat-seeking missile or an ejection seat that I'll never have to worry about malfunctioning. There are ten switches and, together, they multiply my sense of mechanical security tenfold, a bargain for the \$46 in material and labor.

When I was young and naïve, when my hair was greased back in a D.A. and I carried a pack of Luckies rolled up in the sleeve of my T-shirt, I was totally into function. I wouldn't put my money into foxtails, fender skirts or furry dice—no frills, please. I'd rather have spent a small fortune—and months of inconvenience—

to install a specially ground Iskenderian camshaft that would make my motor lope in traffic like a three-legged horse. But when I matched the sole of my Red Wing engineer's boot to the foot-shaped loud-pedal—man, it cut the distance between city stoplights by an almost imperceptible 1.637 seconds. Big fuckin' deal. I never impressed Bee Ann Gilchrist with my 1.637 seconds. She left me for a former lover when, as she explained, "he sold his motorcycles and got him a Jaguar."

So now, years later, an older and wiser man, I slide in behind my padded steering wheel, across vinyl seats that won't crack in the sunlight and never need saddle soap, and I light up switches four, seven and nine, my code for secondary paved roads. I preen the leather that hangs from my rearview mirror, punch in the cassette and hear Waylon's *Heaven or Hell* coming through my matched coaxial speakers, and I head for the newsstand to pick up another copy of a truck-in' magazine filled with ideas for off-road adventures I know I'll never take—secure in the knowledge that what I've got here is a genuine piece of art on wheels.



"If you think this is a spectacular sight,
you ought to see it in rough weather!"

The *Jameson* Irish Sweepstakes



This could be your ticket to Ireland

Win one of 15 round trips for 2 to Ireland on Aer Lingus

Jameson Irish Whiskey will be giving 15 lucky winners two round trip tickets to Ireland on Aer Lingus, Ireland's quality International Airline... Plus, \$1,000 expense money to help you enjoy your stay.

Plus 300 other prizes

300 lucky runners-up will win an elegant Irish lead crystal heart-shaped pendant with a sterling silver chain.



Simply answer the questions on the coupon correctly. The answers to all the questions appear on the Jameson label.

Not the one in this ad, however. That would be too easy.

Just take a short trip to your liquor store, favorite bar or restaurant, and look at a bottle of Jameson. It's one short trip that could turn into one beautiful trip to Ireland. You'll also find the answer to "Why Jameson instead of Scotch?" (Because it's lighter and more delicate tasting than fine Scotch.)

Jameson...World's largest selling Irish Whiskey.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. On entry form, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then, answer the 3 questions with information found on the front label of any bottle of Jameson Irish Whiskey. If you don't own a bottle visit your favorite restaurant or tavern, or go to any participating liquor store and look at a bottle of Jameson.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by June 30, 1979, to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of correct entries by Frederick Siebel Associates, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No purchase required.
3. Each grand prize winner will receive 2 round trip economy tickets to Ireland on Aer Lingus plus \$1,000 cash. It's incumbent upon winners to make their own arrangements for trip. Winners shall depart from the normal Aer Lingus departure points within the Continental U.S.A. Any additional expenses incurred on the trip will be borne by the winners. Trips must be taken by Dec. 31, 1980. Any necessary taxes must be paid by winners. The 300 second prize winners will receive an elegant Irish cut glass lead crystal heart-shaped pendant with a sterling silver chain. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable.
4. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correct entries received. All prizes will be awarded.
5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the Continental U.S.A., Alaska and Hawaii. Employees and their families of Calvert Distillers Company and Aer Lingus, their affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organization, are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.
6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.
7. A list of all major winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jameson Irish Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8260, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.



JAMESON IRISH SWEEPSTAKES

I have read the contest rules listed on this page, and would like to enter the Jameson Irish Sweepstakes. My answers are written below (correct answers appear on the front label of each Jameson bottle).

1. What year appears on the Jameson label?

2. What Dublin street name appears on the Jameson label?

3. What is the motto under the Jameson coat of arms?

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail entries to: Jameson Irish Sweepstakes,

P.O. Box 8209,

St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

For more information on travel to Ireland, call Aer Lingus toll free (see local directory).

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey. 80 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO. N.Y.C.

LOTUS LAND

the stunning Elite. Unlike previous Lotus highway cars, a majority of which tended to be tiny, somewhat rudimentary two-seaters, the Elite was a shockingly civilized four-seater with all the amenities. Its fiberglass body was a debatable styling triumph; some viewed it as daringly avant-garde, others groused about its odd angularities, which contrived to faintly suggest a sway-backed, home-built look. But the car was quick (128 mph) and laden with the traditionally superior levels of Lotus handling and braking. Moreover, the vehicle was such a virtuoso design effort that it received the prestigious Don Safety Trophy from the British Minister of Transport a year after its introduction.

The year 1975 also generated the Esprit, perhaps the most exciting and beautiful Lotus of all time. This wonderfully compact (165 inches long, only 43¾ inches high) mid-engine coupe was a product of the fertile mind of master Italian stylist Giorgetto Giugiaro and, like the Elite, carried the 907 four-cylinder connected to a five-speed gearbox. The 2300-pound machine was a marvel. It would run nearly 130 mph, accelerate from 0 to 60 in under ten seconds and still get better than 25 miles per gallon on the highway! That, coupled with stupendous handling and superb braking power supplied by its four-wheel disc brakes, made the Esprit an instant hit. It reached America with a tag of under \$16,000, but inflation and zany leaps in the international money market have added over ten grand to its price. While the Esprit was attracting raves, Chapman also introduced a two-plus-two version of the Elite, called the Eclat. It was essentially a twin but carried a slightly restyled interior for more cargo capacity at the ex-

(continued from page 156)

pense of rear seating room.

Ironically, while Lotus fortunes were booming in the market place with the triumphant new Elite, Eclat and Esprit, Chapman was in a horrible slump on the race track. By 1975, his Mark 72 (correctly called the JPS72 in deference to the megapound sponsorship of John Player Cigarettes and the company's insistence that Lotus racing cars operating under its black-and-gold colors be known as John Player Specials) was three seasons old and the zesty dynamics of Formula 1 design had shoved the once-dominant machine into dowdy obsolescence. For the first time in memory, a Lotus was excluded from victory circle for a full season during 1975 and Chapman set out on a hard-nosed campaign to regain past glories. In the summer of that year, he composed a 27-page white paper outlining his detailed thoughts on the engineering direction future Lotus Grand Prix cars should take. The document was turned over to Rudd. He, in turn, created a small, elite research-and-development team and housed it in a seedy but still regal country house near Hethel, Ketteringham Hall, as the place was called, had served in recent years as a boarding school.

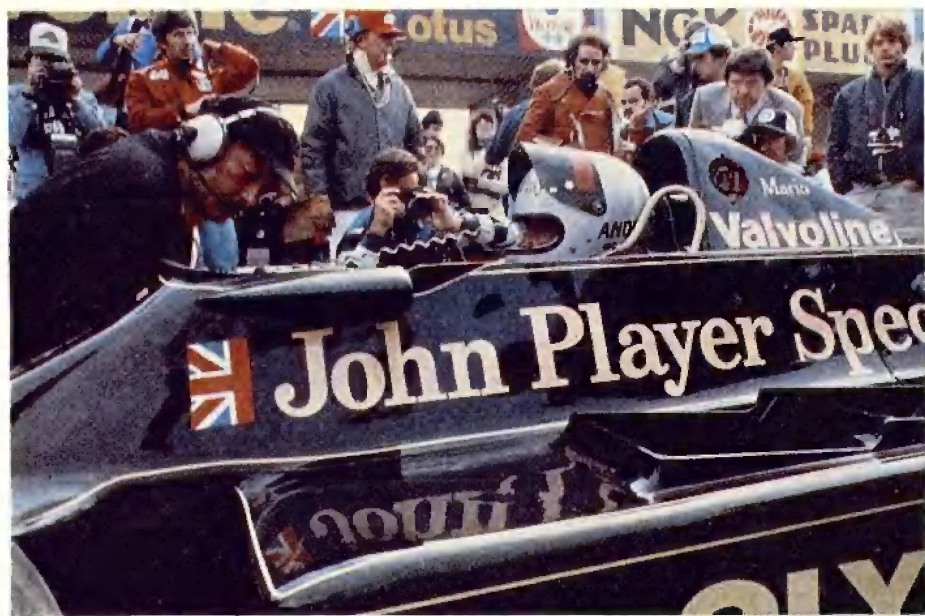
As Rudd's group labored through 1976, a new man appeared to bring new energy and daring to the seat of the JPS specials. Mario Andretti, ebullient, abundantly skilled as a test driver and a pure racer to the soles of his feet, signed on to run several Grand Prix races for Lotus and ended up by bringing home the team's first victory in 31 races at the rain-drenched Japanese Grand Prix. Suddenly, "the old man," as Andretti called the graying Chapman (though he was only 48 years old), became as deeply involved

in racing as he had been in the old days. His enthusiasm returned for the sport that had made him successful in the beginning. The rest is widely known recent history. Andretti won four races during the 1977 Grand Prix season in the new JPS78 and might have been world champion had it not been for several mechanical failures and a few overenthusiastic starts that resulted in crashes.

It all came together in 1978. The R&D group's efforts bore fruit with the stunning JPS79, a machine that ingeniously utilized "ground effects": i.e., air passing beneath the automobile, to create a suction effect that enhanced traction. The JPS79, Chapman and Andretti were a perfect combination from the start, consistently turning the faster practice and qualifying times and winning five races to claim the World Drivers' Championship, the Manufacturers' Title and widespread acclaim. Yet the year was not without its moments of darkness. Ronnie Peterson, the great Swedish driver who operated as Andretti's teammate (having taken the place of his cancer-stricken countryman Gunnar Nilsson), was killed on the opening lap of the Italian Grand Prix. In a note of devastating irony, it was Peterson's death that assured Andretti of the championship, simply because he was the only man with sufficient points to overtake the American in the three remaining races. Of course, the fact that it was the same race track that had claimed the life of Jochen Rindt seven years earlier did not escape Chapman, nor could Andretti avoid the parallels between his situation and that of the only other American driving champion, Phil Hill: He, too, had claimed the crown when his teammate, Wolfgang Von Trips, had died in a similar crash at Monza on the same day 17 years earlier.

Yet the "old man" carries on. His Hethel factory is humming, its 500 employees miraculously immune from the strikes, disputes and lockouts that plague labor relations in other British automobile factories. A new Mark 80 Lotus is expected, in the words of Andretti, "to make the 79 look like a London bus," and passenger-car sales are edging into the prestigious *gran turismo* league once occupied by such marques as Ferrari, Maserati, Lamborghini and Aston Martin. Certainly, the use of a special Lotus Esprit in the 1977 James Bond film *The Spy Who Loved Me* was a great publicity boon and that neat, angular little machine is rapidly headed for classic status.

So, as the rest of the automobile world rushes onward toward greater homogenization by committee, Colin Chapman stands nearly alone, very likely to become the last of that special breed of men who breathed life and personality into their automobiles. Not bad for a civil engineer who started in a rented garage.



Lotus Grand Wizard Colin Chapman briefs chief pilot Mario Andretti, who's all buttoned up in the John Player Special Lotus 79 just before the start of the Watkins Glen Grand Prix.

**“I want the best taste
I can get.
I get it from Winston.”**

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Soft Pack or Box.

PLAY WITH FIRE

(continued from page 130)

"He never discussed with his friends the causes of his addiction or the two years in Lexington."

shined shoes and collected pop bottles for spending money. If they didn't have enough for everyone to go to the movies, they made sure George got in. After the show, he'd re-create the entire film, complete with dialog, sound effects and imitations of Cagney, West and W. C. Fields. Another time, he was sent out of class for misbehaving. "I hear you do an imitation of me," said the principal. "Let's see it." The principal was impressed enough to send him back to class. There was also his talent for music. "His parents didn't have a piano," says Winni Russell, who lived in the same building. "As soon as he heard someone moving around in our apartment, George would be knocking on the door and asking to play the piano." He never took lessons, but he learned to play very well.

When Kirby was 16, he left school and got a job as a bus boy at Joe Louis' Rhum Boogie Club on the South Side. Soon he switched over to the Club DeLisa, which featured some of the top black entertainment in Chicago. "I'd come in at four P.M. and start cutting ice cubes, setting up the serving bar, and finally go behind the bar myself." Friends from that era remember a hard-working youth who wanted desperately to be in show business. "When he was supposed to be washing glasses, he'd keep trying to get onstage," recalls Russell. "They fired him at least once, but that didn't keep him from trying." Before the show, Kirby would set up a semicircle of chairs and perform for the entertainers. He did scenes from movies and played the part of the audience as well. "Get off my foot." "I can't see." But his budding career was interrupted by World War Two. He went into the Army and traveled with a work battalion.

After the war, he went back to Chicago and started working again, this time on the stage. "I remember when he got his first gig at the Regal Theater," says Winni Russell. "His mother was so proud. She was a matron at another theater, but she'd go down between shows and take him fresh shirts and something to eat." Kirby did imitations of Fibber McGee and Molly, Jimmy Durante, Jerry Colonna and other popular artists of the time. His act was a novelty: a black impressionist doing white artists. He did them well. "I was determined," he says, "to be the first black to work without bugging my eyes out, wearing baggy pants or Tomming." In 1948, he went to New York and continued his steady rise toward the top. He worked with Duke

Ellington, Lionel Hampton and Count Basie.

Sophie Tucker boosted his career by taking him on tour to London, and dubbed him "The Man with 1000 Voices." He stepped up into the lucrative overseas circuit with Sarah Vaughan, Nat "King" Cole and Stan Kenton. During that time, he met Charlie Carpenter, one of the few blacks associated with a major booking agency. [Carpenter died a few weeks after being interviewed for this article.—Ed.] Carpenter liked the ebullient, talented impressionist who always seemed to be "on." Kirby's usual greeting was, "I've got a funny one for you." He'd tell a joke to anybody. Once, while working with Ella Fitzgerald, he was given a dressing room next to hers. He staged a loud argument in six different voices, poured catsup all over himself and staggered into her room. Ella screamed and fainted. When she recovered, she laughingly went after him with an ax.

Kirby kept asking Carpenter to manage his career. But the agent, who had represented Earl "Fatha" Hines and Lester Young, wasn't anxious to take on the young comic. George seemed to be having some personal problems. It was still the day of the benevolent booking agency and Carpenter had been given special instructions for handling Kirby. The agency ordered him to pay George only \$30 a day out of his \$750 weekly salary. Invariably, Kirby would send his wife, Sarah, who traveled with him, to ask Charlie for an advance. She assured him George would pay it back in a day or two, but in a few days, she would ask for another advance. When the agent resisted, she said they would be unable to pay their bills and continue to tour.

Kirby's act was beginning to suffer from the ravages of what turned out to be a dope habit. "I tried to talk to him about it," said Carpenter. "I even put him in a hospital once. He told me I was just throwing money down the drain." Finally, Carpenter felt he had no other choice. "I told his mother there was nothing I could do but drop him. Maybe then he'd do something about it."

In 1958, Kirby announced he was a heroin addict and turned himself in to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, for the cure. He has never discussed with his friends the causes of his addiction or the two years in Lexington.

The Landmark Hotel had problems. The service was indifferent and staff morale poor. In the evenings, the semi-

circular blue-felt blackjack tables were empty and the dealers sat around with hands stuck into the pockets of their aprons.

Kirby's name topped the giant marquee outside. Show times were listed as ten P.M. and 2:30 A.M., but shows were being staged at eight and midnight in an effort to attract more business. It would have cost \$300 to change the marquee. Kirby didn't have the money and the hotel wouldn't do it. Occasionally, the maître de had to apologize to a customer who turned up at the wrong time. Worse yet, there were people who turned up with tickets they had bought in Los Angeles for a play in the main showroom that had closed six weeks before.

Tribulation makes strange bedfellows. The owners of the foundering Landmark approached Kirby about doing the show and he grabbed at the opportunity to put his legal troubles on the back burner. For the hotel owners, there was the desperately needed publicity about their generosity and benevolence. It didn't cost them anything. They paid the staff, while Kirby was responsible for paying the performers. He had always wanted to do an all-black show and he pulled that one together with a peculiar now-or-never energy. The members of the cast were all having their own career problems: The Imperials (formerly with Little Anthony) hadn't scored a hit since *Goin' Out of My Head*; singer Lu Elliott, who started out on some classic 1949 Duke Ellington recordings, was making one last try at the big time; and The Third Generation Steps, a trio trained in the jazz-dance tradition, had just begun their careers.

One night after the show, the musicians and performers gathered in the lackluster three-room suite the hotel had provided for Kirby's use. Away from their instruments, the musicians became small businessmen—worried and rumpled men in well-worn tuxedos. Kirby told them he couldn't pay them for the previous week's work but that he'd definitely have the money in a day or two. They glanced anxiously at one another and at the walls and floor. It embarrasses musicians to talk about money. Kirby said he wanted to move the show to a hotel that had more guests.

"It's a good show," said one musician. The others nodded. The suggestions began to flow. The Strip was the first priority, but at that point, any other hotel would be better. Kirby said he'd try to "four-wall" it—he would be responsible for all expenses and pay his musicians out of the gate.

"Are you sure we're going to get our money this time, George?"

"Absolutely; you have my word."

"My car note is due," said one. More nods. The bills had to be paid, but there was a higher code in operation. As trite as

*Maine
since*

*of N.Y.
at N.Y.*

MICHELLOB

BEER

*Weekends
were made
for Michelob®*



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More comfortable than feet.

Ease into the Hush Puppies® lifestyle. So comfortable your feet will think you forgot your shoes. A natural fit. Light and easygoing. Soft as barefoot. Rogue and Flash. Contemporary, casual, comfortably affordable. Good looks never felt so good.

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CASUALS 

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"It's that sort of thing that gives hookers a bad name."

it may sound in this era of changing values, the show had to go on.

"We might as well finish the week," suggested another musician.

"You will get paid. I promise."

He charmed them, shared their burdens and soothed their fears. They shuffled out slowly in twos and threes. They would sit at the bar, munch hamburgers in the coffee shop and carefully feed their nickels into the slot machines until time for the midnight show. It's difficult not to like a man who has so many problems.

Winni Russell again: "George was a strong man. You have to wonder why he got into drugs. I always felt he must have been somewhat insecure." He had been close to Russell and they'd even talked about getting married. When Kirby left Lexington in 1960, he had parted company with Sarah. But his relationship with Winni had changed. "Maybe I lost faith in him a little after the drug bust," she says sadly.

Rosemary Calabrese Kirby is a red-haired woman whose classic Italian features have begun to go sharp with middle age. She spent a lot of time around the night clubs of the South Side and met George at the Roberts Motel, where he was working shortly after his release from Lexington. "I hadn't seen him around in a long time," she remembers. "Later, I found out why. Six months later, we got married. George has a personality that captures you." The black man from the

South Side and the Sicilian from the West Side had much in common. Both of them loved the bright lights and glamor of show business. They had their wedding in a Baptist church in Las Vegas. "We got married on New Year's Day, because he said he didn't want to forget his anniversary."

The couple went into business together. She took care of the details. He performed. The first few years were difficult professionally. The two years in Lexington had set him back. But there were always people who wanted to help Kirby. Art Braggs, the owner of the *Idlewild* (Michigan) *Revue*, sent a telegram to Lexington just before his release, booking him at \$750 a week. "We struggled," says Rosemary. "No matter how poor we were, we traveled together. I took care of his clothes. I set up interviews. We had a good life, because I was with him constantly."

The times were changing. Blacks were fighting for the political rights that had been denied them by law and tradition. The struggle reached a fever pitch in early 1965, when Alabama state troopers attacked civil rights marchers before a national television audience. The national outrage led to an even bigger march from Selma to Montgomery and a star-studded show that featured some of the biggest names in entertainment. A truckload of stage equipment had been hijacked, but organizers made a stage out of casket cases. The only performer to get

an encore was Kirby. He was clearly on his way to better times.

Charlie Carpenter managed Kirby and groomed him for the white audiences that meant more money and more television exposure. Over the next decade, Kirby grossed an average of half a million dollars a year. His comeback was complete, but to his friends, he was the same old George. He gave generously to charitable causes, to campaigns against sickle-cell anemia and to programs against cancer, the disease that had claimed his only brother. He did benefits for community organizations and police departments and lectured high school students about the evils of drug abuse.

"He'd do his act with Billie Holiday playing in the background," says Holmes "Daddy-o" Daylie, a Chicago disc jockey who knew him from his days at the Club DeLisa. "His theme was 'King Heroin' and it was frightening. I'm certain that George steered many kids away from drug addiction." Many performers were casual about their use of drugs, but no one ever saw George do anything but take an occasional drink.

If he had a weakness, it was that irrepresible urge to help the underdog. "Guys down on their luck—all they had to see in the paper was that George was in town," says Daylie. "He was the biggest touch." Rosemary discovered his generous streak shortly after they were married. They were broke and she was in the hospital. A musician friend who had just been released from Lexington turned up. "His friend needed money for a trombone so he could work," she recalls. "George gave it to him. He's just a big sucker."

The court testimony says that Kirby called Dave at 3:15 p.m. on March 8, 1977, to tell him he had a sample for him. When Dave arrived at the Kirby house, the comedian allegedly produced a small glass vial containing a brown powdery substance, transferred it to tin foil and gave it to the undercover policeman. He quoted a price of \$15,000 a kilo. The next day, Dave complained that the heroin was of good street quality but not good enough for a large purchase, which would have to be cut with lactose or a similar substance. Kirby assured him that he could get better stuff for a large sale. At the same time, he offered to sell him two ounces of heroin for \$2600. That evening, Dave went to Kirby's house and paid for two bags of heroin. Kirby had to go out of town, but he promised to have more information when he returned.

On April 11, Kirby gave Dave another sample. That time, Dave was satisfied with the quality. They set Friday, April 15, for the deal, but Kirby suddenly backed down. He could get a pound of coke, he said, but not heroin. Dave said



"I can never remember which is which, but generally, if they sing they're concubines, and if they wash dishes they're wives."



Leslie



Esther



Laura



Marilynn



Susan



Kim



Karyl



Judy

Have you got the velvet touch? Pick your Velvet girl of the year.

No one has a better feelin' for Black Velvet than you. The thousands of pictures we received for our \$50,000 Miss Black Velvet Contest proved it. Now we've got 8 beautiful semi-finalists. And we need your vote to help us choose the Velvet girl for 1979.

So sit down with a glass of smooth and light Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky and make your choice. Then pick up a ballot at your favorite liquor store or tavern and vote. If you can't find a ballot write to: Black Velvet Contest, P.O. Box 909, Young America, Minn. 55399, and we'll send you one. But don't forget. The next Miss Black Velvet is counting on you.





ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO DRINK LESS THAN THE REST OF THE BOYS?

Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

*Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS),
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004*

**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING
A BAD NAME.**

he was not interested in cocaine. Kirby had another trip scheduled, but he promised to try to put together a kilo.

Over the years, Kirby invested in a number of money-making schemes. There was a series of boutiques and a new type of umbrella. The Kirbys had two apartments in a South Side building: a home and an office. He lost a lot of money. "He went through it like Gang Busters," says Carpenter. "He's a soft touch who in his heart feels he's as big as Sammy Davis—which he isn't. George was always a sitting duck." When a Federal judge in Las Vegas set his bond at \$100,000, Kirby spent 45 days in jail until another old friend, Herman Roberts, owner of a string of motels, put up a piece of property as collateral.

But Carpenter says Kirby was having one of his best years in 1977. There were the television pilot, produced by Redd Foxx, and the offer of the role in *The Cheap Detective*. "And he was," says Carpenter, "the top act in the club-date business."

But even if 1977 was a good year for Kirby in the clubs, it wasn't all that good. None of the three years he has lived in Las Vegas has been.

When Kirby moved to Vegas in 1975, he had not worked there in years. Even bigger names had trouble drawing crowds. During the recession of the early Seventies, many of the hotels closed the lounges that had been the main source of work for black entertainers and replaced them with keno parlors. He had to depend on the one-nighters and resorts for his bread and butter. But when Kirby moved, Rosemary stayed in Chicago. "He always wanted to live in Las Vegas and I just never liked to be there," she says. "He loved to play golf. He figures when he's not working in the wintertime, he can play golf." The Kirbys say they have not separated; they are just maintaining two homes.

The Las Vegas house is in a new development on the eastern edge of the city. The shrubs and trees have just begun to grow and haven't yet obliterated the desert. His house is larger than most on the street but not immodestly so. Plaster casts of famous comedians adorn the garage. A pink toilet serves as a planter in the small front lawn. The house is a memorial to his career, a self-conscious affirmation of his membership in the show-business establishment. One wall is covered with autographed pictures of Jim Nabors, Karl Malden, Ozzie and Harriet and others. His membership in the Las Vegas Country Club is also on the wall. On the stair well is a Kirby family crest, the kind you order out of catalogs. In a corner is a pile of antique Lionel trains he wants to set up in his back yard. His collection of guns, spears and knives adorns the stairs. There are fine African sculptures throughout

the house. Upstairs, his golf trophies line the halls. The den is crowded with film projectors, video-tape players and several television sets. Sometimes he would stay up all night to watch television or to study the mannerisms of a personality he wanted to mimic.

It's clear that Las Vegas involved a major change in his life. He no longer lived with Rosemary. He had some disagreements with his outspoken manager. When Redd Foxx offered to do a pilot for him, Kirby wanted to handle it himself. Carpenter says he had to intervene to get it done. The manager also remembers seeing people around Kirby whom he didn't know or like. "I'd say, 'George, who is that guy?' 'That's my friend from Chicago.' 'That's my friend from New York.' I didn't care how well dressed they were," Carpenter says, "they were still bums."

Kirby's wife remembers only one period when he seemed troubled. He had an operation to remove some nodes from his larynx and he couldn't talk for six weeks. "Most of the time, I'm the worrier. George always says everything will be all right."

In the Landmark's main showroom, Kirby was strolling from table to table. He had time to talk with nearly everyone. Most of the customers were white middle-aged couples. There was a handful of blacks. "Did you read the paper this morning? About the heart transplant? They put the heart of a white man in a black man. He ran around trying to cosign for everybody. They put the heart of a black man in a white man. Danced himself to death." The whites laughed. The blacks chuckled self-consciously. For them, Kirby's joke was too close to the well-worn stereotypes.

Next he showed off his talents by singing a blues in the voices of Cagney, Bette Davis, Boris Karloff and Laurel and Hardy. His musical talents shone through in his remarkable imitations of Pearl Bailey, Joe Williams and trombonist J. J. Johnson. While everything else in his act was repeated without modification every night, the trombone solo was a genuine improvisation and the musicians nodded their appreciation of his most inventive passages. After a surprisingly fine rendition of *I Write the Songs*, Kirby brought the entire cast back for bows. It was a good show and the audience left satisfied, but a peculiar dated quality lingered. How many people, I wondered, would pay money to see imitations of Bette Davis and Boris Karloff? How many are old enough to care?

"George Kirby has more talent in his left hand than a dozen other guys put together," says Daddy-o Daylie. "He was really very good, but he never worked at it. He just never had the drive to become a real superstar." Carpenter tried to get Kirby to update his act. He introduced

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him to talented young comedy writers and encouraged his client to develop the skits and sketches that most modern comics favor. "Time marches on," Carpenter says. "George stayed with the ethnic jokes. Things came too easily. The ethnic jokes were fine for the club-date crowd, but when you work mass audiences, it's different."

The court records say that on April 26, 1977, Kirby called California and asked to speak with Mary. After his telephone conversation, he told Dave that a kilo of heroin would cost \$52,000. Dave said he had to have a sample first. Two nights later, Kirby called him and said, "Dave, this is George Kirby. Your suits are in. Call me as soon as you can." Law-enforcement agencies had "pen registers" on Kirby's telephone, taps that recorded only the number dialed. They also placed them on the two Las Vegas telephones of "Mary," a black woman known as Mary Clay or Mary Christmas, who operated a store known as *Decors Extraordinary*. Surveillance teams followed Mary's silver-gray pickup to Kirby's home on the night of April 28. She stayed 30 minutes and left. Kirby called Dave and asked him to come by. Once again, they went through the ritual of testing the sample. Kirby said the heroin could be stepped down at least ten times, but he would sell only a pound at a time as a safety precaution. He wanted to make the sale before 9:30 the next morning, because he was scheduled to play in a golf tournament at the Sands at ten. Dave said he couldn't get the money until the bank opened at ten. Reluctantly, Kirby agreed to wait until 11.

At 8:30 on the morning of Friday, April 29, Mary Clay left a house at 5061 Stampa carrying a green garbage bag, drove to 1836 Kenneth Street, stayed five minutes and went directly to Kirby's house. At 10:45, one of the undercover policemen noted that Kirby was standing on the roof of his garage and looking around.

At one minute past 11, Dave arrived. He tested the heroin and weighed it. It came to slightly more than a pound. He said he had to go to his car for the money. A few minutes later, he brought in a briefcase and handed it to Kirby. The briefcase was a signal to other members of the team that the heroin was in the house. Kirby opened the briefcase and a trick snake popped up. The two men laughed at the joke. Dave said he would now get the money. He opened the front door and half a dozen law-enforcement officials barged in with their guns drawn. "Put your hands up!" they shouted. "You're under arrest." Kirby jumped up and ran backward toward the kitchen. Two officers pinned him against the wall and snapped on the handcuffs. Mary Clay

was seized in the bathroom upstairs. She was handcuffed and brought down to the living room. An officer read them their rights.

The trial of George Kirby and Mary Clay in Federal court lasted a little less than two weeks. The chief witness was "Dave," who is really Ralph Orduno, a Las Vegas undercover narcotics officer with nearly 18 years of experience. He had carefully logged every meeting he had with Kirby, tested every sample of cocaine or heroin, taped every telephone conversation. Judge Roger Foley rejected 16 motions to dismiss the charges or suppress the evidence. During a conference at the bench, Assistant U. S. Attorney Richard Wright told the judge that organized-crime figures had issued contracts on Kirby's life to prevent him from cooperating. Kirby's attorney, Robert Reid, said it was a ploy to pressure his client into asking for protection and to gain publicity for law-enforcement officials. On Tuesday, December 20, 1977, the jury found Kirby guilty of selling two ounces of heroin to Orduno and of trying to distribute another half kilo. Mary Clay was found guilty of one count of possession with intent to distribute. In a final plea before sentencing, Kirby's lawyer argued that Kirby was just a conduit who hadn't profited financially from the transaction. The presentence report on Kirby wasn't helpful. The references to organized crime gave the judge little cause to be lenient. On February 28, 1978, Foley imposed two concurrent ten-year sentences on Kirby. The maximum sentence for each count could have been 15 years and a \$25,000 fine. The judge also set bail at \$100,000. A reporter for a local paper noted the surprise of courtroom observers at the stiff sentence.

There are plenty of people who stick by George Kirby. When his lawyer died shortly after the sentencing, Redd Foxx organized a benefit show on Kirby's behalf to help raise funds for an appeal. Herman Roberts put up the collateral for bail.

His new attorney, an aggressive, politically connected black man named Robert Archie, filed an appeal with the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, on procedural grounds. "I just wondered," says Archie, "if the punishment George was receiving was proper punishment." On Archie's advice, Kirby decided to plead guilty on two of the five counts the state of Nevada had brought against him. It was an attempt at plea bargaining. Conviction for the sale of heroin in Nevada carries a maximum sentence of life imprisonment.

A week passed at the Landmark Hotel and it was clear to the performers that the show was about to close. They didn't get paid on Wednesday, Thursday or

Friday. There was no more talk of moving to another hotel. But backstage, before the second show, the ritual of the profession kept things going. The smiles, the back pats and encouragements were part of the old traditions—the show goes on. In the audience, Kirby wandered through the room and shook hands. "Did you read the newspaper today? About the heart transplant..."

Once the other acts went on, he returned to the landing. He had a stack of keno cards and watched for his lucky number.

"All of my life I've tried to live a good Christian life," he said. "Clean act. No bad publicity about me with women, as a drinker, doing things in public. The minute this came out about me in Las Vegas, it was everywhere, nationally, all over the world. . . . You cannot lie to God. That's the one you have to answer to. He knows you can't fool everybody. I don't have hatred toward anyone. I've always been an open person. I like giving people satisfaction. I have faith. I believe everything will turn out all right in the end."

"What's that TV show," he said with a wry smile, "*You Are There*? Well, this is it. I'll finish out the weekend. I don't care if they all quit. I'll go on by myself if I have to."

"I've done it before."

On November 28, 1978, District Judge Carl Christensen sentenced Kirby to 20 years in a Nevada state prison for trafficking in heroin and cocaine. He will serve the Federal and the state time concurrently and will be eligible for parole on the Federal charges in three and a half years and on the state charges in five and a half. His lawyer dropped plans to appeal the Federal sentence.

The courtroom wasn't packed, any more than all those shows at the Landmark had been. Excluding attorneys, newspaper reporters and other prisoners in the dock awaiting sentencing, there were no more than 20 people in the room, half Kirby's friends and half the inevitable curious onlookers.

This time, the star told no jokes and the trademark smile was gone. "It could be he has more intelligence and talent," said Judge Christensen of the man sitting before him, "than anyone in this courtroom." Before being sentenced, Kirby stood up behind the defense table to say a few words. He wore a tailored black suit, a white pinstripe shirt and the thick glasses he always wears when he isn't performing. He removed the glasses and wiped his forehead.

"A friend got me into it," Kirby said quietly to this final audience. "It was an opportunity to get some money to catch up on my bills. I am no trafficker in drugs."

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL EIDER

FRIEND WANDA, WAITRESSING AT A DECADENT DISCO LOUNGE, SHOWS ANNIE AROUND. TAKE A GOOD LOOK. THIS IS THE TRUE SOURCE OF SATURDAY-NIGHT FEVER. AND LOCAL CITY OFFICIALS ARE ABOUT TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST THE EPIDEMIC OF PLEASURE WITH THAT PROPHYLACTIC OF PURITY, THE ELECTION-YEAR PURGE.

O-
MIGOD,
IT'S MY
WIFE!

OUR CUSTOMERS
REALLY GET ENGROSSED IN
THE SHOW.

SIR? WOULD YOU LIKE HELP
WITH THAT LIGHT FIXTURE THAT JUST
FELL ON YOUR HEAD?

...HEAD?

NOW,
THAT'S
WHAT
I CALL
EN-
GROSSED
!



JEEPERS, WANDA...
I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT
TO WORK HERE.

I MUST ADMIT, EVEN
SERVING DRINKS GETS SPOOKY. SOME-
TIMES, I DON'T EVER SEE THE
CUSTOMERS' FACES!

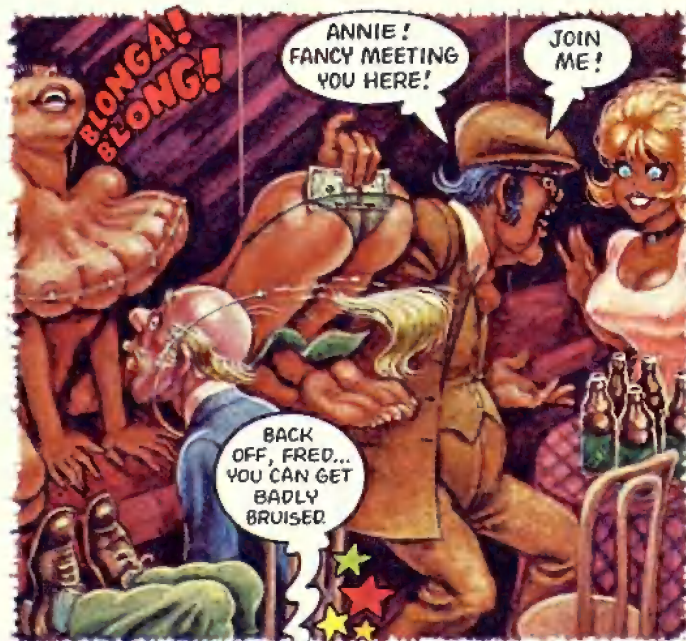
CAN I
GET SOMETHING
TO EAT HERE?

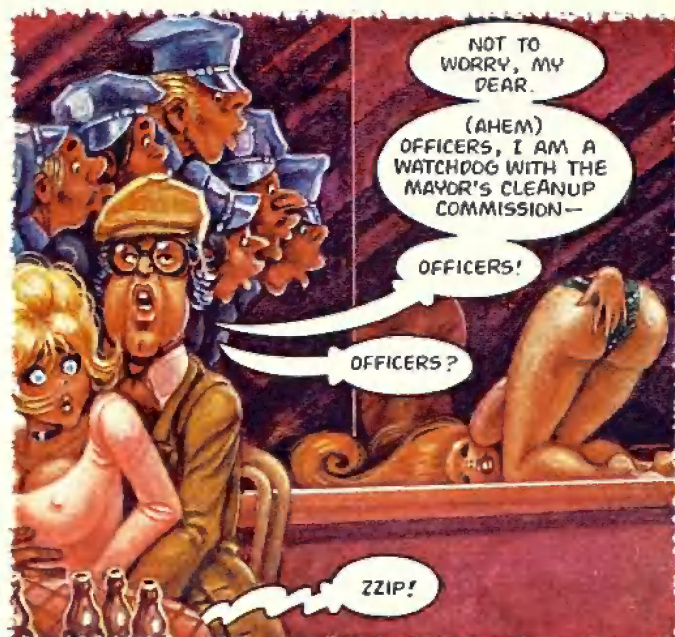
SORRY.
NO TOUCHING
ALLOWED.

NO
KISSING
ON THE
CHEEKS,
EITHER.

WAITRESS...
ANOTHER
ROUND!

SNAP!





The Gourmet Martini

There's an elegant distinction between dining out and dining all-out.

For the latter luxury, may we suggest a more subtle martini.

Smirnoff over ice with a splash of mineral water.

To do it up really right, serve it up in your best frosted crystal.

Then garnish with a pearl onion. Or with a pearl and an onion.



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PLAYBOY

ON THE SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GADGETS

BRASS, GLASS, BILLS AND THRILLS



Above: This bauble for the hip explorer is a brass sundial/compass called Noah's Navigator: Wear it around your neck to boogie or the next time you cross the Sahara, by Parker House, \$20.



RICHARD TZUI

Above: The Clean N' Brite K42 ultrasonic cleaning system electronically removes tarnish, oil, corrosion, paint and wax from jewelry, brushes, tools, etc., in seconds, by Ultrasonics International, \$49.95. Right: Mitsubishi's black-and-white clock-radio/TV works on a battery or A.C./D.C., from Melco Sales, \$200.

Below: Talk is cheap but not to Ma Bell. The TeleCoster I enables you to reduce costs by instantly computing what a call will cost before you make it; TeleCoster also keeps track of phone time, by UVC, \$49.95.



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"TAR"

L&M Long Lights	8
Winston Longs	19
Winston Light 100s	13
Benson & Hedges 100s	17
Benson & Hedges 100s Lts.	11
Marlboro 100s	17
Marlboro Lights 100s	12
Golden Lights 100s	9
Pall Mall Gold 100s	19
Virginia Slims	16
Merit 100s	11
Vantage Longs	11

And only L&M Long Lights
give you the taste of 100%
virgin tobacco!



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TASTE L&M LIGHTS. ONLY 8 MG. "TAR."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Based on Maxwell Report, 1977.

Long Lights; 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report (May '78).

WHEELS

A NEW SAAB STORY

It was logical that the first Saab automobile, a 1946 prototype, looked like an airplane wing with a little passenger bubble on top and four skinny wheels at its rounded corners, logical because the Swedish airplane manufacturer then had only a group of wing designers available to tackle the proposed car project.

Since that time, Saab's auto-making arm has progressed from noisy, bathtub-shaped, two-stroke-powered automotive eccentricities to sleek, modern, turbo-powered passenger cars of the highest engineering order. This year, the 11-year-old 99 series bows to a highly sophisticated 900 line of "wagonback" three-door and five-door sedans, powered by the spirited two-liter, overhead-cam four-cylinder Saab engine with or without turbocharger.

The traditional Saab themes of safety, durability, rough-road handling and foul-weather stability are maintained in the 900, yet the new car is roomier, more comfortable, quieter and smoother riding than its predecessor. Bodies, engine/transaxle units and certain other components are assembled by autonomous groups rather than by the impersonal assembly-line method, a technique that Saab has perfected and expanded while others have tried it and failed, and one that the company says saves it money through a higher level of quality and less need for costly inspections and repairs at the factory.

The 900 fairly bristles with engineering features: four-wheel disc brakes, unique safety and antivibration engine mounts, automatic seat warmers, impact-absorbing inner-roof and lower-dashboard structures, an instrument panel laid out and lighted so that everything can be read and reached without diverting attention from the road, and the industry's only ventilation-system filter to remove dust, pollution, pollen and even bacteria from the incoming air. Like all Saabs, the 900 has front-wheel drive for maximum traction, straight-line stability and good passenger space, and it's designed so that no less than 52 percent of its weight is over the driving wheels, regardless of the cargo load in back.

I drove a turbocharged five-door 900 for four days across Sweden on a

tour that included both two-lane and freeway driving (often in strong side winds), a lot of fast touring on nasty dirt and gravel roads and a whole afternoon of high-speed testing on a very wet road-racing course, and I found the handling nearly impeccable under all conditions. Once I became accustomed to the light touch required of Saab's power brakes and steering, the car became almost an extension of my will. The front end pointed precisely everywhere I aimed it and the back end never threatened to do anything surprising, regardless of the road surface and condition.

Like all front-drive cars, it does understeer a bit coming out of slippery turns with power on, the front end "plowing" straight ahead at first and the inside tire scrabbling for traction, but that is very controllable with the throttle. Braking, even halfway through a curve, is superb and extremely stable, while power response from the turbomotor is quick, predictable and often downright exciting.

Although it looks like a stretched 99, the 900 is really a much-improved car in every way. Its added length and wheelbase contribute to ride, aerodynamics and interior room while giving a more balanced appearance, yet performance and economy are unaffected by the few pounds of additional weight. Above all, this larger, more luxurious Saab can make a demon back-road rally runner out of the most mild-mannered freeway crawler. —GARY WITZENBURG



Writer Witzenburg takes a Saab 900 Turbo through a tight corner of a Swedish road-racing course. Prices for the 900 series range from \$7798 for the basic three-door with manual transmission to \$11,968 for the five-door Turbo, which has everything on it but landing flaps.



They're Looking for a Few Good Men

This photo of tennis ace BJORN BORG is not an ad for the All-Volunteer Army, nor is he gunning for his nemesis, Jimmy Connors. As a guest of Israel's tennis establishment, he played a match with Vitas Gerulaitis and toured the country. At the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, he met some Israeli soldiers who lent him this gear. Your game, Björn.



AZOUJAY / SYGMA

WILLIAM KAREL / SYGMA



Sleek Chic

He's Not Getting Older, He's Getting Better Department: Take a look at JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO at 45. He's suave. He's mature. He's the king of French cinema, starring in a new police comedy called *Flic ou Voyou*, about a cop who infiltrates a nest of mobsters and shady politicians. Now, about the aviator helmet, Jean-Paul...



BILL SOSIN

See Us Again in Six Months

OK, rock fans, here's the latest on MICK JAGGER: Contrary to rumor, he isn't pregnant and he didn't grow any new hair on his chest and, as far as we can make out, there's an absence of tattoos. Next time, a close look at Mick's shoulder blades.

Ladies' Man...

is the title of 29-year-old *Wunderkind* novelist RICHARD PRICE's third book. As for the other two, *Bloodbrothers* is already a movie and *The Wanderers* (about street gangs) is in production. Richard is getting excited.



LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC. © 1978

Pit Stop

We've got an exclusive, folks—Mork's armpit. It's not every day that we can bring you a photo totally lacking in redeeming social value. But let's face it, ROBIN WILLIAMS is hot; his ABC-TV show *Mork & Mindy* is the only successful new series. So just remember: *Shazbat* is never having to say you're canceled.



JOHN PASCHAL/MICHELSON



LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC. © 1978

Michelangelo's Back, and We've Got Him

Well, not exactly. The Sistine ceiling this isn't, but then we remembered that MARTIN MULL got his first big break playing an original composition called *Dueling Tubas*. So in some ways, this is an improvement. After a couple of seasons on TV as talk-show host Barth Gimble on *America 2Night*, Mull is considering several offers—including one to run an art school for people who paint by numbers.



MARK SENNET © 1978/CAMERA 5

Is It a Bird?

No, it's Superman's friend Lois Lane, Girl Reporter. When MARGOT KIDDER wrote the copy for a 1975 pictorial we did on her, we had no idea she was contemplating a journalism career. But with the sequel to *Superman* already in the works, and with Kidder playing Lane again, Sally Quinn had better look to her laurels.

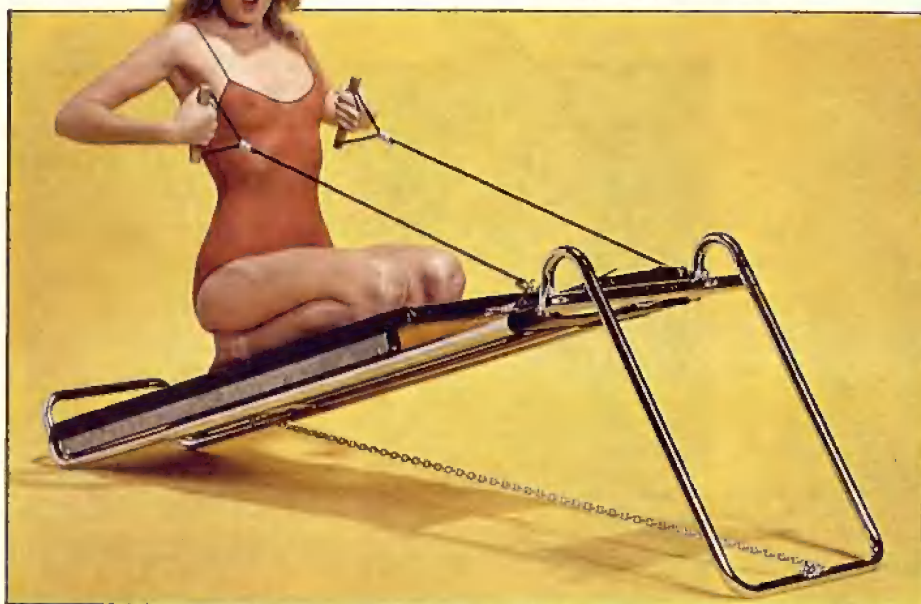


Wonder Why Records Cost So Much?

Last fall, a certain rock group—in a blatant attempt to solicit free publicity for a recently released single about the joys of pedophilia—staged a nude bicycle race, then sent us the black-and-whites (shown opposite). Did we fall for it? Not us. But when the same group invited the press to a rather unorthodox autograph party in New Orleans, we decided it rated some kind of mention. Nice going, Queen. Keep it up.







We visited a crazed collector of erotica recently and look what we found in the playroom. We must, we must improve our bust? Or is it a subtle variation of the Chinese Basket Trick? The exerciser costs \$150, from Embro Co., Inc., P.O. Box 856, Newhall, California 91322.

HAPPY UNBIRTHDAY

Zero Population Growth, Inc., is ten years old. You remember Z.P.G.—they're the people who gave us I.U.D. earrings and valentines containing red condoms. Now Z.P.G. warns that we are no closer to curbing population growth than we are to developing a vaccine against heart attacks. At the current birthrate, U.S. population will double in 63 years. The group has modified its goals from an early prediction earmarking 1990 for population stability to the year 2008. And this goal will be reached only if average family size is reduced from the current 1.82 children to 1.6.



Moon, tune, spoon. Serenade her with the Stradivariass, a fusion of erotic art and music. It's \$690, from A. R. Giannella, B24 Stanley, New Britain, Connecticut 06050. You can pinch it, pat it; just don't sit on it.

In addition, Z.P.G. is now zeroing in on immigration and the creation of more job opportunities for women.

IS THIS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS?

America's current crop of parents is no more willing to tell its kids about sex than previous generations were, say researchers at the Project on Human Sexual Development in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In a three-year project, the researchers broadly examined parents' sexual practices, attitudes and concepts of their gender roles at home and at work. They wanted to know how children learn sex roles. Part of the project focused on how kids discover the birds and the bees—the facts about intercourse. It turns out most parents retreat into silence when a sexual topic arises. It seems they mistrust their own sexual values and are afraid to communicate them to their kids. Remember, this is the same generation that invented the be-in and body painting. Folks, it may be time to string up the old love beads and put the Fugs on the stereo again.

EAT YOUR SPINACH—IT'S GOOD FOR YOU, KID

A Planned Parenthood official in Denver says the average age that American girls reach puberty is now 12. And that figure has dropped about six months every decade since about 1940. Hmm, we figured that by the year 2219, baby girls would arrive with all the adult equipment, eliminating training bras once and for all. Such speculation led us to Sheri Tepper, executive director of Rocky Mountain Planned

Parenthood. Tepper explained further that about one third of the girls begin to menstruate at the age of 11, and that back in 1840, the average age for female puberty was a ripe old 17. Then, about 40 years ago, America experienced a revolution in transportation that brought fresh produce to all parts of the U.S. even in the chill of winter. The nutritional improvement in young girls' diets may have resulted in earlier puberty. The well-known early puberty of girls in the tropics hints at this prognosis. Equatorial native girls have access to fresh fruits and veggies all year long. To date, no research has indicated which nutrients actually affect the maturation process, but experiments with rats have linked nutrition to sexual maturation.

SHE OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES

Artist Hannah Wilke tends to raise a few eyebrows. We like the work she did for a feminist exhibit that warned "Beware of fascist feminism." Kneaded-eraser and bubble-gum vaginas are common Wilke creations. In one bubble-gum exhibit, she decorated her semiclad body with gum that the audience chewed for her. Wilke also



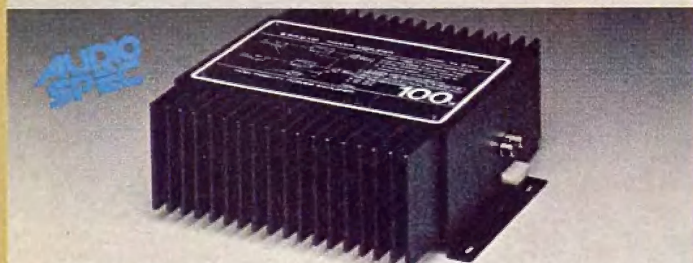
photographs and videotapes herself nude in hair curlers, cowboy hats and maid uniforms. The message is that a woman can be intelligent, beautiful and naked. She recently did an interview for *Artnews*, in which she appeared clothed beside her artwork. She decided that something had been left out—her beautiful and naked side. So she reposed, this time topless, and called the work *Artnews, Revised Issue*. If *Artnews* won't publish the new photo, we will. Wilke's work is handled by Ronald Feldman Fine Arts in New York, Marianne Deson Gallery in Chicago and Margo Leavin Gallery in Los Angeles.

Superb* Awesome** Outrageous***

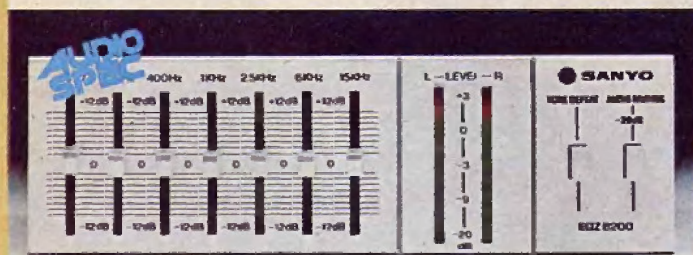
Great car stereo sound used to be an all-or-nothing affair. Either you blew a bundle, or you settled for second best. Now meet the Sanyo Expandables. Car components engineered to let you work your way up from "superb" to "outrageous." In steps that your budget can handle.



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*Step 1: "Superb."

Start off your system with one of Sanyo's new AUDIO/SPEC car stereos and a pair of Sanyo speakers. You'll get great specs, great sound, and the superior engineering of the world's largest tape equipment manufacturer.

Some models give you Dolby noise reduction, Sendust Alloy heads (for all tapes *including metal particle*), and electronic tuning with digital readout of frequency, time, and date. You can also get super-low distortion preamp level outputs — highly recommended for Step 2.

**Step 2: "Awesome."

Whenever you're ready to really *feel* the music, get hold of an AUDIO/SPEC high fidelity power amplifier. We've got four models, with 25 to 60 watts RMS per channel into 4 ohms. *All rated per FTC home hi-fi specs, with full 20-20,000Hz power bandwidth and no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion!* Some have a unique motor-driven fader for balancing front and rear speakers.

The amplifiers accept preamp level or high level (speaker) inputs, so they'll work with just about any radio/tape unit. Awesome!

***Step 3: "Outrageous."

If nothing less than the ultimate will do, plug in a Sanyo AUDIO/SPEC graphic equalizer between your radio/tape player and the power amp. With 7 bands of precise control, you can customize the sound to fit your taste and your car's acoustics. In seconds, you can actually "re-engineer" any recording to bring out any vocal or instrumental range. Hear it, and you'll be hooked!

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NEXT MONTH:



MARCUS' MAIDS



WHITE LIES



WORKING VICE



ACTING OUT

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARILYN MONROE"—FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK BY THE WOMAN WHO, FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS OF MM'S LIFE, WAS HER CLOSEST CONFIDANTE, THE MOST INTIMATE LOOK YET AT THE SEX GODDESS' LIFE AND LOVES—BY **LENA PEPITONE** AND **WILLIAM STADIEM**

"WHITE LIES"—A MAN IS LITERALLY EATEN BY DESIRE IN THIS DARKEST-AFRICA VERSION OF THE OLD HASTE-MAKES-WASTE ADAGE, AN IRONIC STORY BY **PAUL THEROUX**

"ACTING OUT"—REVEALING FILM CLIPS FROM THE NEW MOVIE BY WOODY ALLEN ASSOCIATE **RALPH ROSENBLUM**, IN WHICH PEOPLE PUT THEIR SEX FANTASIES INTO ACTION

"I WAS A MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX"—EVER HAD A PROBLEM GETTING CREDIT CARDS? TRY BECOMING A DEFENSE CONTRACTOR (A FICTIONAL ONE, OF COURSE). THAT SCAM DID WONDERS FOR **ARTHUR T. HADLEY**

"LADY CHASTITY'S LAST STAND"—THERE SHE WAS, A FLASHER IN A VIRGIN-MARY COSTUME. WHAT'S AN EVANGELIST TO DO? AN IRREVERENT TALE BY **PHILIP CIOFFARI**

"PERKS"—WHAT WITH HIGH TAXES AND LOW WAGE/PRICE GUIDELINES, AN EXECUTIVE'S UPWARD MOBILITY IS MEASURED MORE BY HIS FRINGE BENEFITS THAN BY HIS SALARY. A STUDY OF THE LATEST COMPENSATION TRENDS—BY **FRED FERRETTI**

"WORKING VICE"—OUR AUTHOR'S MISSION: RIDE SHOTGUN WITH THE COPS WHO ARREST HOOKERS—BY **JULES SIEGEL**

"PHOTOGRAPHY BY: KEN MARCUS"—A PORTFOLIO OF SOME OF OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL LEADING LADIES SHOT BY A LEADING PLAYBOY CONTRIBUTOR

"ATHLETES PAST THEIR PRIME"—AN EXAMINATION OF THE REASONS WHY SOME JOCKS KEEP PLAYING TOO LONG, WHILE OTHERS KNOW WHEN TO QUIT, BY THE AUTHOR OF *THE BOYS OF SUMMER*—**ROGER KAHN**

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—IT'S TIME AGAIN TO THINK ABOUT SHEDDING YOUR WOOLLIES FOR COOLER STUFF: HOT TIPS FROM **DAVID PLATT**



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Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first real alternative for high tar smokers.

MERIT

Kings & 100's